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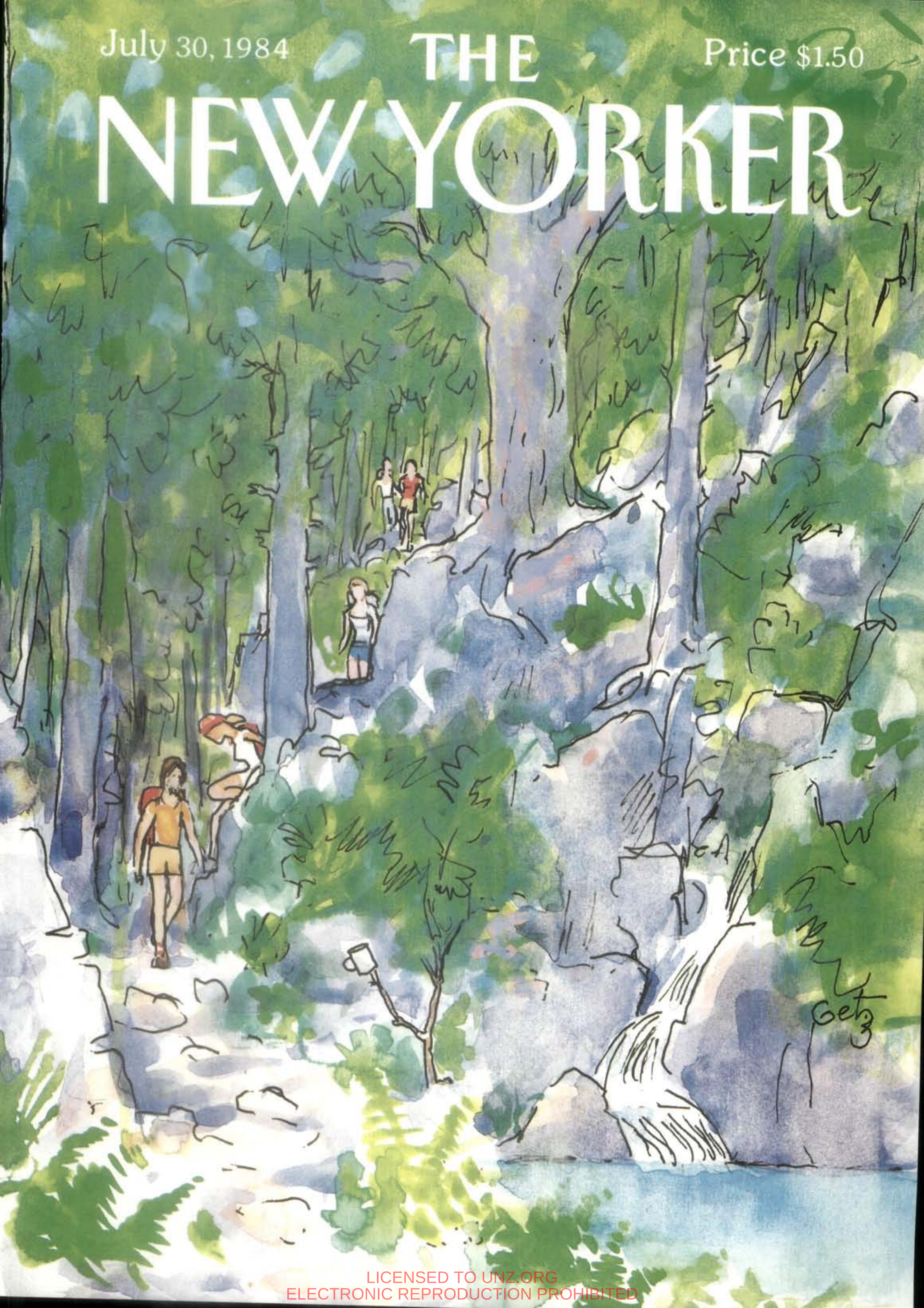

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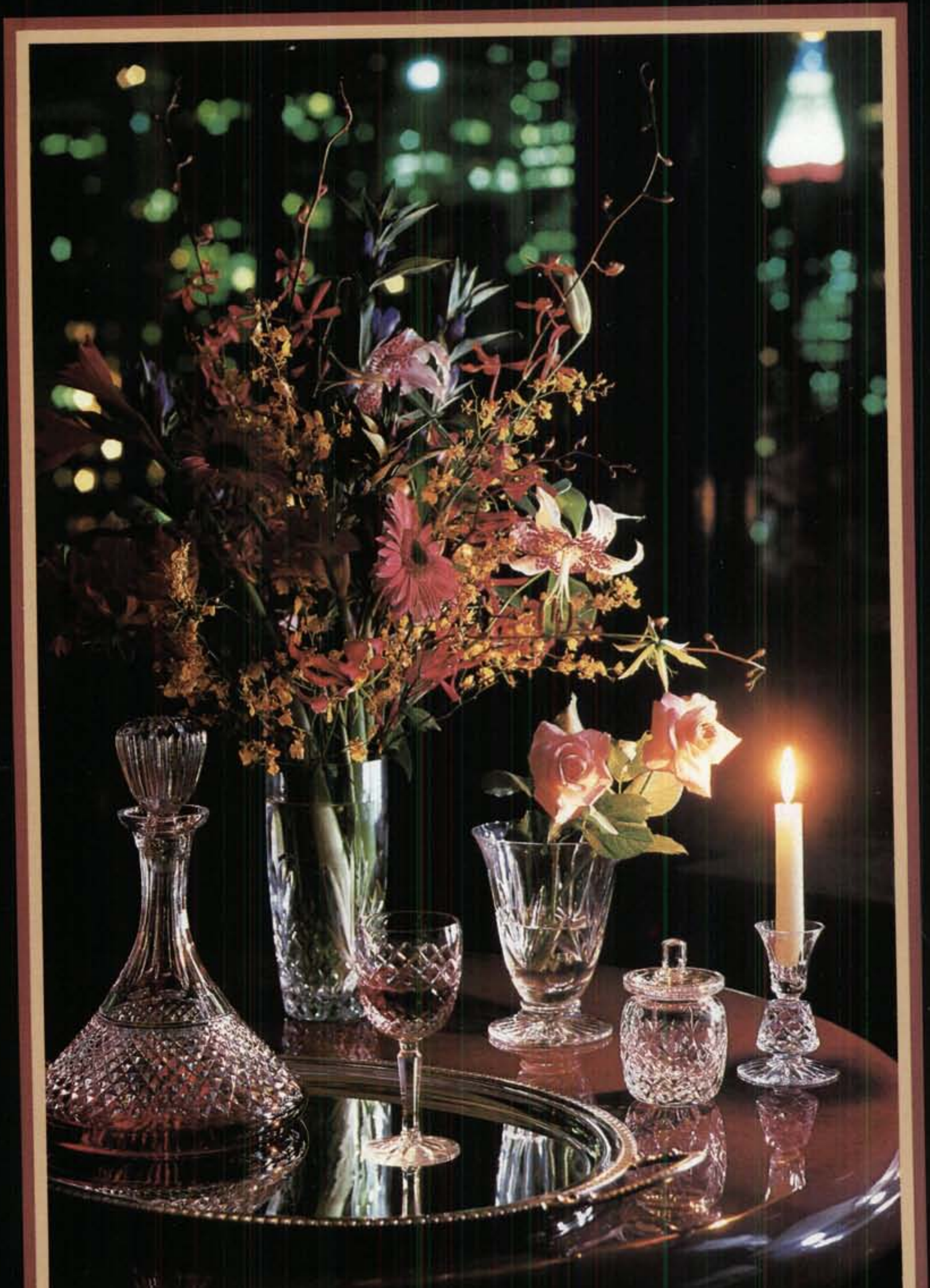

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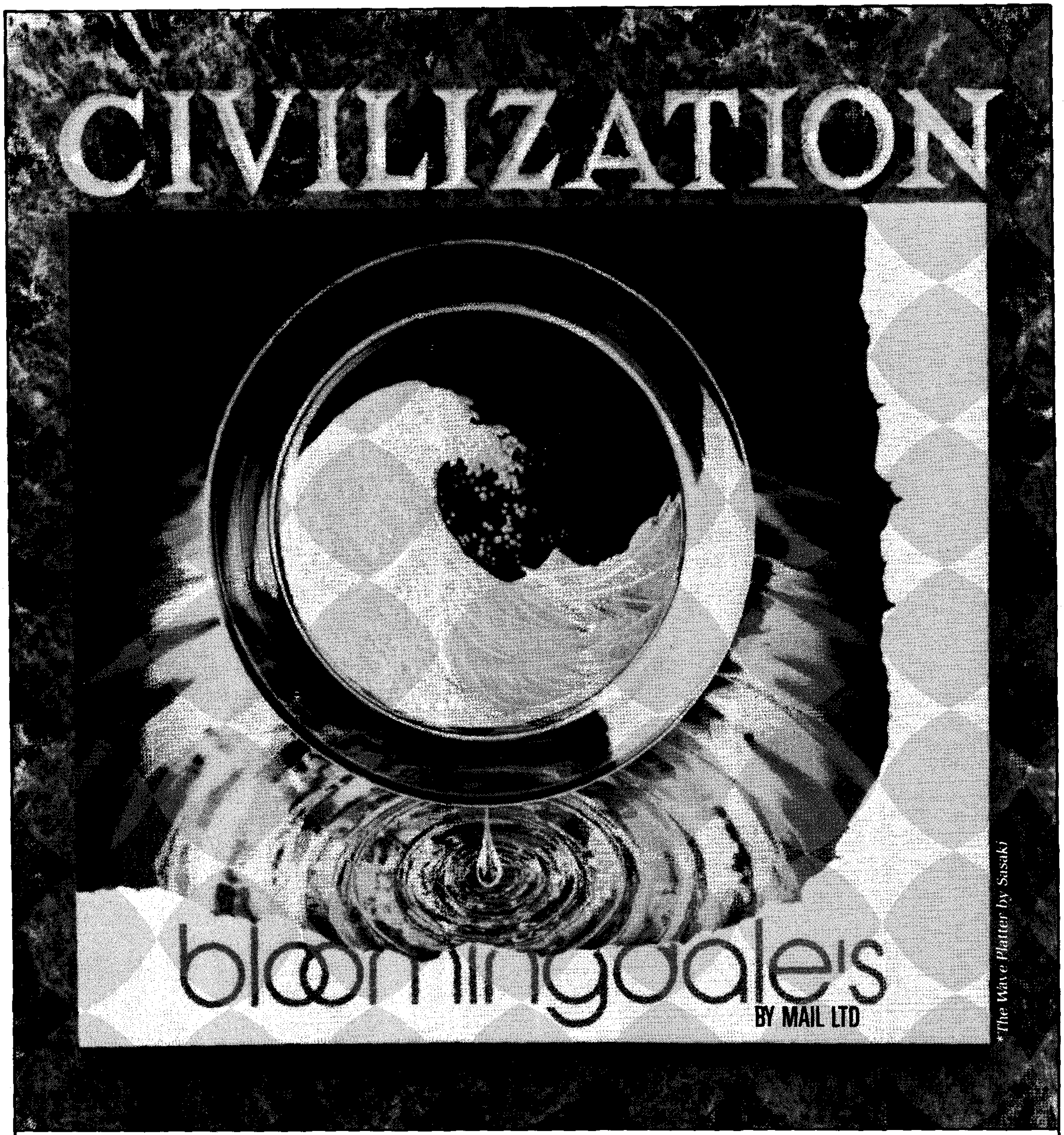
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and *Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)*

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—A revival of a play by William Inge, with Shirley Knight, Philip Bosco, and Mia Dillon. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the *tough young woman who meet in a bar in the* Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Christopher Walken, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes here Sunday, July 29, and will reopen at the Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St., on Tuesday, Aug. 7.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Lisa Banes, Scottie Bloch, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Alan Rosenberg, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Lehár's **the merry widow.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 5.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and *old ones* by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is *able and agreeable*; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)*

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he

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DRAWINGS: *Al Ross, Charles Addams, Lee Lorenz, William Steig, William Hamilton, Robert Weber, Joseph Mirachi, Ed Fisher, Boris Drucker, James Stevenson, George Booth, Edward Koren, George Price, Jack Ziegler, Peter Steiner, Arnie Levin, David Pascal, Mischa Richter, Stan Hunt, Michael Maslin*

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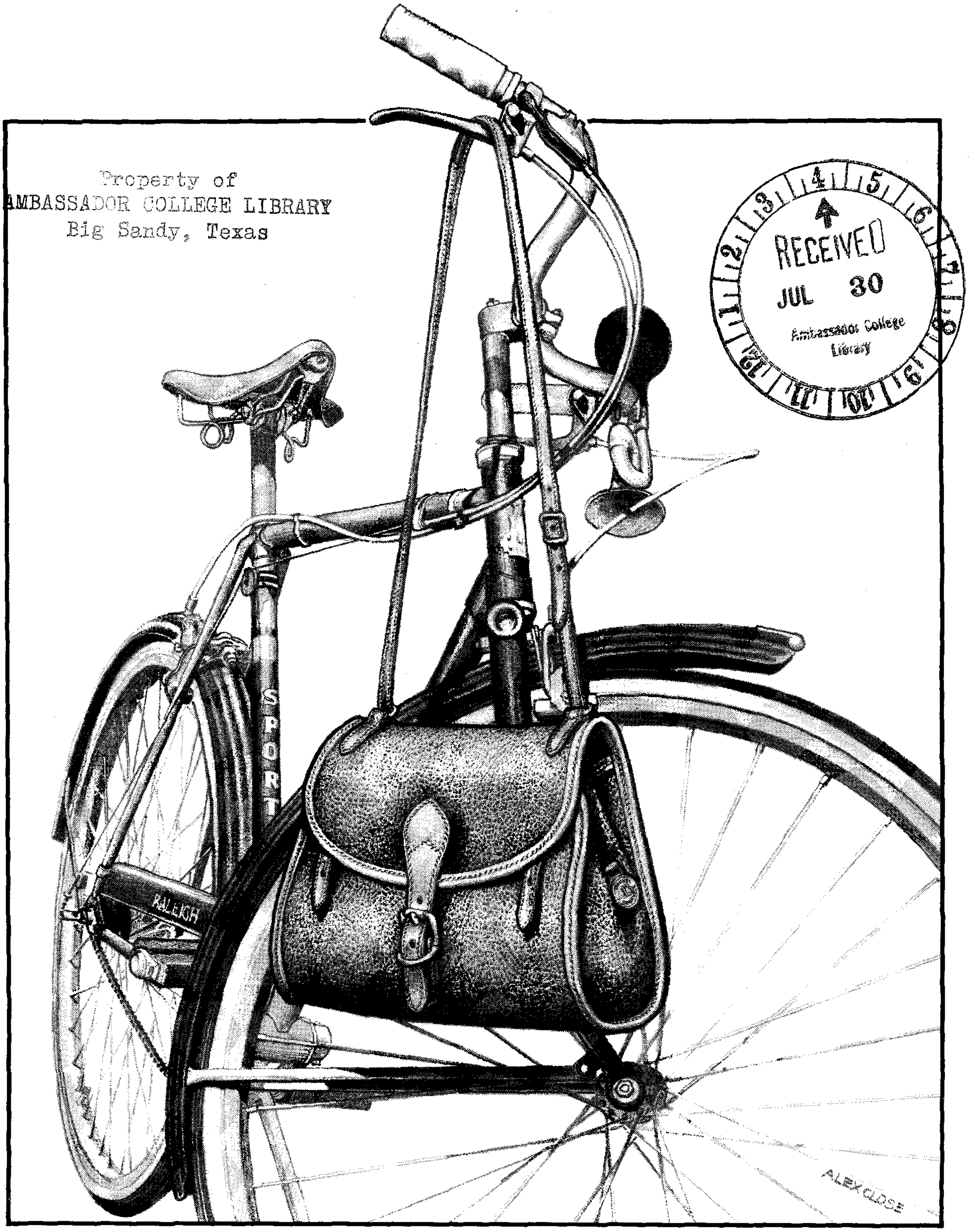

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

examines. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—Terrence McNally, in a dark mood, has written the book of this curious musical about family squabbles over money, infidelity, death, and differing life styles. The stars are Chita Rivera and Stockard Channing. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and superb scenery by Peter Larkin. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Robert Frost: Fire and Ice—A one-man play, written by Arthur Peterson and June August, in which Mr. Peterson portrays the poet. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 29.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork Boogie—A revised version of a comedy-with-music by Melvin Van Peebles, starring Harold Nicholas and the Brewery Puppets. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 29.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Jamie Ross. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,088 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Aidan Quinn and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Erik Estrada and Peder Melhuse. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

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MISCELLANY

John Curry Skating Company—A seventeen-member company, with guest artist Dorothy Hamill, performing works created by, among others, Twyla Tharp, Laura Dean, Peter Martins, and Mr. Curry. Program I: Wednesday, July 25, and Friday, July 27, at 8; and Sunday, July 29, at 3. . . . ¶ Program II: Thursday, July 26, at 8; Saturday, July 28, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 29, at 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**RONNY WHYTE** is currently manning the piano, singing songs you may remember, songs you may have forgotten, and songs you may never have even heard of. Music in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER** will lead a trio which will feature tenor saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, July 25, Fritz Hauser, Project 7, Undercover, and the Alain Daniel Band; Thursday, July 26, Essra Mohawk, Au Touch, Cardinal Aire, and Foob & the Cavebears; Friday, July 27, Big Deal, On the Edge, and Richard X. Heyman; Saturday, July 28, the Igloos, Paul Guzzone, and 4-Way Ping; Sunday, July 29, Spanko and the Sutton Thomas band; Wednesday, Aug. 1, Nuvana, Art, the Second Before, and the United States; Thursday, Aug. 2, Kris Kruse, the Robert Ross blues band, and Girl Friday; Friday, Aug. 3, Rita Rudner and Diane Ponzio; and Saturday, Aug. 4, Rita Rudner and **GEORGE GERDES.** Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Wonka Tonka Mondays feature a mixed bag of music from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **MILT JACKSON,** who plays fulfilling blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, is here until Sunday, July 29, with bassist **RAY BROWN** and a combo; Monday, July 30, will belong to Chip White's quintet and Stephanie Crawford; and on Tuesday, July 31, pianist **HORACE SILVER,** who for some thirty years has played a distinctive, recognizable brand of hard bop and led bands that have produced some of the most lilting, most energetic, and prettiest jazz around, will arrive. Sets begin after ten. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, July 25, Jack Bruce & Friends; Thursday, July 26, **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL** and Robert Hunter; Friday, July 27, an evening with David Van Tiegham; Saturday, July 28, a group of folk musicians who record for Windham Hill Records; Sunday, July 29, Moving Hearts and Ground Plan; Monday and Tuesday, July 30-31, Al Stewart; and Friday, Aug. 3, the Nighthawks. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and

Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, July 28; flutist Ali Ryerson and pianist Bill Mays will be present on Sunday, July 29; and on Monday, July 30, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** will come in with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON** performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist who was influenced by Chopin and Tatum, holds forth through Friday, July 27. Music from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, July 25, the Mood Elevators, Chris Bond, and D. P. & the Grays; Friday, July 27, Hi Fi Tie, the Toasters, the Feeline Territories, and Venus 2; Saturday, July 28, Band of Outsiders and Floor Kiss; Sunday, July 29, Government Issue, Red Scare, and the Cro-Mags; and Tuesday, July 31, Book of Love, Voodoo Quartet, and Modern Café. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Non-designer jeans and T-shirts, and bluegrass, old-time, and Irish music predominate in this rustic corner of the city. Wednesday, July 25, John Roberts & Tony Barrand; Saturday, July 28, **JAY UNGAR, LYNN HARDY, MOLLY MASON,** and **RUSS BARENBERG;** Wednesday, Aug. 1, Seamus, Siobhan, and Roryann Egan; and Saturday, Aug. 4, Bob Paisley & Southern Grass. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The Joe Muranyi sextet is present through Tuesday, July 31, with guest soloist **BILLY BUTTERFIELD** on Wednesday, July 25, and guest soloist **WARREN VACHÉ** Thursday through Saturday, July 26-28, and Monday and Tuesday, July 30-31. The tradition-minded house sextet will go to work Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-4. On Sunday, July 29, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will guide a quintet that will feature **FRANK STROZIER** on alto sax. Music from eight-thirty. On Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room: singer **MORGANA KING** occupies it through Sunday, July 29; guitarist **LES PAUL** and a trio perform on Monday, July 30; and beginning Tuesday, July 31, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** and guitarist **CAL COLLINS** will team up. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Wednesday, July 25, Helen Wheels and the Têtes Noires at nine and eleven; Friday, July 27, **MOSE ALLISON** at eight and eleven; Saturday, July 28, Livingston Taylor at eight and eleven; Wednesday, Aug. 1, Eric Bogosian with Ann Magnuson at nine and eleven; Friday, Aug. 3, Buskin & Batteau at eight and eleven; and Saturday, Aug. 4, singer **ELLEN MC ILWAINE** at eight and eleven. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space that presents music to dine to. The roster: pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CALVIN HILL** through Thursday, July 26; Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, the **BOB CUNNINGHAM** trio; Sunday and Monday, July 29-30, Curtis Lundy and Mike Gerber; Tuesday through Thursday, July 31-Aug. 2, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and a trio. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays are claimed by pianist Judd Woldin's duo; Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Through Friday, July 27, from five to ten, pianist Don Golson will be present.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) The current pianist is stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who can be found here Tuesdays through Saturdays. The elegant and swinging **JIMMY LYON** will drop by on Sunday and Monday, July 29-30. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. **JACK WILSON** and **VICTOR GASKIN** provide piano-bass duets through Saturday, July 28. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, July 25, John Mooney & the Bluesiana Band and the Radiators, from New Orleans; Thursday, July 26, yodeler **PETER ROWAN** and the extraordinary Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS;** Sunday through Wednesday, July 29-Aug. 1, the **NEVILLE BROTHERS** and David Keyes. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Pianist **HANK JONES** heads up a trio through Sunday, July 29; on Tuesday, July 31, singer **LEON THOMAS** will arrive with tenor saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** and the **CEDAR WALTON** trio. Monday's feature is the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Julius La Rosa sings here through Saturday, July 28; and beginning Tuesday, July 31, Carol Woods will begin a tribute, "Carol Woods Presents a Rare View of Mr. Wonderful—Sammy Davis, Jr." Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, July 25, Rock Wilk; Thursday, July 26, Vivian Prince; Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Tuesday, July 31, Nelson Rangell; Wednesday, Aug. 1, Mirage; Thursday, Aug. 2, bluesy guitarist **JIMMY PONDER;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, electric violinist Noel Pointer. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Anne Burgess

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, July 27, the Fuzztones; Saturday, July 28, the Rockats; Friday, Aug. 3, True West and Blood on the Saddle; and Saturday, Aug. 4, the Cult and Rubber Rodeo. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his lively ensemble are present through Sunday, July 29; on Tuesday, July 31, Bob January's orchestra will come in. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, July 25, Icon; Thursday, July 26, Southside Johnny; Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, **ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK;** Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-4, British rock singers and songwriters **CHRIS DIFFORD** and **GLENN TILBROOK.** Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, July 25, Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees; Thursday, July 26, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, and Friday, Aug. 3, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, July 31, Ayizan, a Haitian outfit; Wednesday, Aug. 1, pianist **JORGE DALTO;** Thursday, Aug. 2, Gumbe Sounds; and Saturday, Aug. 4, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **NAT ADDERLEY,** an earthy raconteur and a sweetly crisp and crackling cornettist, leads a hot hard-bop quintet—**JUNIOR COOK, DOUG CARN, WALTER BOOKER,** and **JIMMY COBB**—through Sunday, July 29; Monday, July 30, will be given over to jazz and poetry with **BLUE ARK;** and on Tuesday, July 31, flutist, saxophonist, and humorist **JAMES MOODY** will take charge. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout, and, right now, New Orleans North: Wednesday, July 25, **RAMSEY MC LEAN & THE SURVIVORS,** featuring **CHARLES** and **CHARMAIN NEVILLE;** Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, big-deal New Orleans R. & B.-ist **ALLEN TOUSSAINT;** Sunday, July 29, the Radiators; and Tuesday, July 31, the Fearless Four. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** performs every night but Monday at ten and midnight. On Monday, July 30, **TITO PUENTE** and his concert orchestra, **JORGE DALTO** and his Inter-American band, and **ZOOT SIMS,** the guest jazz soloist, will be on hand. . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** engage in lively piano-bass duets every night but Monday. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW'S** quintet works until Sunday, July 29; on Tuesday, July 31, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his exuberant, macho Latin-jazz quintet will descend the stairs. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The musicians: pianist Susan Chen on Wednesday, July 25; pianist **CHARLES EUBANKS** Monday through Wednesday, July 30-Aug. 1; and pianist Joel Forrester Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

WEST END, *2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-*8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. The players: Wednesday through Saturday, July 25-28, Big Red McNicoll & the Rowdy Rowser Five; Sunday and Monday, July 29-30, Percy France; Tuesday, July 31, **GEORGE KELLY** and his Jazz Sultans; and Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-4, tenor saxophonist bebopper and R. & B. honker **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON.** Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Saturday, July 28; Monday, July 30, bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts; and Tuesday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 4, guitarist **TAL FARLOW.** Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

THE MIGHTY INVADERS—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Thursday, July 26, at 10 and 11:30.

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, July 27, at 9 and 10:30: Armen Donelian trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 9: James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, *July 30, at 9: Tom Pierson's Big Band. (380* Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

CHARLES MCPHERSON—With Barry Harris, Hal Dodson, and Leroy Williams. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, all at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

HAMIET BLUIETT—With a sixteen-piece orchestra, presenting a composition entitled "Paperworks." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, at 8.)

NONA HENDRYX—With Monyaka. (Irving Plaza. Thursday, Aug. 2, at 10.)

THE JACKSONS—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 4-5, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

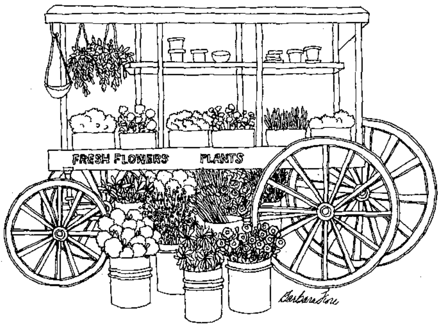
GALLERIES

JOHN TAYLOR ARMS (1887-1953)—A large selection of etchings. Through Aug. 12. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SIMONE GAD—Glitzy environments, assemblages, and wall reliefs glorifying Hollywood and television stars of the fifties and early sixties—a life-size mannequin made up as Jayne Mansfield at her dressing table, for instance. Through Aug. 17. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH GOLINKIN (1896-1977)—Watercolors and drawings of sports, as well as lithographs entered in the Los Angeles 1932 Olympic Fine Arts Competition, which won the artist an Olympic Gold Medal. Through Aug. 30. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Closes at 3 on Fridays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—More than a thousand original drawings. Through Aug. 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St., between University Pl. and Broadway. Closed Mondays.)



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CHRISTOPHER LUCAS / PETER NADIN—Sketchy drawings and wall sculptures, in nearly all of which a cross appears. / Small gouaches by this English-born artist and poet. Through Friday, July 27. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

JEFF MENDOZA AND STEPHEN WHISLER—Sculptured landscape forms—mesas and plateaus in abstract wall pieces by the former, and rugged freestanding characterizations of canyons and geysers by the latter. Also, drawings by both men. Through Friday, July 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER AND FRIENDS—A show of thirty-one works by fifteen artists who constitute a community, in this instance, because of their professional links to Mr. Porter (1907-75), whose portrait by Elaine de Kooning and self-portrait are included. Among the other artists are Robert Dash, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, and Nell Blaine. Through Sept. 9. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Porter. Through Friday, July 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. These shows, of course, complement Porter's retrospective at the Whitney Museum.)

GEORGE STAVE—Small, deft oils of Venetian palaces and large Jersey summer homes. Through Saturday, Aug. 4. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Eight environmental installations, each the product of an association among an artist, an architect, and a performer and all appropriate in concept to this acre of sand (the environmental part) tended by Creative Time. Through Sept. 16. Performances are held Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 6:30 (Jane Comfort & Dancers on Wednesday, July 25; Lisa Kraus & Dancers on Sunday, July 29, and Wednesday, Aug 1); exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. For information, call 571-2206.)

WESTWAY STATE PARK—An exhibit of models, drawings, and photographs for the proposed Hudson River project. Through Thursday, July 26. (Cooper Union's Houghton Gallery, in the Foundation Building, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday and Thursday, July 25-26, from 10 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: What these paintings and sculptures by about twenty artists have in common is a centered image. Martha Diamond, Suzan Pitt, Troels Worsel, others. Through Aug. 17. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Among this year's highlights in the annual Old Master print show are ten etchings by Rembrandt and engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Aug. 31. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by David Salle, pastels by Francesco Clemente, and sculptures by Bryan Hunt. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **CASTELLI,** 142 Greene St.: The chefs d'oeuvre of the current show are Frank Stella's twelve-foot-nine-inch mixed-medium construction; Richard Serra's twenty-ton Corten-steel sculpture; and Robert Rauschenberg's high-fire ceramic painting, just under nine feet tall, incorporating a copy of David's portrait of Napoleon on a rearing charger. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **CUTLER,** 164 Mercer St.: Seven unfamiliar artists, among them Alfonse Borysewicz, who paints in a deliberately primitive style on unstretched canvas, and Imants Tillers, an eclectic Australian who borrows subject matter from reproductions in art magazines. Through Friday, Aug. 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings on loan from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a selection that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through Saturday, July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figurative drawings in various mediums by more than sixty American artists of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 31. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Frederic Amat, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley are some of the artists represented in a rotating show offering paintings and works on paper that deal with the theme of the artist's studio. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others, gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GETLER-PALL-SAPER,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Contemporary surrealist paintings, including a large one by David Humphrey of a man whose face is a howling upside-down baby, and one of sausagelike cloud formations by Andreas Schulze. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings of women, including Thomas Sully's "Mother and Child" and Carmen Cicero's "Golden Dreams." Through Aug. 31. . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Bathers as a subject in contemporary art; Graham Nickson, Judy Rifka, and Tom Wesselmann are among the twelve here depicting bathers in paintings and works on paper. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, dated 1945 to 1984, by American artists whose compositional themes centered on color and geometry. Ad Reinhardt, Joseph Albers, Sol LeWitt, Charmion von Wiegand, and others. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: An all-watercolor exhibit, including landscapes by Sally Vagliano and Simon Harling, and abstractions by Dorothy Dehner and John Ferren. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **THORP,** 103 Prince St.: Large abstractions by Marjorie Welish and David Hannah, *showing at the gallery for* the first time, plus works by Alfred Jensen, Joan Snyder, Edward Finnegan, and Henri Michaux. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Models, architects' drawings, and photographs chronicling the current restoration work on the Statue of Liberty, and including the design for a double-decker hydraulic glass elevator, which will be in place when the work is completed, in 1986. Through Sept. 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by twelve contemporary artists; three of them are Heide Fasnacht, Bill Spira, and Alvin Tada. Through Tuesday, July 31. . . . **WASHBURN,** 42 E. 57th St.: American abstract paintings from the thirties and forties in a show that complements one at the Whitney Museum. Paintings by Arthur B. Carles, George L. K. Morris, and others. Through Friday, July 27.

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, most of them with changing exhibitions of works by gallery members: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ARMSTRONG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St. . . . **DAVID FINDLAY, JR.,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **ROBERT MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St.

SCULPTURE—Works in various mediums by John Chamberlain, William Crozier, Willem de

Kooning, Michael Heizer, and others. Through Sept. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Sept. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George L. Aguirre—Eighteen portraits of women artists by a photographer who uses a computer-assisted laser technique. Through Saturday, July 28. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Barbara Blondeau (1938-74)—A series of time-motion studies, each work a contact print of an entire roll of film. Through Friday, July 27. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

André Kertész—Various prints. Through Aug. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras / Walter Iooss, Jr.—Polaroid photographs (chiefly self-portraits) taken between 1969 and 1983. / Photographs of America's Olympic hopefuls. Through Aug. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the CITY GALLERY, 2 Columbus Circle: More than a hundred photographs of the lower East Side by Sylvia Plachy, Jill Freedman, Mark Feldstein, and others. Through Aug. 10. . . . PACE-MACGILL, 11 E. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists Harry Callahan, Nancy Hellebrand, Richard Avedon, Jim Goldberg, and others. Through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Rhode Island samplers and silk embroideries—works that no doubt are perfect examples of this sort of needlecraft, which was part of the curriculum in the state's "female academies" where they were done. Through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Through Aug. 7. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld. Through Tuesday, July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In a show of sculptures taken from the collections, twenty artists whose works date from late in the past century to the nineteen-fifties are represented by a number of pieces as well as by related works on paper; Calder, for example, is represented by fourteen works. Also Degas, González, Brancusi, others. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter. Through Aug. 19. (Complementary shows are at the Tibor De Nagy Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (ending Friday, July 27), and Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures in America covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ A show of Viola Frey's giant, gaudily painted clay figures, offered as a commentary on middle-class values. Also, three ceramic plates, a small sculpture, and two large paintings. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Contemporary color prints. Through Sept. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches, by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one. . . . ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 "setback" zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. Through Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neo-classical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Two anniversary exhibits (it's the library's sixtieth) from the collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through Tuesday, July 31. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade: scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through Tuesday, July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St., has mounted an exhibit called "Censorship and Black America," which is explained through a selection of newspapers, pamphlets, books, manuscripts, and photographs. (The center is open Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings, prints, and drawings done over the past ten years by New Yorker Ray Grist, whose work reflects the influences of Cubism and Abstract Expressionism, as well as other styles. Through Sept. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, July 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marianna Christos, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; conducted by Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rosemarie Freni, Cynthia Rose, Riccardo Calleo, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Lamy, Harry Theyard, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 2: "La Bohème," with Judith Haddon, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Richard Leech, and Scott Reeve; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Walter MacNeil, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 1: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Judith Forst, Bruce Reed, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 7: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 31, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marianna Christos, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Jerry Hadley, and Scott Reeve; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Judith Forst, Bruce Reed, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8: "Carmen," with Victoria Vergara, Maryanne Telese, Jacque Trussel, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week festival of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 25. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 25: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and playing the piano, with Justus Frantz and Jeffrey Swann, pianos. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26: Barry Tuckwell, horn; Michala Petri, recorder; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and assisting string ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 27-28: Christopher Hogwood conducting the orchestra, with Miss Petri and Mr. Tuckwell. . . . ¶ Monday, July 30, and Wednesday, Aug. 1: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with David Shifrin, clarinet, and Alexander Markov, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 31: Mr. Eschenbach and Mr. Frantz, pianos; Ransom Wilson, flute; and the Columbia String Quar-

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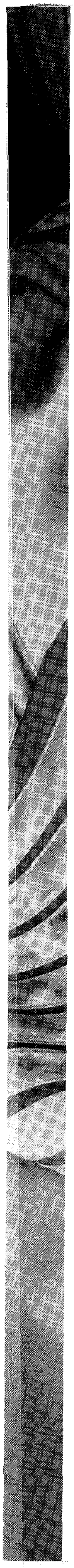

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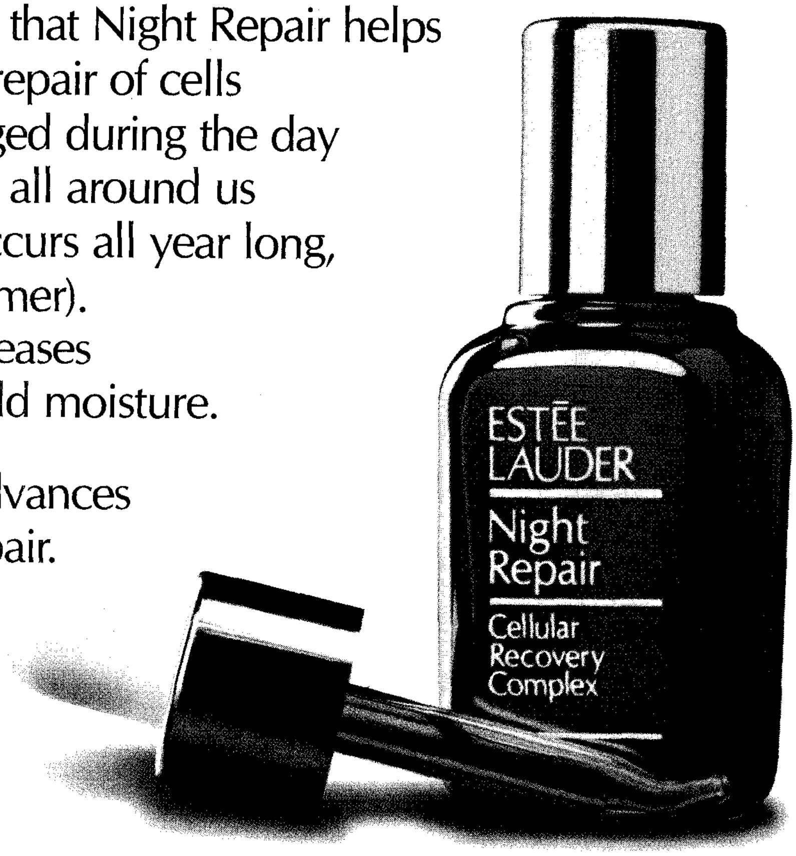

ESTĒE LAUDER

*Patent pending on cellular extract.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2: Steven Lubin conducting an ensemble and acting as fortepiano soloist for a program performed on eighteenth-century instruments, with Elly Ameling, soprano, and the Baryton Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4: David Willcocks directing the orchestra, with Arleen Auger, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Pendyrus Welsh Male-Voice Choir—Glynne Jones directing, with David Gwesyn Smith, baritone. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, July 26, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Note—The New York Kammermusiker will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, July 30, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 26, at 8:30: Joel Krosnick, cello, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 7: Alexis Weissenberg, piano, in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 9: Edo de Waart conducting the Boston Symphony in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Delia Wallis, mezzo-soprano; David Rendall, tenor; Lenus Carlson, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8:30: Emil Tchakarov conducting a varied program, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a dress rehearsal of Berlioz' opera "Béatrice et Bénédict" (see Aug. 4). . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony, in a chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 9: Charles Dutoit conducting the Boston Symphony, with Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Berlioz' opera "Béatrice et Bénédict," with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Sylvia McNair, soprano; Miss Taylor; Mr. Rendall; David Parsons, baritone; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; Italo Tajo, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducting an all-Mozart program, with Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Harold Wright, clarinet; Sherman Walt, bassoon; Charles Kavalovski, horn; and Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 26, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a chamber-music program that includes a performance of Walton's "Façade," with Janet Bookspan reciting. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 9: Alicia de Larrocha, piano, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Andras Schiff, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2, at 4:15: The ensemble in a second chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the orchestra, with Elly Ameling, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 5:30: Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Patricia Zander, piano. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 26. On Saturdays, buses leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, July 27: Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28: Peter, Paul & Mary. . . . ¶ Monday, July 30: Sarah Vaughan and the Count Basie Orchestra. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 31: The Cars. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 1: The Pretenders. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2: Sheena Easton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4: Eurythmics. (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 8. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

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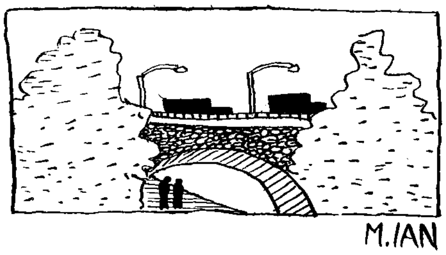
Summerfare '84—A festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 12. Un soupçon—**WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, AT 8:** "La Tempesta," a production of Shakespeare's "The Tempest," performed in Italian by the Piccolo Teatro di Milano. . . . **AT 9:** Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones," starring Cleavon Little, with original jazz music by Coleridge Taylor-Perkinson and a dance sequence performed by the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble. . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 26, AT 8:** "La Tempesta." . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 27, AT 8:** "La Tempesta." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Feld Ballet. . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 28, AT 3 AND 8:30:** The Feld Ballet. . . . **AT 6:** An all-Bach choral concert, Michael Hammond directing. . . . **AT 8:** "La Tempesta." . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 29, AT 3 AND 8:** The Feld Ballet. . . . **AT 6:** The all-Bach choral concert. . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1, AT 8:** Circus Oz, a company from Australia. . . . **AT 8:30:** The Lionel Hampton Orchestra. . . . **THURSDAY, AUG. 2, AT 8:** Circus Oz. . . . **AT 8:30:** The première of Conrad Susa's one-act opera "The Love of Don Perlimplin," based on the play of the same name by García Lorca. . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 3, AT 8:** Circus Oz. . . . **AT 8:30:** "The Love of Don Perlimplin" and Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 4, AT 3 AND 8:30:** Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. . . . **AT 6 AND 8:30:** "The Love of Don Perlimplin." . . . **AT 8:** Circus Oz. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 5, AT 2:** A program of chamber music. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **AT 3 AND 7:30:** Circus Oz. . . . **AT 8:** Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 28: The Ohio Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 4: The Hubbard Street Dance Company. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, July 25, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, July 27, at 8:05; Saturday, July 28, at 1:35; and Sunday, July 29, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Monday through Thursday, July 30-Aug. 2, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Aug. 3, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1 and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 28. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturday and Sunday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, Aug. 1, through Monday, Aug. 27. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 1; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 2; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 4. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 28, and the Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Matchmaker, Saturday, July 28.



Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. San Diego, Wednesday, July 25, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Golden Bay, Sunday, July 29, at 7. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—North American Tennis Open, formerly the Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, July 28-29, at 1; Monday through Friday, July 30-Aug. 3, at noon and 7; semifinals Saturday, Aug. 4, at 1; and finals Sunday, Aug. 5, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 740-1715.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

Yachting—Around Long Island Regatta. (Starts Thursday, July 26, at 1, off Staten Island, and finishes off Sea Cliff.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. James DePreist is conducting the first in a series of three programs: **CROCHERON PARK,** Queens, Wednesday, July 25, at 8. . . . **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn, Tuesday, July 31, at 8. . . . ¶ Stanislaw Skrowaczewski will conduct the second program: **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Friday, Aug. 3, at 8.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of H. Leivick's "The Golem," with F. Murray Abraham and Randy Quaid. The second of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. Opens Friday, Aug. 3, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 2. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Thursday, July 26: The Jay Hoggard quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27: Dave Valentin, with Bill O'Connell, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2: Charli Persip and Superband. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3: The Nat Adderley quartet. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Nan Nall, soprano, and Ilana Vered, piano. (Saturday, July 28, at 8.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of a double bill of Puccini operas, "Le Villi" and "Gianni Schicchi" (in English). The last in a series of productions. (Thursday, July 26, at 8.)

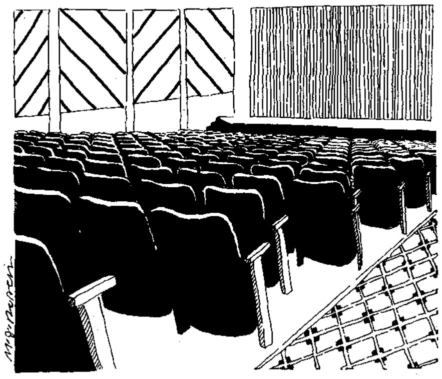
Washington Square Park—Paul Dunkel conducting the Festival Orchestra. The second in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 31, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concert series. Wednesday, July 25: Three Dog Night, the Turtles, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27: Weather Report and Angela Bofill. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28: Grover Washington, Jr., and Pieces of a Dream. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 1: Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble, with the Gregg Allman band. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of the East Village and Washington Square, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, July 28-29, starting in front of Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. and 8th St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of Charlie Chaplin films:
Through July 26: A program of five short films—"The Bond" (1918), "The Adventurer" (1917), "The Cure" (1917), "Easy Street" (1917), and "One A.M." (1916).
July 27-29: A program of five short films—"The Floorwalker" (1916), "By the Sea" (1915), "A Night in the Show" (1915), "The Bank" (1915), and "Shanghaied" (1915).
July 31-Aug. 2: "Limelight" (†); and "Work" (1915; a short film).
From Aug. 3: "The Great Dictator" (†); and "Kid Auto Races at Venice" (1914; a short film).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 26: "Bachelor Party" (directed by Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
From July 27: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 26: "Romancing the Stone" (†); and "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.
July 27-Aug. 3: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†) and "Footloose" (†).
From Aug. 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 2: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).
From Aug. 3: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gremlins" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 3: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Through July 26: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (†).
From July 27: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 1: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen and Virginia Madsen.
From Aug. 2: "Under the Volcano" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The 4th Man" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "One Deadly Summer" (Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 1: "Under the Volcano" (†). From Aug. 2: "The Bostonians" (James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 26: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From July 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 26: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards. From July 27: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 26: "The Natural" (†).
From July 27: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 26: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
From July 27: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 26: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From July 27: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 31: "Cruel Story of Youth" (1960; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). From Aug. 1: "The Lost One" (1951; Peter Lorre; in German), with Lorre.
Theatre 2: Through July 31: "The Hidden Fortress" (†). From Aug. 1: "Cruel Story of Youth."

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July 26: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (†). From July 27: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 2: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen and Virginia Madsen.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French). From Aug. 3: "Eréndira" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 26: "Electric Dreams." From July 27: "Heart of the Stag" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 1: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard. From Aug. 2: "Under the Volcano" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through July 26: A program of Donald Duck cartoons.
From July 27: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Natural" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 26: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (†).
From July 27: To be announced.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin.
Theatre 2: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 2: "Eréndira" (†). From Aug. 3: "First Name: Carmen" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through July 26: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley. From July 27: "Heart of the Stag" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence.
Theatre 2: "Skyline" (Fernando Colomo; in Spanish and English).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 26: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From July 27: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 26: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (†). From July 27: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 26: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From July 27: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 2: Through July 26: "Gremlins" (†). From July 27: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through July 26: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From July 27: "Gremlins" (†).

Theatre 2: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen and Virginia Madsen.

Theatre 3: Through July 26: "Electric Dreams." From July 27: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

Theatre 4: Through July 26: "The Natural" (†). From July 27: "Cheech & Chong's The Corsican Brothers" (Thomas Chong).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Nerds" (directed by Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

Theatre 2: Through July 26: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise. From July 27: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

Theatre 3: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

Theatre 4: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Theatre 5: Through July 26: "The Natural"(†). From July 27: "Cannonball Run II."

Theatre 6: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Theatre 3: Through July 26: "They're Playing with Fire." From July 27: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Theatre 4: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Aug. 2: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen and Virginia Madsen.

From Aug. 3: "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Splash" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through July 26: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 27: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through July 26: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From July 27: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Theatre 2: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 31: "Basileus Quartet" (1982; directed by Fabio Carpi; in Italian); and "Le Bal" (1984; Ettore Scola).

From Aug. 1: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 31: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

From Aug. 1: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

July 25: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski.

July 26: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

July 27: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.

July 28: "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, and Hector Elizondo; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

July 29: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber; and "Roman Holiday" (†).

July 30: "Shane" (†) and "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (†).

July 31: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "King Kong" (1976 †).

Aug. 1: "If . . ." (†) and "Medium Cool" (†).

Aug. 2: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.

Aug. 3: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

Aug. 4: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Play It Again, Sam" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 26: "Sons and Lovers" (1960; Jack Cardiff), with Dean Stockwell, Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

July 27-28: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.

July 29-31: "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967) and "For a Few Dollars More" (1967), both films directed by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood.

Aug. 1-2: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French).

From Aug. 3: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Repo Man" (1984; Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

July 25: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane" (1980; William Peter Blatty), with Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, and Ed Flanders; and "The New Centurions" (1972; Richard Fleischer), with George C. Scott and Stacy Keach.

July 26-28: "The Dresser" (1983; Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay; and "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

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July 29-30: "Never Cry Wolf" (†); and "The Man from Snowy River" (1983; George Miller), with Kirk Douglas and Jack Thompson.

July 31-Aug. 1: "Gorky Park" (1983; Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin; and "The Night of the Generals" (1967; Anatole Litvak), with Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Charles Gray, Tom Courtenay, Donald Pleasence, and Joanna Pettet.

Aug. 2-4: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 26: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst; and "The Panic in Needle Park" (1971; Jerry Schatzberg), with Al Pacino and Kitty Winn.

July 27-28: "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy; and "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978; Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty.

July 29: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

July 30-31: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (1982; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black; and "Streamers" (1983; Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.

Aug. 1-2: "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles; and "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles.

Aug. 3-4: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through July 26: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

July 27: "Rockers" (1980; Theodoros Bafaloukos; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Leroy Wallace; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

July 28-29: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "The Aviator's Wife" (1981; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.

July 30: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.

July 31: "Heart Like a Wheel" (†); and "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.

Aug. 1: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, Sharon Tate, Susan Hayward, and Paul Burke; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).

Aug. 2: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "Frantic" ("Elevator to the Gallows;" 1957; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau.

From Aug. 3: "La Petite Sirène" ("The Little Mermaid;" 1980; Roger Andrieux; in French), with Laura Alexis and Philippe Léotard.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 25: "Secret Six" (1931; George Hill), with Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, and Clark Gable; and "Whipsaw" (1936; Sam Wood), with Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy.

July 26-28: "High Society" (1956; Charles Walters), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, and John Lund; and "Kiss Me Kate" (1953; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn.

July 29-30: "Random Harvest" (†); and "Idiot's Delight" (1939; Clarence Brown), with Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Burgess Meredith, and Edward Arnold.

July 31-Aug. 1: "The Wind and the Lion"

(†); and "The Dirty Dozen" (1967; Robert Aldrich), with Lee Marvin.

Aug. 2-4: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Libeled Lady" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 25: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, and Kevin Bacon.

July 26: "Nana" (1926; Jean Renoir), "Catherine" (1924; Albert Dieudonné), and "La Fille de l'Eau" (1924; Jean Renoir), all French silent films, with Catherine Hessling.

July 27: "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.

July 28: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Smash Palace" (1982; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence.

July 29: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Rocco and His Brothers" (†).

July 30: Two programs of cartoons by Bob Clampett.

July 31: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Aug. 1: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded at a performance in August, 1965; and "The Hungry i Reunion" (1982; Thomas Cohen), a documentary.

Aug. 2: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Toni" (†).

Aug. 3: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès; and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard.

Aug. 4: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "A Married Woman" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 25: "Hallelujah!" (1929; King Vidor), with Nina Mae McKinney and Daniel L. Haynes; and "Conrack" (1974; Martin Ritt), with Jon Voight and Madge Sinclair.

July 26: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "The Shout" (1979; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Alan Bates, Susannah York, and John Hurt.

July 27-28: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

July 29: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson.

July 30: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (†).

July 31: "Monte Carlo" (1930; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

Aug. 1: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951; Rudolph Maté), with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.

Aug. 2: "Arsène Lupin" (†); and "The Mad Genius" (1931; Michael Curtiz), with John Barrymore, Boris Karloff, and Marian Marsh.

Aug. 3: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Aug. 4: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—July 26 at 2:30 and 6: "Stranger than Paradise, Part I" (1982; directed by Jim Jarmush), with John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson; and "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden), with Honey, Adele Bertei, Jeanne Satterfield, and Flo Kennedy. . . . ¶ July 27 at 2:30: "Flamme Blanche" (1930; a silent film) and "Le Mauvais Oeil" (1936; in Flemish, with French subtitles), both films directed by Charles Dekeukeleire. . . . ¶ July 27 at 6: "Passaic Textile Strike" (1926; a silent film). . . . ¶ July 28 at 2:30: "The New Enchantment" (1923; Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Georgette Leblanc and Jaque Catelain. . . . ¶ July 28 at 5: "Nana" (1926; Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Catherine Hessling. . . . ¶ July 29 at 2:30: "Adrienne Lecouvreur" (1938; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with English subtitles), with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. . . . ¶ July 29 at 5: "Drifters" (1929; John Grierson; a silent film) and "Housing Problems" (1935; Arthur Elton and Edgar Anstey). . . . ¶ July 30 at 2:30: "Mutter Krausens Fahrt ins Glück" (1929; Piel Jutzi; a silent film, with German intertitles). . . . ¶ July 30 at 6: "Kuhle Wampe" (1932; Slatan Dudow; in German, with English subtitles), with Hertha Thiele and Ernst Bush. . . . ¶ July 31 at 2:30: "Combat de Boxe" (1927), "Impatience" (1928), and "Histoire de Detective" (1929), all silent films, directed by Charles Dekeukeleire, with Flemish and French intertitles. . . . ¶ July 31 at 6: "The New Enchantment." . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30 and 6: "Nightshift" (1981; Robina Rose), with Jordan, Anne Rees-Mogg, Mitch Davies, and Heathcote Williams. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2:30: "Flamme Blanche" and "Le Mauvais Oeil." . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6 and Aug. 4 at 2:30: "Notre Dame de Paris" (1911; Albert Capellani; a silent film) and "A Message from Mars" (1913; J. Wallet Waller). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 5: A program of six short films. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (570-3949)—July 25: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson. . . . ¶ July 26: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ July 27: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider. . . . ¶ July 30: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe. . . . ¶ July 31: "The Turning Point" (1977; Herbert Ross), with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Leslie Browne, and Anthony Zerbe. . . . ¶ Aug. 2: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945; Edward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ARSÈNE LUPIN (1932)—John Barrymore as a suave gentleman thief who poses as a duke in Paris in order to fleece the rich; his techniques are unconvincingly easy—at one point he saunters out of the Louvre with the Mona Lisa tucked under his arm, wrapped around an umbrella. Lionel Barrymore plays an agonized, limping detective on the lighthearted thief's trail. The contrast should be more entertaining than it is. This was the Barrymore brothers' first film together, and John gets to show a little of his humor but Lionel was already making a profession out of crankiness. The movie is mildly amusing in spots, but it isn't much fun. Directed by Jack Conway, for M-G-M. From the play by Maurice Le Blanc and Francis de Croisset (which had already done service in the silent period), adapted by Carey Wilson, with dialogue by Bayard Veiller and Lenore Coffee. With Karen Morley, John Miljan, and Tully Marshall. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2.)

BLADE RUNNER (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants," the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers, if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 3.)

ENTRE NOUS—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/5/84.) (Cinema Studio.)

ERÉNDIRA—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 3.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (St. Marks Cinema; July 27-Aug. 3.)

The 4th Man—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Plaza.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

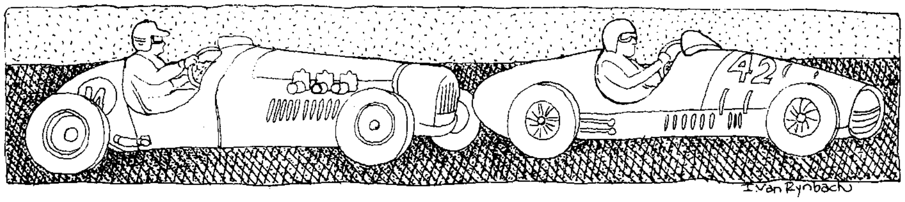
The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin the sentimentalist can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Aug. 3.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch–Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through July 26. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 27.)

Heart Like a Wheel—A friendly movie with a cold center, this biographical film is about what it cost the drag racer Shirley Muldowney—who has won the National Hot Rod Association World Championship three times—to win out over men in what was previously considered the domain of macho daredevils. Hoyt Axton plays Shirley's earthy and congenial father, the honky-tonk singer Tex Roque, who has gusto in his canny eyes and grinning face; Leo Rossi plays the mechanic-husband who tools up the cars she races; and Beau Bridges brings his marvellous radiance to the role of the impulsive, rowdy Connie Kalitta, who becomes Shirley's partner. Beau Bridges' Connie, who lives on his instincts, makes sense as a drag racer; Shirley doesn't. Bonnie Bedelia, who plays Shirley from sixteen to forty, gives a tightly controlled starring performance; she's compelling and she brings to the role a dry and precise irony. But her Shirley is a planner and a pusher who thinks everything out—the thrill sport of drag racing is a fulfillment of nothing visible in her character. Directed by Jonathan Kaplan from a script by Ken Friedman, the movie has a B-picture sensibility. It has plenty of action sequences (of the kind that action-film enthusiasts call "existential" and "cinematic"), and it avoids dramatic climaxes (of the kind that these enthusiasts disparage as "theatrical"). And this can make a movie seem honest and authentically American—none of your highbrow stuff. Shirley's hardness is presented simply as what happens to a woman who bucks a sexist society, and the movie expects us to sympathize with her bitterness about not getting the recognition that women in more genteel sports do. When Shirley staggers out of a crash in flames, and her son (Anthony Edwards) runs out to her and looks into her charred helmet, the scene exposes the superficiality of most of the film's treatment of her determination to be the fastest hot-rodder of them all. With Paul Bartel, Dean Paul Martin, and Dick Miller. (11/14/83) (Metro Cinema; July 31.)

The Hidden Fortress (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Film Forum; through July 31.)

If... (1969)—At first, and for a considerable stretch, this Lindsay Anderson film appears to be a clinical exposé of the horrible organized bedlam inflicted on English boys in the name of a gentleman's education. The movie is especially fixated on the cruelties that the students perpetrate against each other, with lingering attention to scenes of juvenile sadism and flogging and homoeroticism. Then it turns into an epic on student revolt. You can read the signals all right—the poster of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

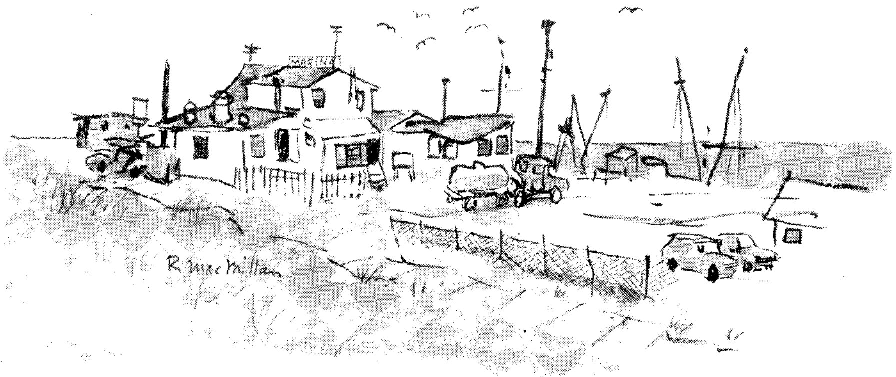
Ché and the student hero's forbidden mustache and his playing the "Missa Luba." But the style of the film is constricted and charged with ambivalent feelings. Can it be meant to be a story of the revolutionary spirit of the young when it's so full of bile about youth? Anderson devotes most of his energy to the meanness of the students. And it's really not a rebellion of the young that he shows us but a rebellion of a self-chosen few—three boys (and a girl picked up along the way) who set fire to the school on Speech Day and start sniping at those who flee the fire, including the rest of the young. Their way of destroying the prison is to kill the inmates. The conspirators are apparently cleaning out the whole mess—killing everybody, because nobody's fit to live. The last shot is a glamorous and apparently approving closeup of the hero as he fires away, like Robert Taylor aiming at "the Japs" at the end of "Bataan." There are so many muddy undercurrents in this film that even the best sequences are often baffling, and the ways in which Anderson tries to illustrate the desire for freedom don't carry any conviction. It's a bewildering film. With Malcom McDowell. Written by David Sherwin; cinematography by Miroslav Ondricek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

KING KONG (1976)—The greatest misfit in movie history makes a comeback in this new version. Monster, pet, misunderstood kid, unrequited lover, all in one grotesquely oversized body, the innocent ape is martyred once again. The movie is a romantic adventure fantasy—colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). This new "Kong" doesn't have the magical primeval imagery of the first "King Kong," in 1932, and it doesn't have the Gustave Doré fable atmosphere, but it's a happier, livelier entertainment. The first "Kong" was a stunt film that was trying to awe you, and its lewd underlay had a carnival hucksterism that made you feel a little queasy. This new "Kong" isn't a horror movie—it's an absurdist love story. When the forty-foot Kong stands bleeding and besieged at the top of the World Trade Center, and his blonde (Jessica Lange) pleads with him to pick her up, so that the helicopters won't shoot at him, even Wagner's dreams seem paltry. We might snicker at a human movie hero who felt such passion for a woman that he'd rather die than risk harming her, but who can jeer a martyr-ape? This film can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.,'s script; with Jeff Bridges, Charles Grodin, John Randolph, Ed Lauter, Julius Harris, René Auberjonois, and John Agar. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline; music by John Barry. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

LIBELED LADY (1936)—A wisecracking newspaper comedy, from M-G-M, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel, Jean Harlow as his fiancée, Myrna Loy as the maligned heiress who is suing, and William Powell as the man Tracy hires to put Loy in a compromising position, so she'll drop the suit. And, in order to give Powell the married status necessary for the plan, he asks Harlow to marry Powell—just for a few weeks. That's only the beginning of the complications. The director, Jack Conway, keeps up the fast pace by a lot of shouting and busywork—people are always rushing in and out, and practically every line is meant to be funny. Some of them are, and the others are at least perky. The picture isn't bad—it's enjoyable—but it's rather charmless. It's constructed like a seventies sitcom, and it has the same kind of forced atmosphere of hilarity; it looks and sounds factory-made. The stars (and the supporting players, too) do their patented characters—the ones they'd invented some years earlier. (Almost nothing seems to be happening for the first time.) Loy is assured and levelheaded; Harlow is a tough cookie, loud and shrill but sentimental at heart; Tracy is a solid man's man; Powell is a suave ladies' man. With Charlie Grapewin as the owner of the paper (he gives perhaps the best performance, but there isn't enough of it); Walter Connolly as Loy's father; Cora Witherspoon; George Chandler in a bit; and E. E. Clive as a fishing specialist. (Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?") Written by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers, and George Oppenheimer. (Regency; Aug. 2-4.)

LIMELIGHT (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero, the old, impoverished English clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. The mediocrity of Calvero's stage routines may be the result of Chaplin's aiming at greatness. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden). In the darkened theatre after she has performed, he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. And is it because Chaplin didn't talk on screen until late in his career that he doesn't seem to have



a dramatic instinct for language? (He talks high-mindedly and incessantly.) With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 31-Aug. 2.)

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)—The reputation of this John Ford Western is undeservedly high; it's a heavy-spirited piece of nostalgia. John Wayne is in his flamboyant element, but James Stewart is too old for the role of an idealistic young Eastern lawyer who is robbed on the way West, goes to work in the town of Shinbone as a dishwasher, and learns about Western life. Opposite him, Vera Miles is as proficient and colorless as ever. There's not much of the outdoors; the action takes place mainly in Shinbone, and even a stagecoach robbery was filmed on a sound stage. With Lee Marvin as the villainous Liberty Valance, Edmond O'Brien as the newspaper editor, and Andy Devine, John Carradine, Woody Strode, and Strother Martin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 4.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (Festival. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through July 26.)

Never Cry Wolf—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 29-30.)

Panique (1946)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who frame him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconism. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

The Pope of Greenwich Village—An entertaining but shallow movie that gives itself heavyweight airs. Based on Vincent Patrick's adaptation of his own 1979 novel about the ties among small-time Italian and Irish hoods, it's a candied "Mean Streets," evenly and impersonally directed by Stuart Rosenberg. It has no temperament—it doesn't even have any get-up-and-go. But Patrick supplies colorful "ethnic" dialogue, and the actors run with it. As the two young pals who get into trouble together, Mickey Rourke is fatherly and protective (and a little repetitive), while Eric Roberts tries for something outré—he brings off some wild, androgynous effects, and gives the film whatever drive and point it has. As a crooked cop's tough old mother, Geraldine Page gives an enthrallingly hammy performance—smoking, boozing, and picking horses. As her son, Jack Kehoe has just the right kind of cagey, sallow anonymity. Kenneth McMillan is sly and astute as an ex-con safecracker. Playing a detestable Mafia boss, Burt Young has mad little porcine eyes. And Tony Musante, M. Emmet Walsh, Philip Bosco, and several other actors have big moments. Daryl Hannah plays Rourke's girlfriend—the one Wasp in the picture. The cinematography (which has a shine) is by John Bailey. (7/23/84) (Eastside Cinema, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews Paramount, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 26.)

Random Harvest (1942)—Ronald Colman is the amnesiac who falls in love with Greer Garson, having forgotten that he'd been in love with her before; he must be the only person lucky enough to forget that sticky, arch great lady of the screen. The only reason to see this hunk of twaddle is the better to savor the memory of the Carol Burnett–Harvey Korman parody, which was shorter, too. Mervyn LeRoy, who directed many a big clinker, also gets the blame for this one; it's taken from a James Hilton novel, and M-G-M gave it the full false-English treatment. The cast includes Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Reginald Owen, Margaret Wycherly, Peter Lawford, Henry Daniell, Una O'Connor, Jill Esmond, Ian Wolfe, and Bramwell Fletcher. (Regency; July 29-30.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—Visconti's strange sprawling epic—a flamboyant melodrama about how a poor Sicilian family (a mother and her five sons) is corrupted and eventually destroyed by life in Milan. Visconti's methods are still partly neo-realist, but the scale of the film is huge and operatic, and it loses the intimacy of the best neo-realist films, and their breath of life. This is more like a hollow, spectacular version of a Warners' movie of the thirties (three of the sons take turns in the prizefight ring) but the characters aren't as vivid and individualized as the Warners' actors made them. The movie is memorable largely because of Annie Girardot's stunning performance as a prostitute; her role suggests that of Dostoyevski's great heroine in "The Idiot," while her final scene suggests "Woyzeck." The weirdest aspect of the film is the casting of Alain Delon (who at times seems to be lighted as if he were Hedy Lamarr) as a saintly, simple Prince Myshkin. Renato Salvatori plays the most forceful of the brothers—it's actually his sexual passion rather than the horrors of urban existence that destroys the family. Also with Katina Paxinou as the mother, and Roger Hanin, Paola Stoppa, Suzy Delair, and Claudia Cardinale. The script is adapted from the novel "The Bridge of Ghisolfa," by Giovanni Testori; there are also suggestions of the Biblical story of Joseph and his brethren. Music by Nino Rota. In Italian. (Thalia; July 29.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciousness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian

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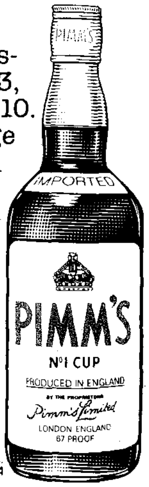

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and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through July 26.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until she has the audience in thrall, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck, who is at his most animated and likable) and his photographer sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. (Children adore this movie about a modern princess.) With Harcourt Williams, Hartley Power, Margaret Rawlings, and Tullio Carminati. Much of it was shot on Roman locations. The cinematography was by Franz Planer until he fell ill and Henri Alekan took over; the music is by Georges Auric; the editing is by Robert Swink; the story is credited to Ian McLellan Hunter and the script to him and John Dighton, though Ben Hecht also worked on it at one stage, and Ennio Flaiano and Suso Cecchi d'Amico are said to have rewritten it for Wyler when he was in Rome. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 29.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. Superficially, this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. This George Stevens film is over-planned and uninspired: Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. However, audiences wept over the scene in which a dog mourns at his master's coffin, and Jean Arthur's farewell handshake to Shane—whom she loves—brought forth sniffles. Brandon deWilde's final cry, "Shane!," was heard for years wherever kids played. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. The screenplay is by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., from Jack Schaefer's novel. The cinematography by Loyal Griggs won the Academy Award; this must have struck him as a black joke, because Paramount, in order to take advantage of the new fashion for the wide screen, had mutilated the compositions by cutting off the top and bottom. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock—With Leonard Nimoy at the helm, this is the first movie directed by a Vulcan; maybe we shouldn't be surprised that it's achingly prosaic. Its predecessor, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan," ended with Spock's casket's being sent to a newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. The principal diversion comes from the Klingons, a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads, and their Lord (Christopher Lloyd), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. There's also a ceremony conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson (in her eighty-seventh year); her voice is so commandingly intense it's scary, and she brings a spot of high style to this movie—her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. From a script by the producer, Harve Bennett. (7/9/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; July 27-Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Olympic Quad; starting July 27.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 2.)

Under the Volcano—Malcolm Lowry, who wrote the novel, somehow got himself to believe that alcoholic self-destruction would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. And his hero, Geoffrey Firmin, the former British Consul in Cuernavaca, is meant to be a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney, who plays Firmin. Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard. Directed by John Huston, from a script by Guy Gallo, the movie has a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity and a peculiarly literary tone. With Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews (who gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance), James Villiers, Emilio Fernandez, Katy Jurado, and Ignacio Lopez Tarso. The cinematography is by Gabriel Figueroa; the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a pompous emotionalism. (7/9/84) (Cinema I; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

Victor/Victoria (1982)—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. The picture is at its yeastiest in the slapstick embellishments of the preparatory sequences; when the infuriatingly sane and distant Julie Andrews finally gets into men's clothes, there's nothing remotely funny about it. And you don't believe that she could successfully impersonate a woman on the stage. Edwards pulls laughs, though. He does it with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. (This is yet another movie in which a girl's best friend is a homosexual.) James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a nightclub owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards ties tin cans to her tail—he makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria," this is at least the fifth version. (Thalia; July 31.)

The Wind and the Lion (1975)—The flamboyance of the writer-director, John Milius, is initially startling; this film opens with such a flourish and bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk (which they do incessantly), the flat-footed dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. Milius doesn't seem to be a very gifted storyteller: he lets the actors toss away the information that the audience needs to make sense of the action, and people are killed so arbitrarily that the whole epic seems dissociated. There isn't enough conviction behind this movie to hold it together. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt (ordering a fictitious invasion), Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American. Connery seems to be having a good time playing Yul Brynner in "The King and I," and Vladek Sheybal, as the Bashaw, is clearly doing a parody. With John Huston as John Hay. Cinematography by Billy Williams. (Regency; July 31-Aug. 1.)

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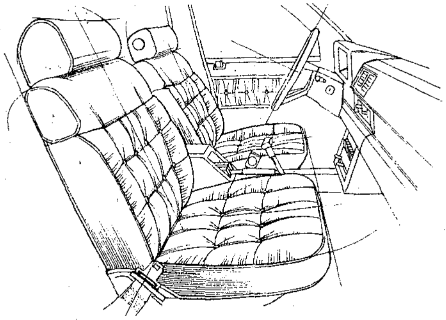

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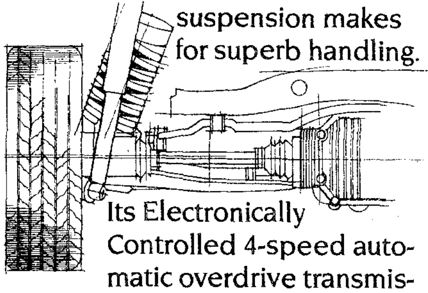

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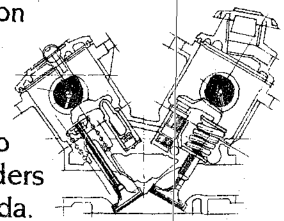

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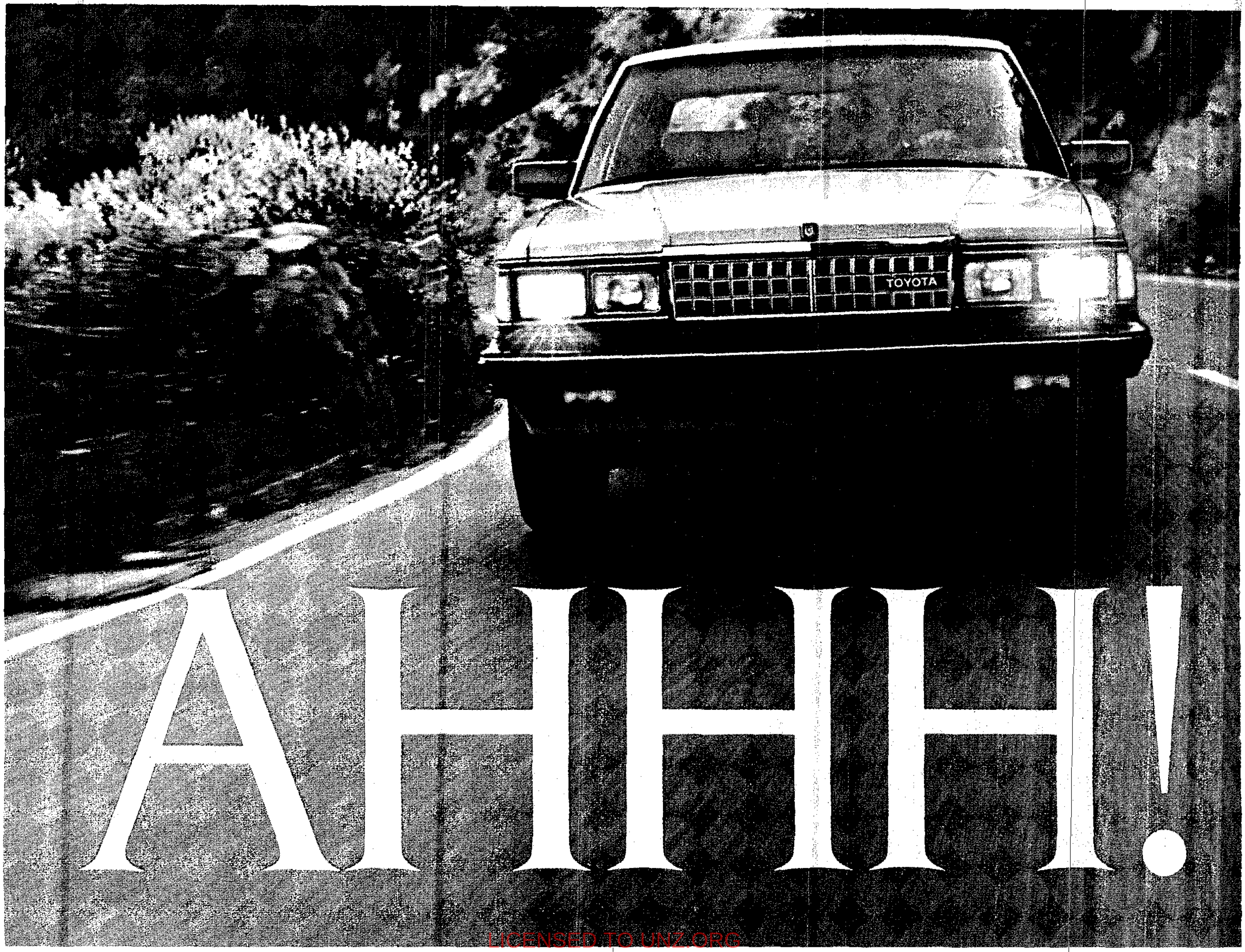


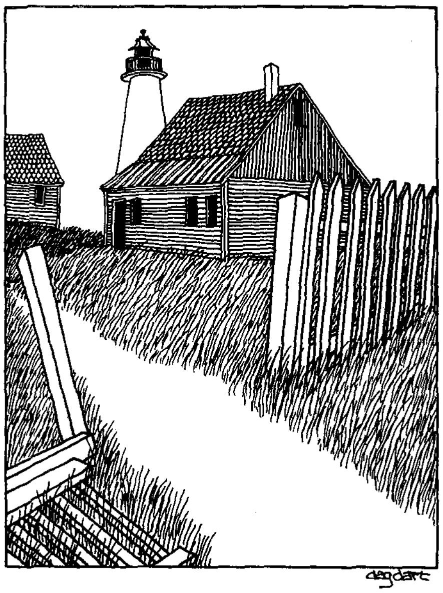
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOT so long ago, people on the right used to warn us all against "creeping socialism." The phrase could be used to characterize almost any governmental measure for social improvement; such measures were seen as the first step in a march toward full-fledged Communism and the Gulag Archipelago. Today—with greater accuracy and in a more cheerful spirit—we can, in speaking of a surprisingly large number of countries, adapt the phrase, and speak of creeping democracy. Democracy creeps today in Chile. It creeps in the Philippines. It creeps in Poland. It is proving to be at least as insidiously infectious as Communism has been said to be. In Spain, Greece, Portugal, and Argentina, democracy has crept all the way to its goal—liberty itself, constitutionally guaranteed.

This benevolent trend, which no one foresaw and no one has analyzed, or even noticed much, has now found an exegete. He is George Konrád, the distinguished Hungarian novelist, and the author of "Antipolitics," a recently published book in which he argues that democratization in Eastern Europe and nuclear and other disarmament in all Europe should proceed hand in hand. Konrád is that rarity in political discourse—a fresh voice. For him, democratization and disarmament are soul mates. As he sees it, democratization *is*, in fact, a kind of disarmament, in which "we take our violently self-assertive passions and submit them to the common rules of the game, written and unwritten—deliberating, negotiating, and reaching agreement." Democratization, therefore, takes the form not so much of a victory of the forces of light over the forces of darkness as of a sort of healing. As befits an advocate of social betterment, Konrád has an optimistic streak in him. Fully aware that "history . . . consists of nothing but mutual killing, robbing, deceit, and humiliation"—of "pious talk and crimes to match"—he nevertheless goes on to ask, "But is crime the only thing that has happened?" And he answers, "History takes no note when a woman feeds her family. . . . Men beat their wives, but that's the exception; more often they kiss them. Goodness is all around us, as unnoticed as the earth and the air." That everyday goodness gives the democrat and the disarmer something to work with. The method Konrád recommends is to build up and strengthen the sphere of daily life, and thus constrict the sphere of the political oppressors and manipulators. He sees this happening in his native Hungary—one more country in which democracy is, apparently, on the creep. Konrád notes that even under the Hungarian Communist dictatorship, to which he freely accords credit for its liberal tendencies, there are many directions in which the human spirit is free to advance: "There are so many kinds of goals to strive for, so many kinds of successes to console ourselves with! . . . Culture doesn't wax and wane in proportion to economic growth. We can excel there even if we are not so very numerous or rich or menacing. The fact that we live in a small country doesn't place us at any disadvantage in trying to understand ourselves and explore the fundamental questions of life." And in any case life can be rich even before the struggle is won: "The important thing is that what we are doing should be good. The present is a special time. Enjoying each hour is in itself a struggle for liberation. Why should I do evil for the sake of good? I don't have to wait until I'm free to be happy. Right now I am trying to become free, and I am happy." He accepts that, given the Soviet will to dominate Eastern Europe, it is impossible to "democratize society by trying to overthrow the élite." But he takes heart from the examples of Spain, Portugal, and Greece, where "no one was, in Communist parlance, 'liquidated;' whole classes and social groups were not tossed into the 'dustbin of history.' " Instead, "nothing happened except that the iceberg of power was melted from within."



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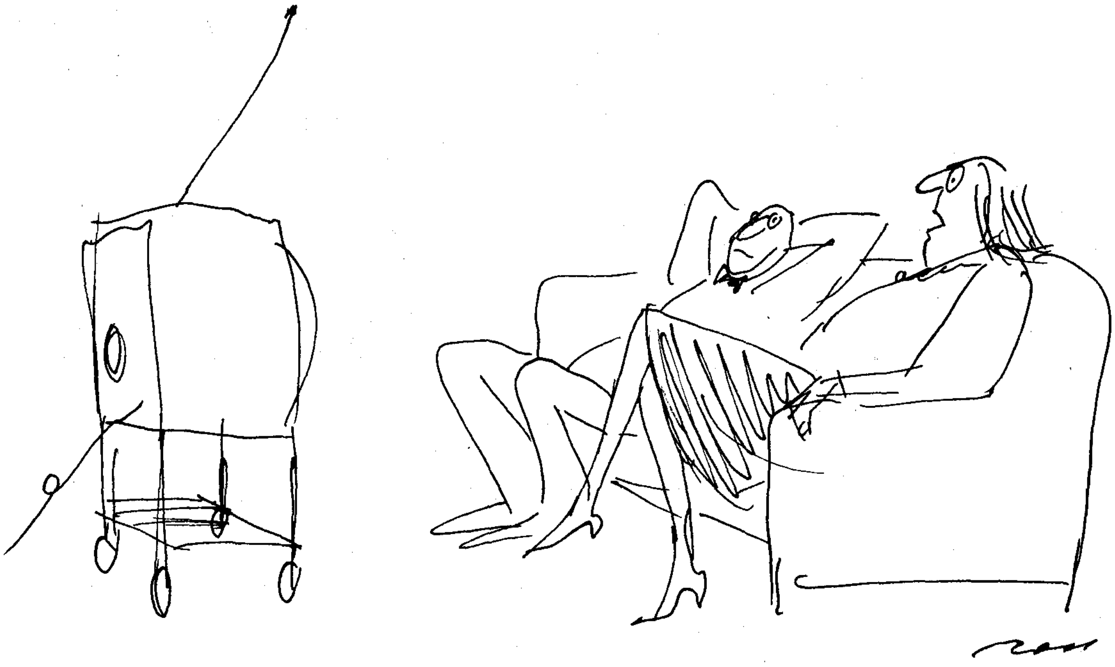
DURING a public hearing, the other day, on the multibillion-dollar road, park, and housing venture known as Westway, we found our attention drifting from the merits of the case into a game of predicting how the next witness would testify. Before long, we had a virtually foolproof correlation: the bigger the person's biceps, the surer his support for the project. We were sitting in the Felt Forum, a part of Madison Square Garden normally reserved for boxing matches



"Do you think there are Johnny Carsons on other planets?"

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and other jousts where physical factors can be discussed without fear of censure, and maybe that's why our thoughts wandered in this direction. Or maybe they were deflected that way by the repetitive character of the arguments. Whichever, it came to us that if the issue were left to a tug-of-war between the heftiest representatives of each side the pros would sweep the antis right off their feet, for the defenders of Westway came, predominantly, from the construction unions, and in relative muscle power, at least, most of them conformed to type (as did the largely white-collar group deployed against them).

On the other hand, if sheer numbers were going to decide things the pro-Westway witnesses—only forty-two of the two hundred and eight people who testified in two days of hearings—were in trouble; and a look of exasperation could often be seen on their countenances while their opponents held the floor (as they usually did). Some of the union men also seemed uneasy about their rhetorical gifts, and more than one began their testimony with an apology for their verbal shortcomings. But the immediacy of their concern—based on the hundred thousand man-years of labor Westway promises to provide—made a powerful impression. The anti-Westway people—particularly those who live in the neighborhoods that will adjoin the project if and when it gets built—could expect to be injured by increased pollution, higher rents, tall buildings that would block their view of the river, and the like; but they could not predict these things with any great certainty. Nor could they be sure of Westway's effect on the striped bass that linger, before entering the Atlantic, among the piers Westway will displace—an issue that has become dominant in the current phase of what is now a ten-year-old controversy. "We feel that the striped bass will adapt to the environment, as they always have," said Gregory Sperduto, the apprentice coördinator for Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, in his testimony. "We're not dealing with bass, though. We're dealing with lives and families." Harry Van Arsdale, the president of the New York City Central Labor Council, admitted that his knowledge of striped bass was slight, but he went on to say, "I find it hard to believe that if they're going to disappear from our world we couldn't get some of those males and females and put them into a place where they could increase their population."

Watching the union men as they testified and as they listened, we could not help seeing things from their lookout, and we could not help wondering why, so often these days, their jobs should hinge on subtle and abstract speculations about the fates of snail darters, furbish louseworts, striped bass, and other lowly species. It may have been the setting that, once again, sent our thoughts into a sporting analogy. As a dabbler in certain forms of exercise, we have learned that the human body, even when some truly appalling things are done to it, is usually willing to complete the task at hand, before finally, and irresistibly, saying, "No dice." One of the few benefits we can ascribe to running—mainly, in our experience, an activity highly destructive to the knees and the spinal column—is the development of an ability to anticipate an injury when it is scarcely a gleam in the orthopedist's eye. Abuse the body enough, go on abusing it until it snaps, and sooner or later you develop a kind of distant-early-warning system capable of detecting, from deep in the human infrastructure, signals that would otherwise pass quite unnoticed. Incipient damage becomes palpable, like the pea under the princess's mattresses; and if you are wise about it you learn to curtail your workouts before lasting harm is done.

Maybe, it occurred to us, the striped bass are like that—an announcement of worse trouble in the offing. It's a close call which we understand less, our own inner workings or the workings of nature. But in either study what powers of prediction we possess depend on spotting symptoms that are not in themselves very troublesome. A small open wound, for example, may lead to infection. If Westway comes to pass, the width of the Hudson River will be reduced by an average of one-sixth over the 4.2-mile length of the landfill. Tampering with rivers is, to be sure, an old human habit; but this would be an unusually audacious act, which could well have hidden consequences. Thus, if the Army Corps of Engineers decides to withhold a dredge-and-fill permit—that being the last approval standing in Westway's way, according to the project's proponents—it might not be making a choice for striped bass over construction workers. It might just be choosing to believe that data about bass speak for other life forms, and life cycles, which have not been studied only because they have not been noticed.

The pro-Westway witnesses spoke of more than jobs. They defended the project for the time it would cut from an automobile trip up the West Side of Manhattan; the housing, grass, trees, swimming pools, and tennis courts it would provide; and the enormous commitment of federal money it would bring to the City of New York. Several witnesses went so far as to say that these things added up to a "unique opportunity." Mr. Van Arsdale, for one, invoked some formidable comparisons from the past—the Pyramids, the Great Wall of China, the Eiffel Tower—to refute what struck him as trivial objections. The first two examples may not have been ideal for his purposes, built, as they were, largely with slave labor. Still, the idea that our society has become too fussy, too cautious, or just too gummed-up to be capable of building anything on a grand scale—that has a certain disturbing plausibility. A spokesman for the Regional Plan Association said much the same thing, and put the case in terms of municipal pride. The delays in building Westway had made New Yorkers look "foolish and shortsighted in the eyes of the nation," he said.

After the hearings disbanded, we paid a visit to a model of the proposed Westway State Park, which has been on exhibit at Cooper Union. Magnifying it in our imagination, and juxtaposing it against the lower Manhattan skyline, we found the prospect inviting—a lazy greenish outcropping on one of the most crowded and businesslike coastlines around. Up on the wall were sketches of mothers pushing baby carriages, children bouncing balls, gulls flying overhead, and other pleasing things. There are few parks—indeed, few trees, or even blades of grass—near the piece of the Hudson's shore that might become Westway in ten or twenty years. We wondered whether Edward Logue, an urban planner who has been one of the most persistent of Westway's advocates, might have been right when he said that if Westway were completed "it would not have many enemies."

But what if Westway wound up looking a bit less glorious, a bit less spanking clean than those architect's renderings? This may seem like churlish speculation, but it springs from observation of the condition of many of the parks that exist in our city—especially in its less well-off sections. Maintaining those parks is not a "unique opportunity." It is an opportunity that recurs day after day, month after month, and year after year, whether seized or neglected. True, the money available for Westway can't simply be shifted to this more mundane mission. But, as opponents of the project have long urged, the city and state could apply for a "trade-in" of federal dollars, which might be reallocated to building a simpler road and to maintaining the subways and the rest of the transit system. In our city (and, no doubt, in others), the allure of creating something new and shining—something our elected officials can pose beside when it is done—has become a substitute for the drab business of taking decent care of what we already have. Our policymakers seem to be borrowing a trick from the Argentine generals who gave the people a war to take their minds off the state of the economy. Forgoing Westway would be a small step away from this mania for newness; and there is, of course, employment to be had in maintenance as well as construction—steady employment. Westway may be a "unique opportunity." That doesn't necessarily make it a good one.

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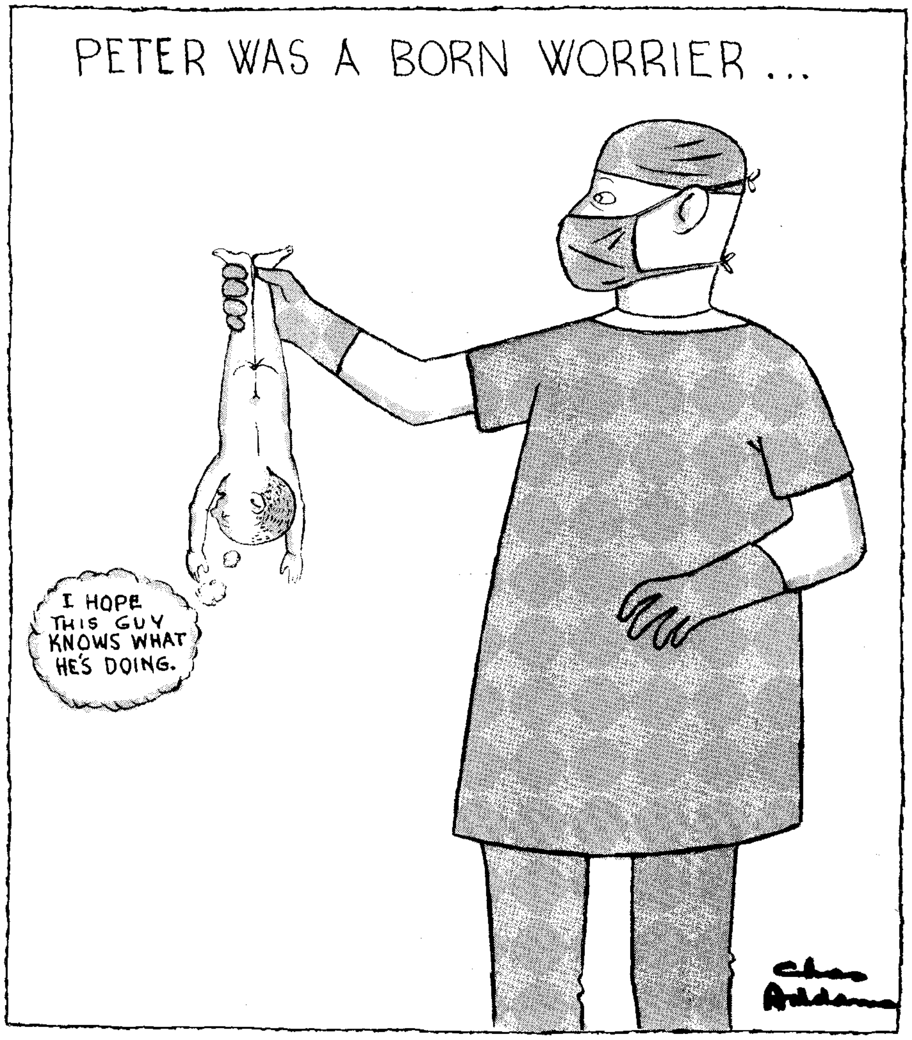
Style

BY the time we caught up with him, in his dressing room at the Asia Society theatre, Ramankutty Nair had already been in this country a week and a half, with the Kerala Kalamandalam Kathakali troupe. Mr. Nair, who is a superstar of Kathakali, the highly stylized dance-drama popular in South India, speaks only a spot of English; clearly, though, he had figured out just what Americans wished to hear about his Exotic Native Land. "Everywhere, in Kerala state, coconut


PETER WAS A BORN WORRIER ...
I HOPE THIS GUY KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.
Chas Addams

trees," he said. "And much elephants—too much elephants. We catch elephants. We dig a big well in the ground and elephants fall in. And tigers." Mr. Nair's eyes twinkled as he told us these things—twinkled with the intensity that comes from exercising one's eyes as much as an hour a day. "We put ghee in the eyes, and then move them—around corners, back and forth," he said. "And eyebrows." He showed us the Kathakali movements symbolizing the beetle (eyes flickering up and down in sync with the middle fingers of the right hand) and the cobra (hands cupped and eyes crossed so profoundly that the irises almost disappear), and then he said (twinkling again), "If a lady wants a man she sees in the crowd, and she can't speak to him, she must go like this"—and he delivered, with independently arching eyebrows and rolling eyeballs, a come-hither look that would short-circuit any bar on the upper East Side. His eyebrows were break dancing.

Our chat with Mr. Nair was not rushed—it takes him five hours to put on his makeup for each performance. The same is true of the other men in the troupe—there are ten, besides Mr. Nair—except those few playing female characters, whose makeup is much lighter. (All Kathakali actors are male, Mr. Nair told us, because if "a female plays a female, no acting—no art," which makes a lot of sense if you don't think about it too hard.) First, the actors paint on their base makeup, using the stems of coconut leaves as brushes. Green faces mean good characters; villains wear an orangish red. Then the actors lie on their backs while makeup men build a *cutti*, a paper frame for the face, which is glued to the cheekbones with rice paste. The paper marks a technological advance in the four-hundred-year-old Kathakali tradition; until recently, the frame was built entirely of rice paste and took ninety minutes to construct, but now only an hour is required. Most of the actors nap while the *cutti* is being built, so they will be rested for the makeup that is yet to come, and for the costuming, in enormous hoopskirts and golden headdresses. Shortly before the curtain rises, they put a seed under each eyelid and begin to roll their eyes—the villains keep at it until the whites are a brilliant, bloodshot red, but the heroes stop sooner, when a rosy hue appears. Then they are ready for the performance, which in India lasts from ten in the evening until six in the morning. (At the Asia Society, it lasted two and a half hours, with an intermission.) Last year, Mr. Nair appeared in a hundred and seventy-five of these marathon Kathakali performances, and also starred as Dr. Faustus in a local production.

During the monsoon season, when the outdoor performances must be scrubbed, Mr. Nair presides over the Kerala Kalamandalam school, where new actors are trained in the classical Hindu repertoire and the technique of the dance. Students rise at three in the morning and roll their eyes until four, when they stop to rub their bodies with oil and begin three hours of exercise. At seven, they undergo massage: the instructors stand over the students, rubbing the students' bodies with their feet, *hard*. "They scream," Mr. Nair said. "Some quit and run home. It is hard for the teacher, but you can't be kind." After some years of this, the novices will be able to dance on the outside edges of their feet and make the intricately meaningful gestures of the plays, and they will begin to perform. The night we were at the Asia Society, the bill called for "The Dice Game and the Killing of Dussassana." To the accompaniment of cowhide, buffalo-hide, and oxhide drums, Mr. Nair, playing the ecstatically evil Duryodhana, instigated a game of craps (using loaded dice) with his cousin and rival Yudhisthira. Pretty soon, the good cousin had lost his four brothers and his wife, but later—after intermission, during which Indian appetizers were served in the lobby—the wife extracted appropriately bloody revenge, amid many arching eyebrows.

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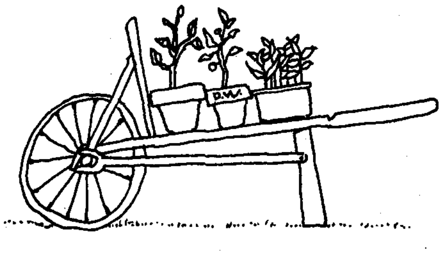
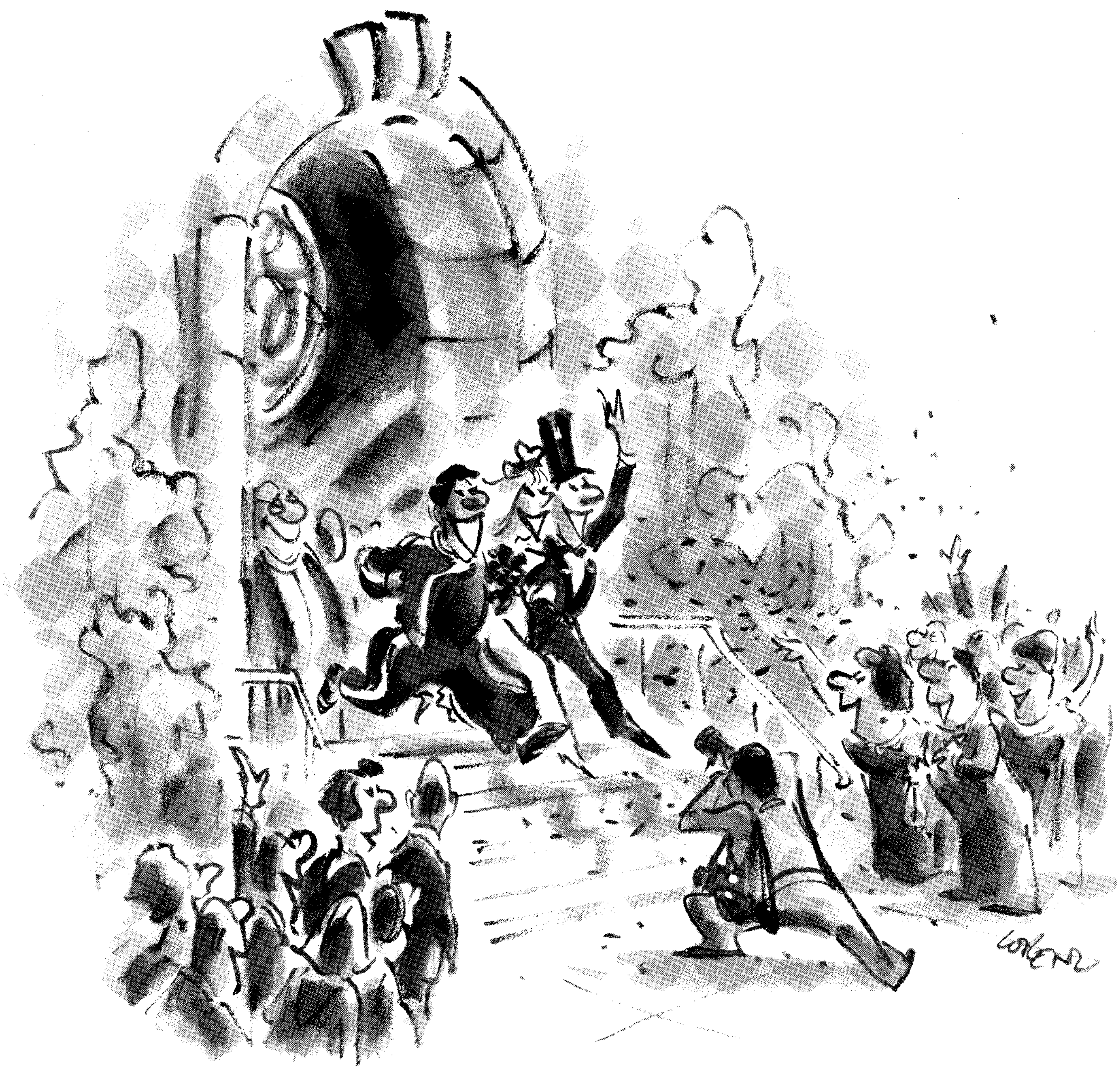
EARLIER this month, at the Japan Society, on East Forty-seventh Street, we talked with Mannojo Nomura, who has been designated an Intangible Cultural Property by the Japanese government. Mannojo, a master of Kyogen (a six-hundred-year-old Japanese theatre that is traditionally performed as a comic interlude between Noh dramas), had just finished rehearsing his part in one of the genre's classics, "Two Men in a Single Suit of Pants," where he plays a father who accompanies his son on a visit to the son's new father-in-law. They have only one pair of ceremonial trousers between them, so they rip the trousers in half, and, each wearing his section in front, sidle curiously about the stage to avoid, in vain, detection. The part of the son in this stylized drama, full of complicated dances and gestures, was played by Ryosuke Nomura, a handsome young man who is Mannojo's son in real life as well. "To be a great actor, one must be a teacher as well, for in teaching one learns about one's craft," Mannojo told us through an interpreter. "And to be able to teach one's own son is marvellous. Each family has tensions and hostilities, but through teaching we become closer and closer. For this process to be complete, a father must live a long time—to the point where the son can perform as a full-fledged Kyogen actor alongside him. Then the emotion is wonderful, so I take good care of my health. In Japan, we say that long life is essential for great performing, and that is especially so for a father." Mannojo's father, Manzo Nomura, waited until his son was four and then began to teach him Kyogen; Manzo, honored as a Living National Treasure by the Japanese government, lived to be eighty, and spent the last twenty years of his life performing side by side with his son.



The Nomura Kyogen troupe, Japan's most famous, visited New York for two weeks this month. Before their Japan House engagement, they gave a series of free, open-air performances at Lincoln Center; the one we attended drew a crowd of over four thousand. The stage, built in the middle of the reflecting pool next to Avery Fisher Hall, was lighted in part by traditional torches, which threw flickering shadows on the enormous Henry Moore sculpture that served as a backdrop. The company put on two Kyogen favorites—"Tied to a Pole" and "Mushrooms." "Tied to a Pole" is about a man preparing to leave on a journey who worries that his two servants will drink his *sake* while he is gone. He ties the arms of one to a long pole, binds the hands of the other, and



"The one on the left is her personal nutritionist."

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sets confidently off. The servants, obviously, figure out crafty ways of getting at the *sake;* the master returns, and they see his reflection in the bowl of *sake* but, drunk, imagine that it's only the image of his angry spirit. They make jokes at his expense, until finally he reveals himself and chases them away in fury. All this would be pretty much comprehensible even without the program notes; for one thing, every other word in the play is "*sake*," but also this is comic acting of the sort where every thought occurs first to the audience and then dawns slowly across the delighted face of the actor. The text seems to have been refined over time, so that nothing is left save the core of the jokes. "We learn the dialogues of all two hundred and fifty plays by rote," Mannojo said. "Somewhere they are written down in a book, but we never see the book. And it is the same with the acting. As in all the other Japanese arts, one must absorb the movements physically. They have to become part of one's own body, and that takes many years."

"Mushrooms" tells the story of a mushroom-infested garden and a pompous priest who is hired to chant away the mushrooms. Each time the cleric has his back turned to exorcise one mushroom, though, more mushrooms (in exquisite wraparound costumes and broad-brimmed caps, each mushroom a different color) scurry onstage, until finally, by the play's end, the priest is surrounded by locomoting fungi. The play in performance was even funnier than it sounds; and, with the rich costumes and the smoke from the torches blue against the night sky and the reflections of the actors rippling in the water around the stage and everyone, especially children, laughing, it was lovely and familiar as well.

ADDIO

THE London Victorian Wigmore Hall, where the cheerful cherubs had been not even so much as chipped by the Blitz and where the acoustics were better than the ones bought by any number of dollars for Avery Fisher Hall, in New York City, was less packed than usual for the great Madame Johanna Alba's master class. Her famed role for fifty years had been Cherubino in Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro." At seventy—"too late," many people said—she surrendered her sprightly young-boy part and became famous as the same opera's serene Countess. Retaining dignity, she then resisted even in her prized master class any urge to sing her great role of old.

The two dozen semifinalists, chosen from over two hundred applicants, sat on school chairs onstage. A few musicologists were allowed into the auditorium, a few other singers. Madame Alba was laced into her celebrated costume for Cherubino, even though she was to sing the Countess at chosen moments. Close-fitting white waistcoat, pink breeches, pale-blue tights not supposed to bulge, though they reminded several blackhearts in the audience of the legs of a hippopotamus in pale-blue surgical stockings. The lacing of the waistcoat had been no mean feat. At last, Madame Alba, who had the musicianship to value her breath control more than her figure, commanded three holes of her waistcoat to be eased.

"We could retain the bosom," her dresser of forty years said loyally. She had travelled with Madame from opera house to opera house, like the trunk holding Madame's famous pale-blue cloak for "Tosca." Though suited neither to the role nor to the ominous plot, the forget-me-not cloak remained. Everyone objected. Nevertheless, Madame was to be obeyed. A resident director at Covent Garden had once contrived to put Madame into black for "Tosca," instead of her beloved pale blue. He still bore on his forehead the scar of the marble mantelpiece of his club's main fireplace, which she had upheaved and thrown at him for vilifying her cloak at the after-opera party. Her Goliath strength was in a spirit equalled only by grand opera itself.

"Were we to retain the trimness of the bosom," said Madame sternly to her dresser at the Cherubino fitting, "we should only emphasize the natural musical fullness of the waist."

A Hexing in Progress

So the enlarged Cherubino sat on the thronelike armchair, itself upholstered plumply in a matching pink-and-white design that seemed to add further limbs to the diva's own. Indications of plot by way of odd bits of furniture were carried in. A gold clock, a window frame empty of glass, a high-backed sofa meant not for sitting but only for the blithe fancies of rococo conspiracy. One of the few lay people in the audience of Alba fanatics, a Gregorian-chant expert named Daphne, quite unfamiliar with "The Marriage of Figaro," asked questions of her friend Gavin, a man knowledgeable in these things. She looked respectfully at the bareness of the furnished stage, at the meagreness of the props. "It's not modern, is it? It's not minimal?"

"No. Nothing simplistic here. The impoverishment is dramatic, not optic. It is also, of course, historically lateral. The Shakespearean mockery by Mozart, for instance, in the way Cherubino is dressed as a boy."

"But Madame Alba's going to sing the Countess, it says in the program. The students are the Cherubinos, singing bits of him one by one. And also, the Countess is dressed as a puppy-fat girl."

"This is in memory of her great days as Cherubino. A page boy."

"He must have been horribly teased at school," said Daphne, who knew more about present-day upper-class cruelty than about eighteenth-century aesthetic conventions, just as she felt more about Mozart's death in a pauper's grave than about the honor given to divas. "On the whole, I'm on the side of paupers, not of prima donnas," she said to her program.

"Where does it say that?" said Gavin, leaning over her.

"I did."

The master class began. Tape recorders were started. Daphne whispered, "Those must be elastic tights. I wonder where she gets them." Her overriding interest was in operatic memorabilia, in the sense of clothes. Even more than in Gregorian manuscripts.

"I should think that mews shop off the Charing Cross Road would have an idea." Gavin otherwise ignored her heavily. His interest was in opera from Gluck up to, but not including, Bellini. "My passion is for 'Figaro,' per se," he murmured to her severely, somehow turning the sentence into a music lover's glance backward at a hummer in the row behind. Daphne was crushed as the harpsichord began. She looked up at one of the cherubs and pondered elastic tights.

Madame Alba did not speak. This would have been a misuse of her voice. She whispered to the audience that she was going to sing the Countess an octave lower "to save my instrument." The audience rustled in passionate comprehension. The padded, page-boy Countess sang "Porgi amor" at a school desk decked out as the Countess's dressing table, looking at herself in an ornate hand mirror empty of glass. Confusion grew. The chosen students on their uncomfortable seats controlled their breathing, one or another dashing in and out of hiding and through the Countess's window at moments sprung on them by the prompter acting as stage director, and prayed that Madame would lead them somewhere in the speeded chronology fixed upon.

Again and again, the same process was gone through. Semifinalist by semifinalist.

"Where are we?" whispered Daphne.

"Round about the music master, I should say." Scant evidence of men onstage, but Gavin had confidence.

Alba's voice, distinctly hers even at an octave lower, again and again led beckoned singers to stand and to sing, in spite of the contracted plot, "Voi che sapete." Notes were taken by judges in the audience. Now and again, the director continued to order that the contestants scuttle behind the sofa or through the window (stagecraft). Madame went on singing an octave lower. Not out of prima-donna exhibitionism but out of a wish not to be drawn into contest.

The last entrant, an immensely fat girl of clear-eyed beauty, eventually got up at Madame's beckoning. Again Madame sang the Countess in her baritone whisper. Little was left of her greatness except in her phrasing.

"It would be more difficult at that pitch," whispered Gavin, making a note of no consequence on his program.

"More difficult altogether," whispered Daphne, her mind suppressing elastic tights. "Control."

"All musicianship is control. Or, rather, liberation controlled."

"I wonder why we go to concerts together." She wished her words back, and thought them again, as though using invisible ink to rid her mind of them.

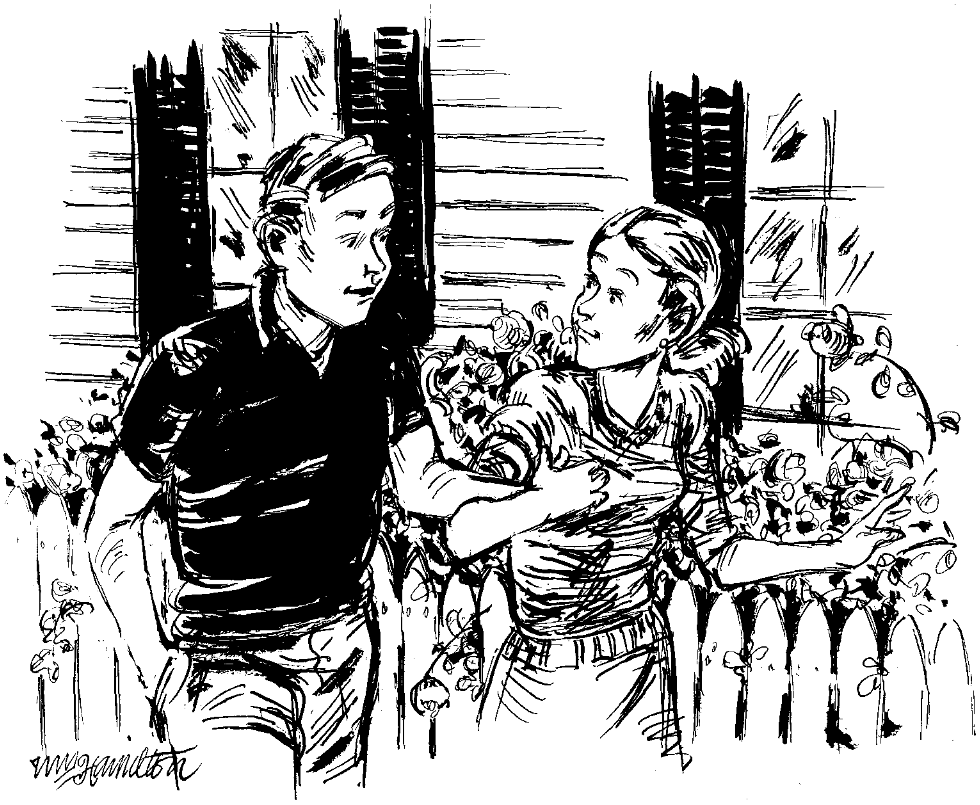
"Liberation controlled," repeated Gavin, ignoring her trouble and gripped only by his own last words, touching her spinster hand to take the chill out of his edict. He had no idea that she was blaming herself. He was not one to impute impulse.

The big girl began "Voi che sapete." Solemnity gripped the audience. This was the voice of the evening, a voice that would never have a chance, because of the girl's size. The exquisite melody took flight. The rising cadences seemed to be drawn up by something more than the flowing of notes. No passion that music cannot raise and quell, thought Daphne in counterpoint. Dryden. Gavin looked round at her; a fidgety man, but she was not to be interrupted in her concentration.

Madame Alba rose from her judge's seat and softly joined the melody, recognizing greatness. First she sang an octave lower, then in unison. A marvel was occurring. The uncastable girl finished and went back to her seat. Madame stayed standing, without realizing it. No one in the audience knew what to do. Shout bravo at the brilliant bulk? Throw roses? Where from? The harpsichordist had his head on the keyboard. He had been told to keep Madame's voice down an octave, and he had failed. Then he got up and bowed to the girl's success, raising his hands. Madame Alba was still standing, hands clasped together like a singer's at practice, tears streaming down her face. Someone in the audience shouted, clapping, "Your career is at the BBC. Go to the BBC," and the applause broke out. Madame Alba said, "Yes, the BBC," her own bulk looking fragile as she went up to the girl and shook both of her hands.

"Very good rendering," said Gavin.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT



"Thanks, Helen—actually, I think we're both delightfully American."

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With his plain, pudgy face—a kind of neutral dough that can be twisted and kneaded into any desired emotion—and with the aid of a slight beard and the protruding proboscis of Cyrano, Jacobi is virtually unrecognizable as the vibrant hero of Edmond Rostand's romantic classic. —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

We would have thought the nose a dead giveaway.

THE LONG RAIN

DAYS before it was decided that I was not well enough to go to school, I walked around feeling weak, as if at any moment I would collapse in a heap. If I rested my head on my desk, in an instant I fell asleep; the walk to and from school wore me out, so that I moved at the speed of an old jalopy. Nothing unusual seemed wrong. I did not have a fever. No wild storms raged through my stomach. My appetite was as poor as it had always been. My mother, tugging at my eyelids this way and that, could not see any signs of biliousness. All the same, I was in no condition to keep up in my usual way, so I had to take to my bed.

For over a year, no rain fell. There was nothing unusual about that; drought was such a big part of our life in Antigua that no one would even make a comment on it. Then, each day for a week or so, the clouds overhead turned black. No rain came right away with the black clouds, but then one day it started to drizzle, first in that annoying way of a drizzle, where it stings your face and your hands and your feet. That went on for a few days, when suddenly the rain started to come down in a heavy torrent. The rain went on in this way for over three months. By the end of it, the sea had risen and what used to be dry land was covered with water, and crabs lived there. In spite of what everyone said, the sea never did go back to the way it had been, and what a great subject of conversation it made to try and remember what used to be there where the sea now stretched up to.

CAR STEREO
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WEBER

"My prices used to be insane, but my wife said I was crazy."

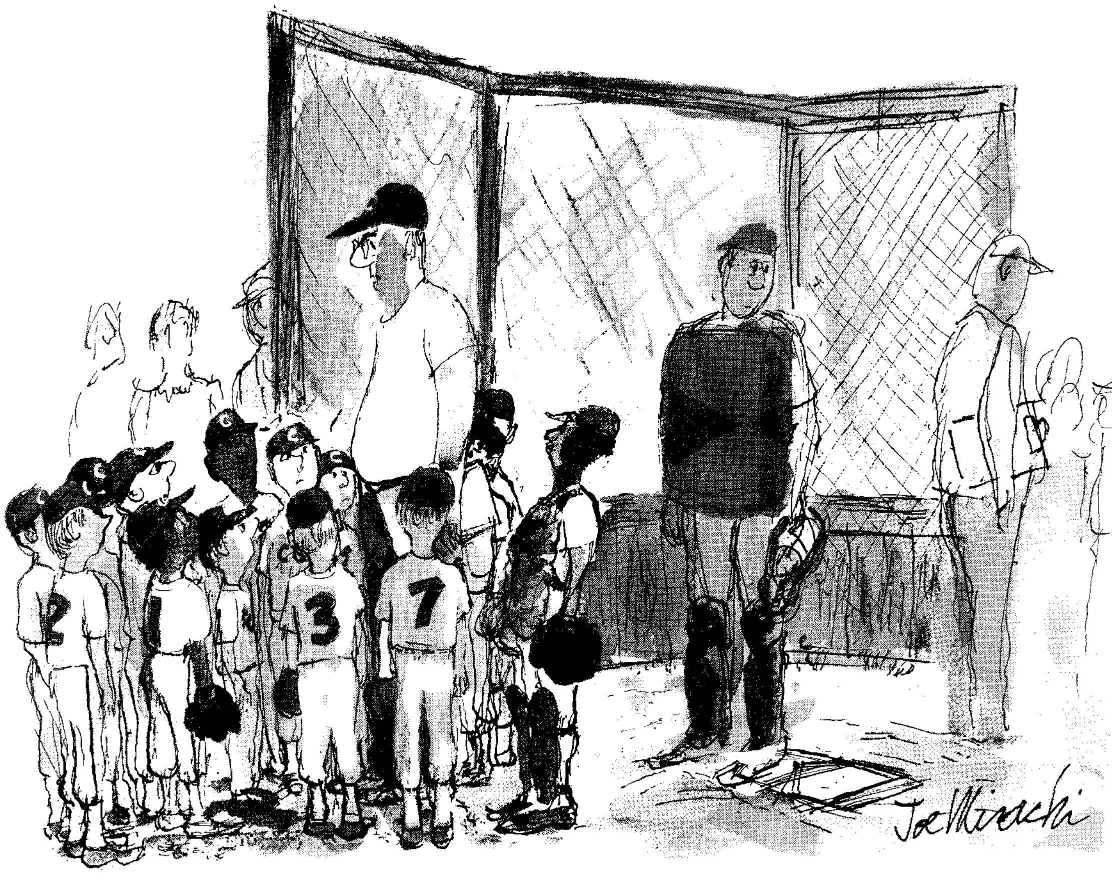
In my small room, I lay on my pitch-pine bed, which, since I was sick, was made up with my Sunday sheets. I lay on my back and stared at the ceiling. I could hear the rain as it came down on the galvanized roof. The sound the rain made as it landed on the roof pressed me down in my bed, bolted me down, and I couldn't even so much as lift my head if my life depended on it. My mother and father, sometimes together, sometimes separately, stood at the foot of my bed and looked down at me. They spoke to each other. I couldn't hear what it was that they said, but I could see the words leave their mouths. The words travelled through the air toward me, but just as they reached my ears they would fall to the floor, suddenly dead. Most likely, my father said that it was all the studying I had been doing at school, that I had moved along from form to form too fast and it had taken a heavy toll. Most likely, my mother agreed, but she also would have said that just to be sure she would call Ma Jolie, an obeah woman from Dominica who now lived not far from our house, and who was recommended to my mother by her mother, Ma Chess, who still lived in Dominica. To the Ma Jolie idea, my father would have said, "Very well, but count me out; have her come when I am not here."

One afternoon, in the rain, my mother and father took me to the doctor, my father carrying me on his back, my mother walking by his side with her head bent down. The doctor, a man from England named Dr. Stephens, and my mother were one in their feeling against germs, parasites, and disease in general, with my mother always on the lookout for signs in my father and me of things to report to him. When I came down with a case of hookworm, Dr. Stephens and my mother had held discussions on the several ways in which I could have picked it up, finally settling on my bad habit of going about without my shoes on—against my mother's loudly expressed wishes. After he had pointed out to my mother the many places on a person's body where germs might lodge themselves, she made a habit of cutting my fingernails every Saturday. Dr. Stephens now examined me from head to foot, poking me here and there, listening to my heart, my lungs, taking my pulse and temperature, peering into my eyes and ears. In the end, he could find nothing much wrong, except that he thought I might be a little run down. My mother asked herself out loud, "How could that be?," and then told Dr. Stephens that she certainly would redouble her efforts at making me eat properly, feeding me more beef tea, more barley water, more vitamins, more eggs and milk, along with keeping me in bed until whatever it was that had come over me went away.

Going home, there was the rain still. I could see the huge drops as they hit the ground, but I couldn't hear the sound they made. The streets were empty; everybody was inside, taking shelter. My head rested on my father's shoulder, my arms were wrapped tightly around his neck. I could feel that he drew extra breath just from the burden of carrying me such a long distance. Sometimes he would turn his head to say something to my mother, but I couldn't make out what that might be.

At home, my mother undressed me and put me to bed. Soon after, she brought me an egg cordial with two tablespoons of rum in it. Ordinarily, I had to be coaxed to drink this, so much did I hate the taste of rum mixed up with eggs, but I could not taste anything now, so it all went down with ease. My father came in, looked at me, and said, "So, Little Miss, huh? Hmmmm." I knew that he would say this before the words came out of his mouth. When the words reached me, the "So" was bigger than the "Little," and the "Miss" was bigger than the "huh," and the "Hmmmm" was bigger than all the other words rolled into one. Then all the sound rocked back and forth in my ears, and I had a picture of it; it looked like a large wave constantly dashing up against a wall in the sea, and the whole thing made me feel far away and weightless. I could hear the rain on the roof, and it was still pinning me down, looking inside my head; a black thing was lying down there, and it shut out all my memory of the things that had happened to me. I knew that in my fifteen years a lot of things had happened, but now I couldn't put my finger on a single thing. As I fell asleep, I had no feeling in any part of my body except the back of my skull, which felt as if it would split open and spew out huge red flames. I dreamed then that I was walking through warm air filled with soot, heading toward the sea. When I got there, I started to drink in the sea in huge great gulps, because I was so thirsty. I drank and drank until all that was left was the bare dry seabed. All the water from the sea filled me up, from my toes to my head, and I swelled up very big. But then little cracks began to appear in me and the water started to leak out—first in just little seeps and trickles coming out of my seams, then with a loud roar as I burst open. The water ran back and made up the sea again, and again I was walking through the warm soot—only this time wet and in tatters and not going anywhere in particular.

When I woke up, I was sitting in my father's lap and I was wearing a different nightie from the one I had fallen asleep in. My mother, dressed in her nightie, was bent over my bed, changing my sheets. I must have asked my father what was the matter, for he said to me, "You wet, Little Miss, you wet." My father was wearing only his undergarments, which by then I knew how to iron without leaving any unwanted wrinkles. His clothes smelled of his perspiration from the day before. Through the folds of my nightie, I could feel the hair on his legs, and as I moved my own legs back and forth against his the hair on his legs made a swoosh, swoosh sound, like a brush being rubbed against wood. A funny feeling went through me that I liked and was frightened of at the same time, and I shuddered. At this, my father, thinking I was cold, hugged me even closer. It dawned on me then that my father, except for when he was sick, slept in no clothes at all, for he would never sleep in



"All right, men, this is it. There is no tomorrow."

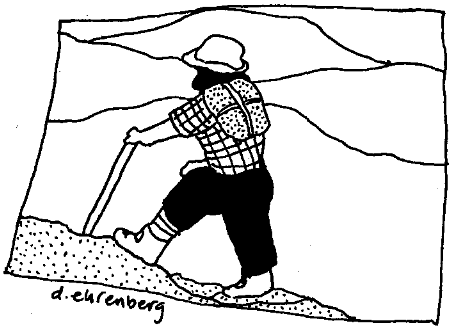
• •

clothes he had worn the day before. I do not know why that lodged in my mind, but it did.

My mother finished making my bed, and she bent over and picked me up out of my father's lap. I was fifteen years old, but the two of them handled me as if I were just born. In bed, I looked at them standing over me. I couldn't hear the rain, but I knew it was still falling. My parents said things to each other, but I couldn't hear that, either.

WHEN I opened my eyes in the morning (I knew it was morning, for a large white candle was lit, not my lamp), I saw my mother seated at the foot of my bed. Her head was tilted to one side, and she had a worried expression on her face. When she saw that I was looking at her, she smiled at me. She said, "How are you feeling today, Little Ma?" and "Did you sleep well?" Though I can't be sure, I must have answered in a way that pleased her, for she kept bobbing her head up and down and said, "Good." She had ready for me some soap and water in my basin, which stood on my washstand, and she helped me to brush my teeth and wash my face. She tried to comb my hair, but I must have cried out, because she then smoothed down my plaits and kissed my head. Propping me up in bed with some pillows, she placed on my lap a tray that had on it three pieces of bread; on the bread was a cheese spread made of grated cheddar cheese, eggs, and butter. Also on the tray was a cup of chocolate made with milk from which the cream had not been removed. This meal of bread and cheese spread, with chocolate in my milk (the chocolate came from my grandmother, Ma Chess, who grew the beans and then did all the steps herself to turn them into chocolate; she sent the chocolate to us in a big box, along with nutmeg and other spices, coffee, and almonds), was among the three or four things in the world that I most liked to eat. But now, looking at it, I only knew that I had liked eating it at some point in my life and that it was usually given to me for supper on Tuesdays, when I came home from Brownie meetings.

Outside me, the word "Brownie" hung just before my eyes. Inside me, the black thing that was lodged in my head grew even more leaden. A part of the black thing broke away, as if it had been dropped to the ground, and a small yellow light took its place. Inside the yellow light, I was a Brownie, a small toy Brownie. It was me, all right, but made small. In truth, I belonged to the First Division troop of Brownies, which meant that in parades my troop marched ahead of all the other Brownie troops. A woman named Miss George was our leader. She was a cashier in the hardware-and-lumber department of a store called George W. Bennet Bryson & Sons, and whenever I accompanied my father to that store, where he sometimes bought supplies, she would wait on us. I would curtsy to her in the special way that I was supposed to curtsy to anyone whom my parents had made a kind of guardian for me in their absence, and she would acknowledge me, though in a sort of gruff way, to show that even though I was a good Brownie, who won many citations for good deeds, I was not particularly in with her. She always said that she respected and liked us all equally, and I have to say that that attitude didn't go down well with me, accustomed as I was to being singled out and held up in a special way. Our troop was divided into four groups of



THIS SENTENCE

The patch on my ceiling waits like an eyelid
to see
what will come of this sentence.

True, four or five pieces of glass
dangle in air, but their touchings
are scarcely a sentence.

One crow sets his syllables out—two
only. I picture them black.
The third is an echo.

Miles up, the air has no trouble at all
lifting the airplane. This implies
somebody's work is driving ahead with terrible speed.

A list of things brought to a halt
could go on for hours. It might include
sports cars gaping in heaps,
clogged bobbins, prayers
caught in the throat,
left boot, right boot,
any shell, socket, clean bone
remaining. These
modify nothing.

All solids melted together make the great sea
of liquids and gases coming and going
so that from birth to death
the child at the shore must be looking for objects:

this grapefruit whole, then halved,
this sunflower in rags bending
into the honey, holy St. Mary from her bright
metal medallion noticing all
rounds returning.

—MARY VIRGINIA MICKA

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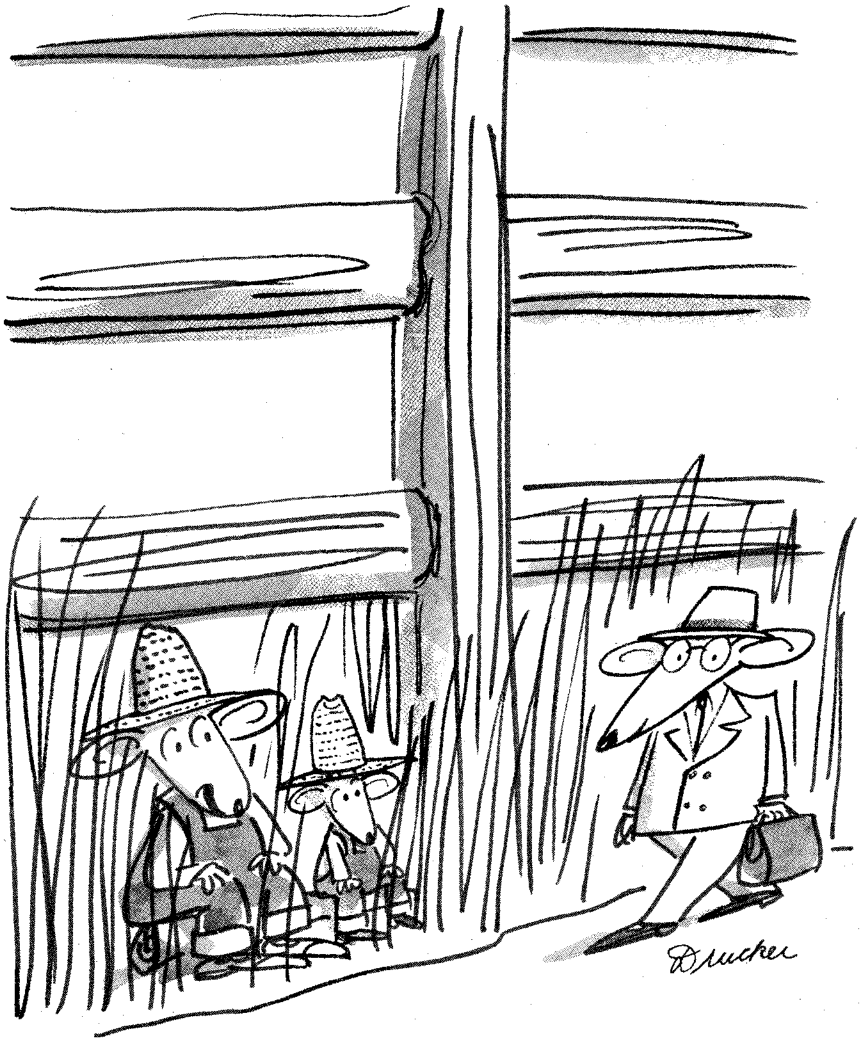
seven girls each: elves, pixies, fairies, and gnomes. I was an elf, so I wore an emblem of a mischievous, dancing elf just above the left breast pocket of my uniform. On my sleeves and on my shoulders I wore all sorts of stripes and other emblems and badges to show that I had excelled in one thing or another. On our yellow ties we wore a brass badge in the shape of a four-leaf clover. We began our meetings with the whole troop standing in the yard of the Methodist church, forming a circle around the flagpole, our eyes following the Union Jack as it was raised up; then we swore allegiance to our country, by which was meant England. For an hour and a half, we did all sorts of Brownie things; then we gathered again around the flagpole to lower the flag and swear allegiance. Just before we parted, we crouched down with our hands on our shoulders, two fingers pointing up, and we said in unison, "Tu-whoo, tu-whit, tu-whoo," in imitation of the wise old owl that was the patron of our troop, and it was wished for us that as we grew old we would grow wise also.

"Well, that ends all discussion of the 'electability' question."

Lying on my sickbed, I saw the toy Brownie who was also me on the road going to and from Brownie meetings. I was all alone. There were no other Brownies around me; there were no other people around me; there was only me, coming and going on the big road, which remained its normal size. I didn't know how long it would take me to come and go with my little toy steps. As I watched myself long and hard, I forgot everything, but eventually I could hear my mother's voice. I still couldn't make out what she was saying, but I could see some of the words as they landed in the air between us. There was "imagine," "that," "most," "nicely," "because," "down," "little," "basket," "connive," "well," "trust," "behavior," "beads," "beasts," "blight." They danced around, in and out, as if around a maypole. Settling back in my bed, I looked up at the beams in the ceiling. I then sat on one of them and looked down at my mother and me. I closed my eyes, and the warm, black soot started to fall. I fell asleep.

THE rain continued to come, sometimes in a heavy drizzle, sometimes as if, all along, we had been living with a dam overhead and someone had purposely made a huge gash in it. My father could no longer go off to work, so he built furniture in his shop. One day, he arranged to be somewhere else and Ma Jolie came. She made cross marks on the soles of my feet, on my knees, on my stomach, in my armpits, and on my forehead. She lit two special candles and placed one over the head of my bed and the other near the foot. She said that, with all the rain, it was impossible for anything meaning me harm to be living outside in the yard, so she would not even bother to look there now. She burned some incense in one corner of my room. She put a dozen tiny red candles—with white paper on their bottoms, to keep them afloat—in a basin of thick yellow oil. When she lit them, they threw a beautiful pink glow all over my room. In the basin with the candles she had placed scraps of paper on which were written the names of people who had wanted to harm me, most of them women my father had loved a long time ago. She told my mother, after a careful look around, that there were no spirits in my room or in any other part of the house, and that all the things she did were just a precaution in case anyone should get ideas on hearing that I was in such a weakened condition. Before she left, she pinned a little black sachet, filled with something that smelled abominable, to the inside of my nightie, and she gave my mother some little vials filled with fluids to rub on me at different times of the day. My mother placed them on my shelf, right alongside the bottles of compounds of vitamins and purgatives that Dr. Stephens had prescribed, and when my father came in to see me he looked at all my medicines—Dr. Stephens' and Ma Jolie's—lined up side by side. He screwed up his face, the way he did when he didn't like what he saw. He must have said something to my mother, for she arranged the shelf in a new way, with Dr. Stephens' prescriptions in the front and Ma Jolie's prescriptions in the back.

FOR the first two weeks of my condition, my mother and father did not live a regular life. They were up with me at all hours of the night, and my mother was afraid to leave me alone in the day. But then they must have suddenly decided to take everything in stride, and, without making too much of it, they went back to their usual routines. The rain was still falling, but my father went back to work, leaving our house at the stroke of seven by the Anglican-church bell. One day, my mother left me alone and went to the fish market for the fish that was to be our dinner that night. Just before she left, she said, "Little Miss, try and get some rest"—the main thing both my parents said to me now.

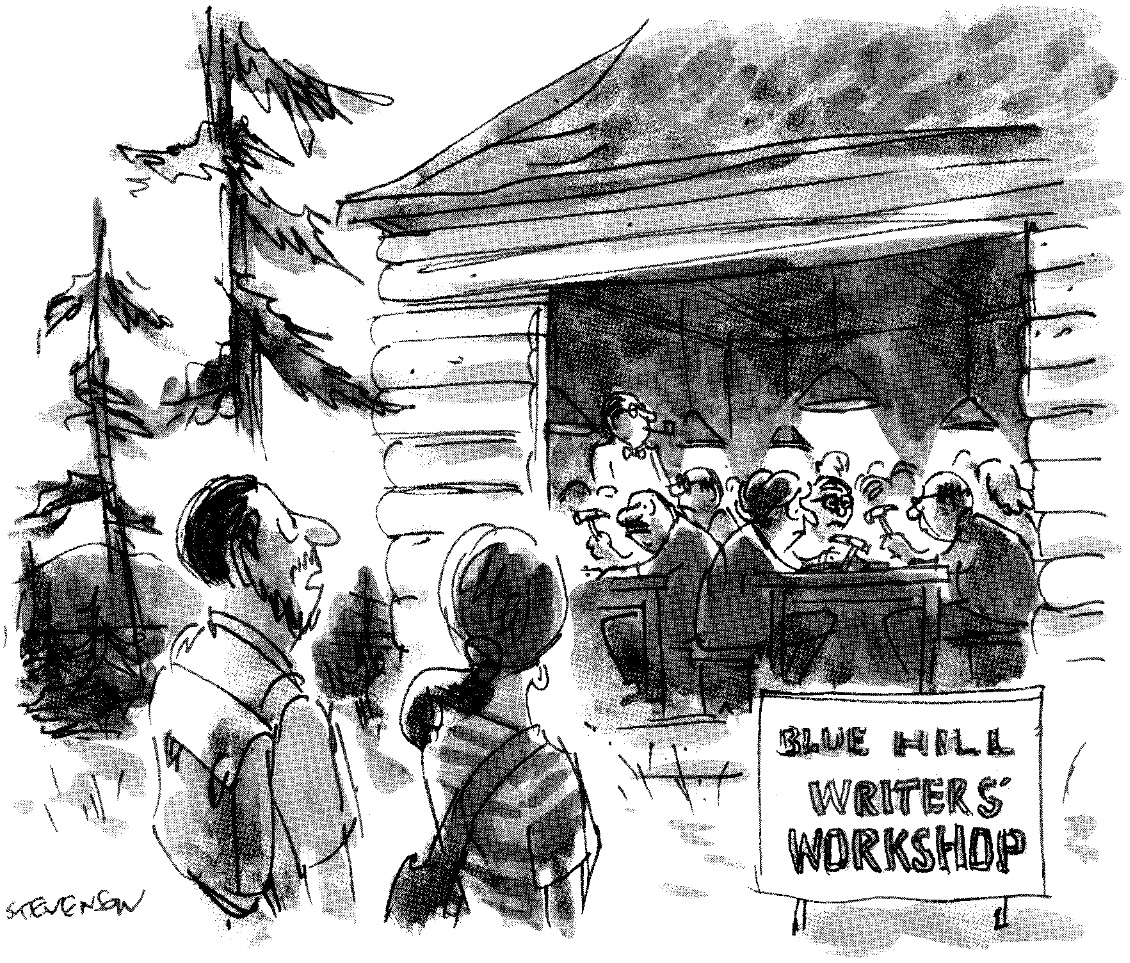


"There! That's a city mouse."

Once I was alone, suddenly some photographs that were in frames and arranged in a semicircle on a little table not far from my bed loomed up big in front of me. There was a picture of me in my white dress school uniform. There was a picture of me as a bridesmaid at my Aunt Mary's marriage to Monsieur Pacquet. There was a picture of my father wearing his white cricket uniform, holding a bat with one hand, the other arm wrapped tightly around my mother's waist. There was a picture of me in the white dress in which I had just been received into church and took Communion for the first time, wearing shoes that had a decorative cutout on the sides. When I bought them and showed them to my mother, she said that they were not fit for a young lady and not fit for wearing on being received into church. We had an enormous fight over the shoes, and I may have said unspeakable things to her, though I have forgotten everything except that at the end I turned and said, "I wish you were dead." As I said it, I felt hollow inside. My mother then got such a bad headache that the turtleberry leaves she placed on her temples to draw out the pain had to be changed every two hours, so quickly did the heat of the pain scorch them. That night, I could hear her making some moaning sounds as she paced up and down the house, because the pain kept her awake. When she stopped, I was sure that she had died, and that the new sounds I heard were the sounds of the undertaker, Mr. Straffee, come to remove her body for burial.

The photographs now, as they stood on the table, began to blow themselves up until they touched the ceiling and then shrink back down, but to a size that I could not easily see. They did this with a special regularity, keeping beat to a music I was not privy to. Up and down they went, up and down. They did this for so long that they began to perspire quite a bit, and when they finally stopped, falling back on the table limp with exhaustion, the smell coming from them was unbearable to me. I got out of bed, gathered them up in my arms, took them over to the basin of water on the washstand, and gave them a good bath. I washed them thoroughly with soap and water, digging into all the crevices, trying, with not much success, to straighten out the creases in Aunt Mary's veil, trying, with not much success, to remove the dirt from the front of my father's trousers. When I finished, I dried them thoroughly, dusted them with talcum powder, and then laid them down in a corner covered with a blanket, so that they would be warm while they slept. I got back into bed, and I must have fallen asleep, for the sound of my mother's voice—a worried bleat, really—brought me back to just lying in my bed and looking up at the ceiling.

My mother was on her hands and knees, trying to dry up the floor. When I washed the pictures, I had spilled water all over, and my nightie and my sheets were wet. The pictures were in a little heap off to one side of the room, and even in my state I could see that they were completely ruined. None of the people in the wedding picture, except for me, had any face left. In the picture of my mother and father, I had erased them from the waist down. In the picture of me wearing my confirmation dress, I had erased all of myself except for the shoes. When my father came home, I heard him say, "Poor Miss, she can't even be left alone for a short while."



"Hey, wait a minute. What kind of a writers' workshop is *this?"*

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SO, for a time, my mother arranged her duties in such a way that I was never left alone. A neighbor did her grocery shopping for her. Another neighbor was sent to market to buy our daily fresh provisions. The fish we ate regularly for our dinner was brought to us, already scaled, by either Mr. Earl or Mr. Nigel, the two fishermen who supplied us.

One day, Mr. Nigel brought the fish, and after a little chat with my mother he came in to see me and to wish me a quick recovery. Since he was still wearing his fishing clothes (khaki trousers that were beautifully mended with patches all over, a red chambray shirt) and covered with fish scales and blood, he remained in the doorway of my room and said a few things. I couldn't make out all that he said, but I could see that he had brought me a fish that somehow he believed was my favorite. How pleased he looked and how happy. Of the two fishermen, I had always liked him better. He reminded me of my father. He was quiet and thoughtful in the same way, and he liked being a fisherman the way my father liked being a carpenter. As I was thinking of how much he reminded me of my father, the words "You are just like Mr. John" came out of my mouth.

He laughed and said, "Now, mind, I don't tell him you say that." His laugh then filled up the whole room, and it sucked up all the air, so that I had no air to breathe, only Mr. Nigel's laugh, and it filled up my nostrils, my throat, my lungs, and it went all the way down until every empty space in me was just filled up with Mr. Nigel's laugh. In this state, when I looked at him I could see all sorts of things.

My father's great-grandfather had been a fisherman, but he must have been a bad fisherman, for he never caught many fish in his fishpots. One day when he went out to search his pots, he found the usual two or three small fish, and it made him so angry that he picked up the fish, said to God to kiss his backside, and threw the fish back in the water. A curse fell on him, and shortly thereafter he took very ill and died. Just before he died, his skin burst open, as if he were an overfull pea shell, and his last words were "Dem damn fish." I could see Mr. Nigel and Mr. Earl sitting under a tree, their heads bent over a net that they were mending, one starting a sentence, the other finishing it. Mr. Nigel and Mr. Earl shared everything. At sea, they shared the same boat, the same catch. At home, they shared the same house, with Mr. Earl's entrance from the street and Mr. Nigel's entrance through the yard. The house had a door inside that connected their two parts, but the door was never locked. They shared the same wife, a woman named Miss Catherine, and though she did not live with them completely her own house was just a few doors away, and she visited them quite regularly, sometimes entering from the street, sometimes entering through the yard. There, Miss Catherine cooked food, and the three of them, sitting at a table, ate from the same pot with their bare hands. That was a sight all could see as they passed by. I liked Miss Catherine, because she used snuff, and it made her spit, and her way of spitting seemed as if it was the best way such a thing could be done. My mother did not like Miss Catherine, because she was barren, slightly crippled, and was always telling my mother the proper way to bring me up. My mother, though she thought this a secret, also did not like her sister, my Aunt Mary, and whenever they had a quarrel, usually by letter, my mother would call her a barren, crippled, interfering idiot. My aunt was barren, was crippled, and constantly told my mother how to bring me up. I never knew if Miss Catherine was a cripple because she was born that way, or if as a child she had had an accident, or if someone had willed her that way.

When Mr. Nigel laughed and his laughing turned out to have such an effect on me, I leaped out of bed and cast myself at him with such force that it threw him to the ground. Then, in a burst of chat, I told him all these things as they rushed through my mind: about my father's great-grandfather, and about himself and Mr. Earl and Miss Catherine. He took it all in as if he were a disinterested party, as if it were all news to him.

I DON'T know how long it was after this that Ma Chess appeared. I heard my mother and father wonder to each other how she came to us, for she appeared on a day when the steamer was not due, and so they didn't go to meet her at the jetty. She and my mother stood at the foot of my bed looking down at me and whispering to each other. They tugged at and smoothed down each other's clothes when they wanted to make a particular point. When Ma Chess leaned over me, she smelled of many different things, all of them even more abominable than the black sachet Ma Jolie had pinned to my nightie. Whatever Ma Jolie knew, my grandmother knew at least ten times more. How she regretted that my mother didn't show more of an interest in obeah things. Ma Chess never took a bath in just plain water and soap. She took a bath, once a month or so, in water in which things animal and vegetable had been boiled for a long time. Before she took this bath, she first swam in the sea. As she leaned over me, she poked in the same way Ma Jolie had. Then she said to my mother, in French patois, "Not like Johnnie. Not like Johnnie at all." She stood at my mother's side again, and they continued to tug at and

A SISTER ON THE TRACKS

Between pond and sheep barn, by maples and watery birches,
she paces a double line of rust
in a sandy trench, striding on weathered ties,
black creosoted eight-by-eights wedged
into crushed granite.

The summer of nineteen forty-three,
long war trains skidded tanks,
jeeps, airframes, dynamos, searchlights, and troops
to Montreal for Hitler's War. She counted cars
from the stopped hayrack at the endless crossing:
ninety-nine, one hundred . . . and her grandfather's
voice shaking with rage and oratory told
how the mighty Boston & Maine
kept the Statehouse in its pocket.

Today she walks
a line that vanishes—in an absence
of freights—in solitude
bypassed by wars and commerce. She thinks of how
one buntinged day her great-great-great-
grandmother watched the first train roll and smoke
from Potter Place to Gale
with fireworks, cider, and speeches. Then the long rail
drove west, buzzing and humming; the hive of rolling stock
extended a thousand-carred perspective
from Ohio to Oregon, where men who left stone farms
rode rails toward gold.

On this blue day she walks
under a high jet's glint of swooped aluminum pulling
its feathery contrail westward. She sees ahead
how the jet dies into junk, and highway wastes
like railroad. Beside her the old
creation retires, hayrack sunk like a rowboat
under its fields of hay. When she closes her eyes,
she glimpses the vertical track that rises
from the underworld of graves, path of soul's ascension
connecting dead to unborn. Visionary rails
hum with the hymn of a present continually vanishing
where tracks cross.

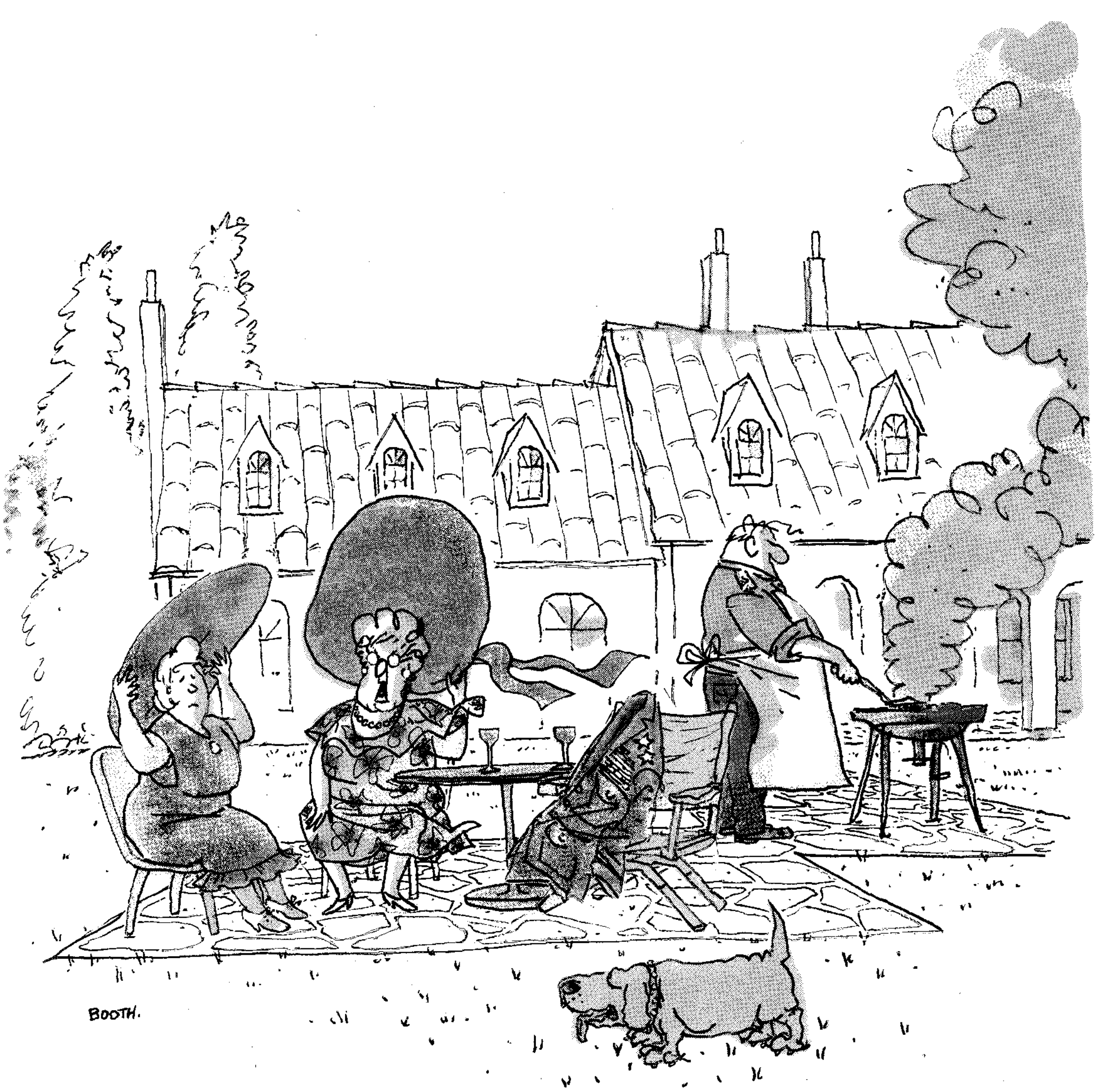
For she opens her eyes
to read, on a solitary gravestone next to the rails,
the familiar names of Ruth and Matthew Bott, born
in a Norfolk parish, who ventured
the immigrant's passionate exodus westward to labor
on their own land. Here love builds
its mortal house, where today's wind carries
a double scent of heaven and cut hay.

—DONALD HALL

• •

smooth down each other's clothes.

When my mother was thirteen years old, her brother John died. He was twenty-three then. My mother and her sister worshipped him, his own mother worshipped him, and after he died they all said that life would never be the same. They talked so much about him and in such a way that sometimes I was sure that he had just stepped out on an errand and would be returning at any moment now, that I would see him rounding the corner with the special gait they said he had of skipping along every few steps. Almost everything he ever owned or wore was kept in a large trunk in Ma Chess's room, and when I went to visit her, Ma Chess, pretending to air out the things in the trunk, would show all of it as if it were part of a great exhibition. When they spoke of him to me, they would say "your Uncle Johnnie," as if he hadn't died long before I was born. My mother remembered all the jokes and games he played with her so well that she played the same jokes and games with me, and if I seemed not to understand what was happening she would say, "Well, your Uncle Johnnie did that to me," to clear up the mystery. My Aunt Mary married a man, Monsieur Pacquet, her parents could not stand, but he was a man Uncle Johnnie had met in Roseau when taking in a crop of green figs and had spoken extremely well of to his sister. When Uncle Johnnie got sick, Ma Chess was sure that a doctor was the last thing he needed. Pa Chess was sure that a doctor was the one thing he needed, and Pa Chess got his way. For two years, Uncle Johnnie lay in bed, each day looking rosier and rosier. Then one day he died. On the day he died, he had never looked better. When he died, a large worm bored its way out of his leg and rested on his shinbone. Then it, too, died. From that day on, Ma Chess never spoke to Pa Chess again, even though they lived in the same house. She never said a word for him or against him, and if his name came up she would absent herself in spirit—and in body, too, if his name continued to come up. Pa Chess not only oversaw everything about the funeral, he even preached a sermon—the usual thing: about everything happening for the best, people meeting again and living in eternal bliss. Ma Chess did not attend the funeral, though she visited the grave on special occasions. She had all her clothes made up in black cloth—the only color she wore from that day on.



"I don't know why everybody complains about how the Pentagon spends its money. If they had any idea how hard Keatley works to save money for everyone concerned, they would thank their lucky stars to have a man like him doing what he does in the Pentagon. Lucille, he takes those fourteen- and fifteen-year-old Vietnam airplanes, assigns them to our Air National Guard units for a while, and then eventually sells them to a little-bitty Central American ally for eight hundred thousand dollars each. That's the kind of money Keatley is saving every day. Every day, Lucille! And, of course, the little-bitty ally doesn't pay a dime of that, either, because Keatley and the Pentagon have all those details worked out in advance with the Congress."

Ma Chess settled in on the floor at the foot of my bed, eating and sleeping there, and soon I grew to count on her smells and the sound her breath made as it went in and out of her body. Sometimes at night, when I would feel that I was all locked up in the warm falling soot and could not find my way out, Ma Chess would come into my bed with me and stay until I was myself—whatever that had come to be by then—again. I would lie on my side, curled up like a little comma, and Ma Chess would lie next to me, curled up like a bigger comma, into which I fit. In the daytime, while my mother attended my father, keeping him company as he ate, Ma Chess fed me my food, coaxing me to take mouthful after mouthful. She bathed me and changed my clothes and sheets and did all the other things that my mother used to do. Ma Chess and my father kept out of each other's way—not so much because they didn't like each other but because they didn't see the world in the same way. Ma Chess once asked my father to tell her exactly what it was he really did, and when he said that he was off to build a house she said, "A house? Why live in a house? All you need is a nice hole in the ground, so you can come and go as you please."

IT rained every day for three and a half months, and for all of those days I was sick in bed. I knew quite well that I did not have the power to make the atmosphere feel as sick as I felt, but still I couldn't help putting the two together. For one day, just as mysteriously as my sickness came, so it left. At the same time, just as mysteriously as the rain came, so it left. It stopped raining for a day, it stopped raining for two days, and then it stopped raining altogether. Drought returned, and, except that the sea was bigger than it used to be, everything was the same again. When the sun started to come out once more, my windows were thrown open and the heat and light rushed in. I had to shield my eyes, I was so unused to seeing everything. The rain had ruined my mother's garden and some fruit trees; a few clothes my mother forgot in her ironing basket had grown mildew; and a foundation for a house my father was building had washed away. My mother restored her garden and the fruit trees; she knew of a way to remove mildew from clothes, and they were restored also. My father put in a new foundation and continued building the house. When it became quite clear that I really was getting better, Ma Chess left, and in the way she came, too: with no announcement and on a day when the steamer was not due in port.

One day, I was taken outside for the first time in a long while. When I stepped on the ground, it didn't move. The sounds I heard didn't pass through me as if through a giant, angry funnel. The things I saw stayed in their places. My mother sat me down under a tree, and I watched a boy she had paid sixpence climb up a coconut tree to get me some coconuts. My mother looked at my pinched, washed-out face and said, "Poor Little Miss, you look so sad." Just at that moment, I was not feeling sad at all, I was feeling how much I never wanted to see a boy climb a coconut tree again, how much I never wanted to see the sun shine day in, day out again, how much I never wanted to see my mother bent over a pot cooking me something that she felt would do me good when I ate it, how much I never wanted to feel her long, bony fingers against my cheek again, how much I never wanted to hear her voice in my ear again, how much I longed to be in a place where nobody knew a thing about me and liked me for just that reason, how much the whole world into which I was born had become an unbearable burden and I wished I could reduce it to some small thing that I could hold underwater until it died. Disguising how I felt, I looked up at my mother, tilted my head to one side, and smiled, and this pleased her. Walking back to my room, my mother and I both silently noticed that I now towered over her. I was so unused to this that I made my already stooped back—which came from bad posture, and which no amount of scolding could cure—look even more so. During my sickness, I had grown to a considerable height—almost equal to my grandmother's. In bed now, I had to double myself up to fit properly.

Soon I was able to return to school. Because of my new height, I needed new uniforms and new shoes, for my feet had grown also. I had the skirt of my uniform made to a length that ended just below my calves. No one quarrelled with this, for we were always being urged not to show our legs. I could not do anything about my shoes, for we could wear only one special kind bought at one special store, but I bought a hat whose crown and brim were too big for me, and when I wore it my head was held down and it was hard to see my face. Walking to and from school, my long-skirt uniform hanging on my thin form, my head held down, my back curved in an exaggerated stoop, one arm held behind me and resting on my lower back, the other anchoring the bag that held my books, each step I took purposely timid, I created such a picture that apparently everyone talked about me. Or so I was told by Gwen, formerly the love of my life, now reduced to an annoying acquaintance. Along with all that, I acquired a strange accent—at least, no one had ever heard anyone talk that way before—and some other tricks. If someone behaved toward me in a way that didn't meet with my approval, without saying a word I would look at them directly with one eyebrow raised. I always got an apology. If someone asked me a question, I would begin my answer with the words "Actually" or "As a matter of fact." It had the effect of allowing no room for doubt. I left people's company if they said or did something I did not care for, and I had made my presence so felt that when I removed myself my absence was felt, too. Many girls wanted to show me up, and tried, but all attempts failed. I could see that everything about me aroused envy and discontent, and that made me happy—the only happiness I knew then. I never mentioned my sickness, and if the subject came up I made the appearance of not caring to talk about it. When I finally wished to say something, I would say, "During the time of my illness." How I loved the sound of the words as they rolled off my tongue, and it wasn't long before I made all the other girls wish that they would get sick also.

—JAMAICA KINCAID

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(9) • MOVIE: "Sahara" (1943). Humphrey Bogart, Bruce Bennett, J. Carrol Naish, Rex Ingram. Gritty, pounding and one of Bogart's best. (92 hrs.)—*TV listing in the Times.*

Drags a little, though.

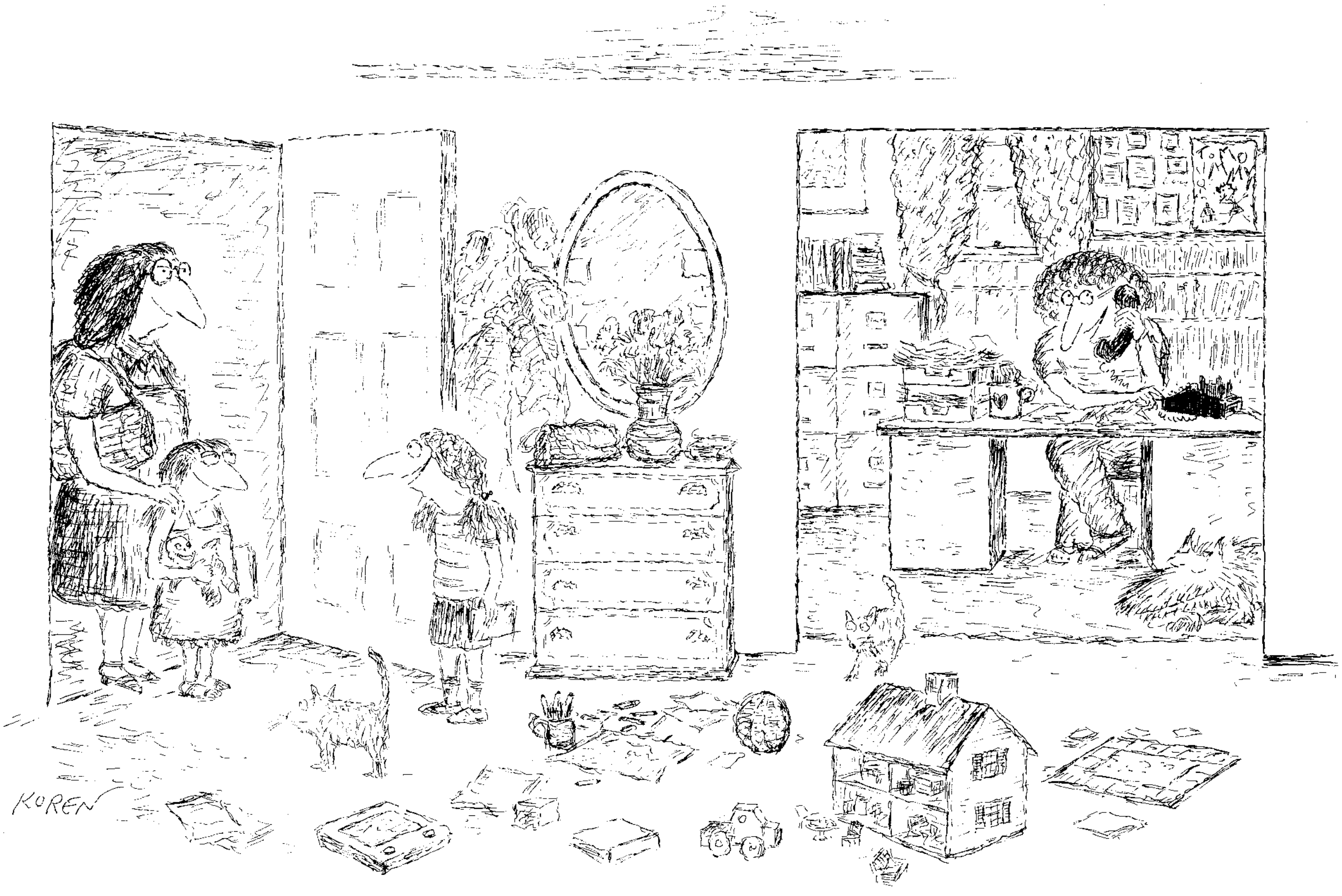
A REPORTER AT LARGE

COUNTRY GOLF

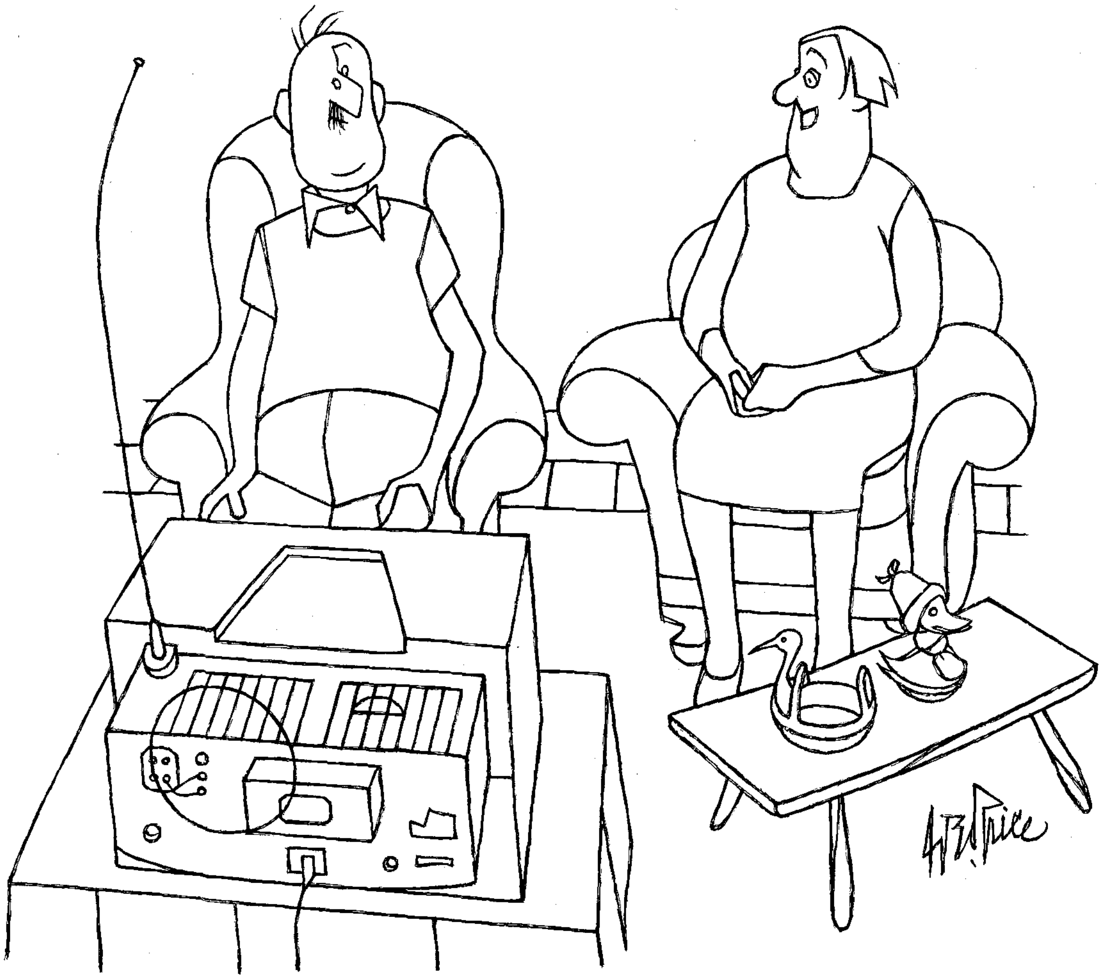
I DON'T have many friends who have done one thing so well that they're famous for it and could sit on their laurels if they wanted to, although I do know a woman who can touch her nose with her tongue, which she is famous for among all the people who've seen her do it. She doesn't do it often, because she doesn't need to, having proved herself. I also know a man who wrote a forty-one-word palindrome, which is about as far as you can go in the field of writing that reads the same forwards and backwards. And I know Chet Atkins, who is enplaqued in the Country Music Hall of Fame, in Nashville, and has a warm, secure spot in the history of the guitar. My own accomplishments fall into the immense dim area of the briefly remarkable, such as the play I made on a hot grounder off the bat of my Uncle Don, for which I felt famous one day in 1957. I backhanded the ball cleanly at third base and threw the aging speedster out at first, which drew quite a bit of comment at the time, but that was long ago and plays have been made since that put mine in the shade. It was a hot July afternoon at Lake Minnetonka, and the Grace & Truth Bible camp had spent the morning in Deuteronomy, where I have no competence at all, and then I went out and made that great play. I was not quite fifteen and generally unaccomplished, so it meant a lot to me. The ball took a low bounce off the soft turf, and I had to pivot, get my glove down fast, then set my right foot to throw. The throw got him by a stride. If you had seen this, you would remember it.

I FIRST met Chet Atkins two years ago, backstage before a show he was playing in St. Paul, where I live. He was standing just back of the back curtain, humming to himself, and reached down and picked up his guitar. He did it gracefully and naturally, like a man slipping into a shirt, and put his right foot up on a chair and fooled around with a string of tunes that came to him, including the one he'd been humming. Then we made conversation about various things, and he asked me if I played golf. I said, "A little." Golf isn't one of my good subjects. I don't have good memories of it.

He mentioned golf again the next time I saw him, and the time after that, and last fall he told me to come down to Nashville whenever I felt like playing some golf with him, and finally, on a Sunday morning toward the middle of May, I flew down for a visit, though golf was the last thing on my mind. In my hands, golf is a grim, catastrophic game that makes me into someone I don't want my friends to know—a person who, in fact, I already was when I got on the plane. There had been a sour smell in the air around me for weeks, from a hard winter of sitting in a small room and throwing wads of typing paper at a basket and missing, and I went South to get rid of it. Whenever I feel bad, Southern



"My Mom says to come in and have a seat. She's on two lines and has three people on hold."



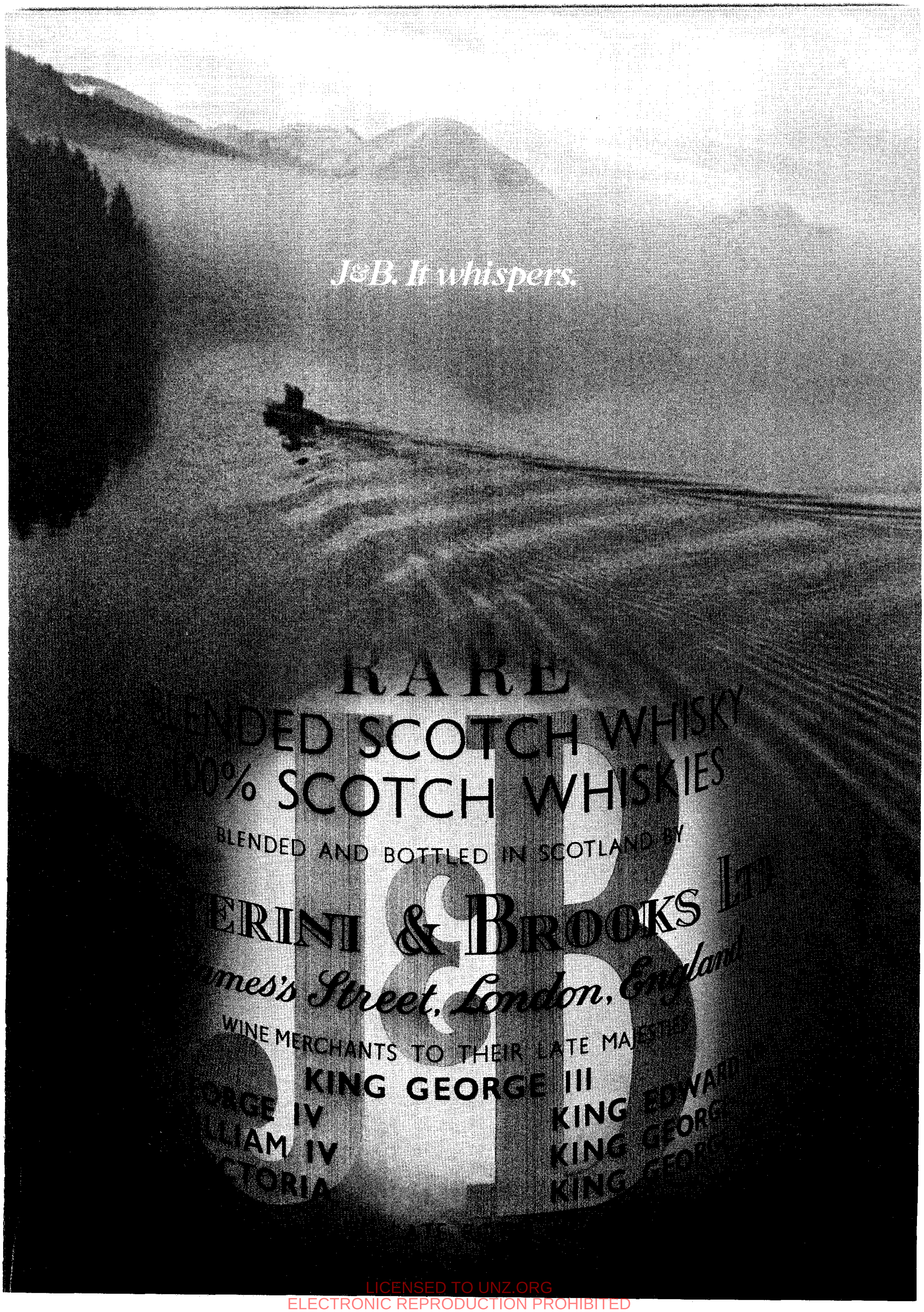
"Now that we're friends with China, I could go for some Moo Goo Gai Pan and a side order of ribs."

voices make me feel better, whether it's Dolly Parton or Grandpa Jones or a waitress in a café. When she says "Hi! Haw yew?" I am immediately just fine.

I met Chet about midafternoon at his office on Music Row, down the street from the studio where he made most of his albums and where he produced albums for Willie and Waylon, Eddy Arnold, Porter Wagoner, and dozens of other laureates, and we headed south in his black station wagon to the golf course at Henry Horton State Park, forty-two miles from Nashville, where he was going to play in the annual Acuff-Rose Invitational on Monday and Tuesday. He said he had flown in that morning from doing two shows in Denver with a jazz guitarist named Johnny Smith. "You remember him. He had that big record of 'Moonlight in Vermont' back in the fifties." Acuff-Rose is one of the big music-publishing firms in Nashville, the first in the country devoted to country music, founded in 1942 by Roy Acuff, of "Wabash Cannonball" fame, and the late Fred Rose, Hank Williams' mentor. Chet said that the tournament was just for fun. He had played in it for twelve years. "People in the music industry play, and friends of theirs. They see somebody on the street, they invite him. Everybody's played in it, from the chief of police on down. *You* could play." *I said no thanks. He was in a* foursome, he said, with Billy Edd Wheeler, the songwriter, and a banker from Columbia named Smalley and his old friend Archie Campbell, the comedian. "Archie was the one who got me first playing golf, back in 1958 or 9. I saw how much fun he had, and I liked to be around him, so I started. I was too old to get good at it, though. You have to start young." Chet was thirty-four or thirty-five at the time, and he's sixty now.

He pointed out Waylon Jennings' house, and Eddy Arnold's, and Tom T. Hall's studio as we drove along, and a church where a woman singer got married whose wedding he played for when he had an upset stomach and who was now divorced. He put a tape in the tape deck. "This is one Billy Edd wrote," he said. A song called "Ode to the Little Brown Shack Out Back." He said, "You remember that record Archie made? 'Trouble in the Amen Corner'? 'Old brother Ira, singing in the choir'? It was a real tearjerker, but it sold a lot, so RCA wanted to put out an album on him—of songs, you know—and we had Boudleaux and Felice Bryant go to work to write him some. They were sitting around writing all these sad songs about the old dog who died and that sort of thing, and finally Felice got sick of it. She said, 'Let's write something *happy*,' so they wrote 'Wish that I was on ol' Rocky Top, down in the Tennessee hills' and that was 'Rocky Top.' The Osborne Brothers recorded it, but Archie takes credit for it. He said to me once, 'They'd never have written it without me, Cock. Without me, there'd be no "Rocky Top."' "

This pleasant monologue in Chet's soft, East Tennessee tenor took us out in the country down Interstate 65 and to the motel at Horton Park, and included so much more—about musicians and golf, and an old radio faith healer who put his fingers in deaf people's ears and yelled at them to hear, and a squirrel Chet kept for a pet when he was a boy ("He made a nest in our old upright piano and wouldn't come out, so I sat down and played the Lost Chord and he shot straight up in the air and we never saw him again")—that when I finally climbed into bed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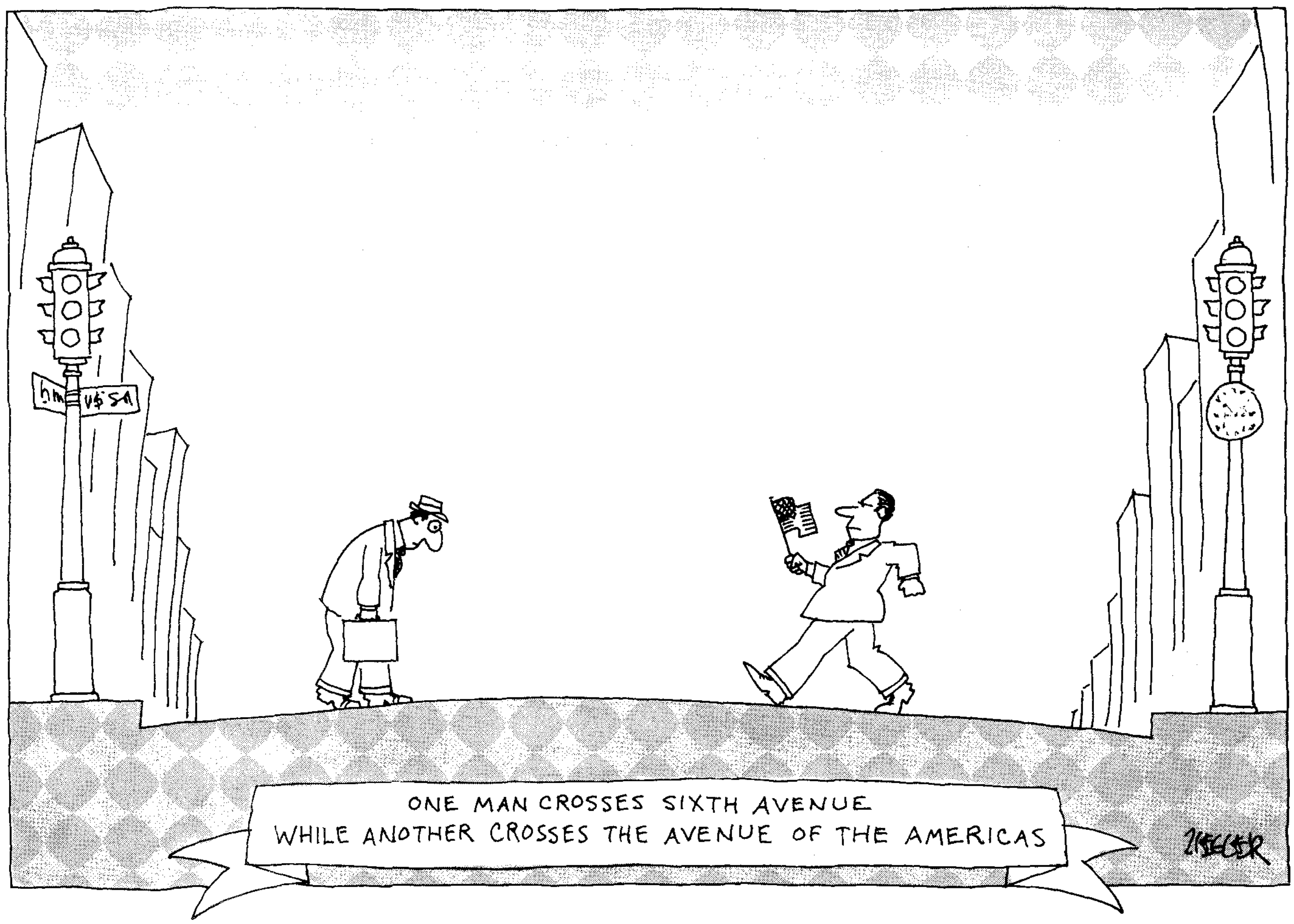
THE ONE TO WATCH


ONE MAN CROSSES SIXTH AVENUE
WHILE ANOTHER CROSSES THE AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS

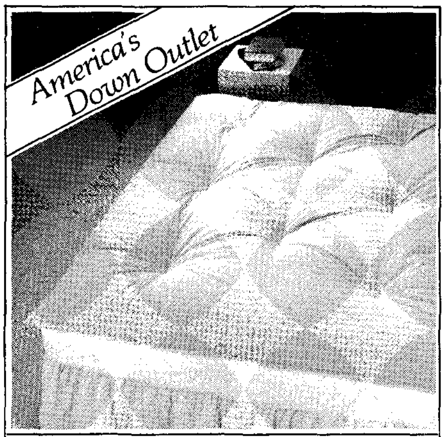
• •

that evening I had long forgotten what it was that I was feeling bad about when I got on the plane.

WHEN I walked over to the clubhouse after breakfast, it was obvious that Tennessee had had a hard winter, too. Frost had killed most of the Bermuda grass on the greens, where the flags stood in circles of light-brown dust like the spot in the schoolyard where we played Fox and Geese, and the fairways looked worn and ratty for so early in the season. The woods were lush and dense, though, and the foliage of the golfers around the first tee was positively inspiring, their pants in particular. Pinks and yellows and oranges, a pair of peach and one of lilac, and an assortment of plaids such as I've seldom seen outside of the circus, including one that looked like a test for color blindness. They were such a brilliant, cheerful sight I felt sheepish about my quiet good taste in tans. It seemed stingy.

Chet arrived a few minutes later in a blue shirt and bright-green pants, and while he went in the clubhouse to sign up, I sidled up toward the crowd for a closer look. Men in clothes the colors of extravagant good humor strolled around behind the tee, pressing the flesh, putting their arms around each other's shoulders and patting each other on the belly and saying, "You're looking *good*." Being a writer, I took out my checkbook and made some notes on who was there—songwriters such as Whitey Shafer ("That's the Way Love Goes") and Pee Wee King and Redd Stewart ("Tennessee Waltz," both of them) and Wayne Carson ("Always on My Mind," "She's Actin' Single, I'm Drinkin' Doubles"), and singers Mickey Newbury and Del Reeves, and Buck Trent, the banjo player, and pianist Floyd Cramer—and kept occupied, writing "Sunny, air smells fresh and green" and "1st hole 345 yds" and "F. Cramer sliced into sand trap," until Chet appeared at my elbow, and men came over to pat him, including a tall, lanky man named Howard, who said, "I appreciate you, Chet. I want you to know that. I love you." When Chet introduced me to him, he patted me, too, and said I looked good, which was good news to me. Mickey Newbury told Chet he looked good, and they got to laughing about a man they knew named Walter who promoted a public barbecue by flying over in a plane and dropping a pig in a parachute ("Didn't hurt the pig. Pig got up and walked away"), and about a golf hustler named Titanic Thompson. "He'd make bets with you about anything," Chet said. "He'd bet you he could pitch cards under a door and into a hat. He'd bet you he could toss his door key into the lock. He'd bet fifty thousand dollars on the exact circumference of a rock a hundred feet away. Once he bet he could hit a golf ball a mile, and he did it. On Lake Michigan, after it froze over."

Meanwhile, foursomes of all colors and shapes of golfers straggled one by one up to the business end of the tee, posed for an official tournament photograph, took hefty practice swings, looked down the fairway, and teed off, to the great amusement of the bunch behind them. "God! He hit it!" someone yelled after Pee Wee King chopped a sharp ground ball up the middle. "You look nervous, Wesley,"



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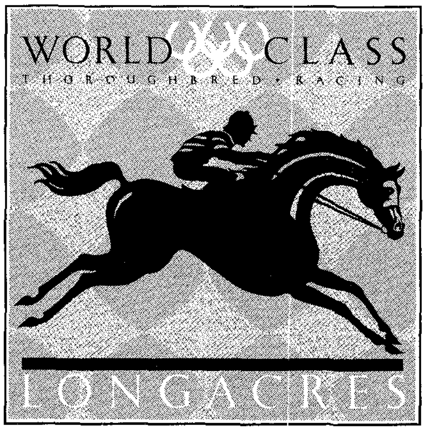
a frizzy-haired man called to Wesley Rose, the son of Fred Rose and president of Acuff-Rose, decked out in green. "You look like it's royalties time." And to a fat man: "You don't *need* anybody to play with—you *are* a foursome." A drive hooked into the woods. "For his next shot, a McCulloch chain saw!" An especially fluorescent pair of orange trousers appeared and bent down to tee up the ball. "His handicap is his pants!" said a man whose own pants resembled wallpaper in a cheap restaurant. "Where'd you get those? From the Highway Department?"

Chet introduced me to Archie Campbell, whom I recognized right away from watching "Hee Haw," and Billy Edd Wheeler, whom I remembered for a song the first few lines of which I've sung hundreds of times to myself ("We got married in a fever, hotter than a pepper sprout. We been talkin' 'bout Jackson ever since the fire went out. I'm goin' to Jackson . . ."), and who looked a little flushed in the hot sun. He sported a lilac ensemble and a yellow visor on his thick sandy hair, which at the moment he was adjusting. Archie, an elegant, silver-haired gent in navy blue with a distinguished black mustache, was smoking a foot-long cigar. "Nicaraguan," he said. I was admiring both of them, the man and the cigar, when Chet said that the fourth partner hadn't shown up yet. "You play," he said. "You can play out of my bag."

"You look like a golfer," said Archie. "Either that or your dog just died."

It occurred to me to say that golf makes me feel bad, but it also occurred to me that I was feeling good enough to afford some misery and that if I begged off I'd feel bad about it later, so when Chet put a driver in my hand and two balls—a white one and a green one—and a white Acuff-Rose tournament hat, I put on the hat, and posed with my partners. "Smile. Look like you're winners," said the photographer. I teed up the white ball, and tried to think of grace and ease. I imagined the ball, its tiny engines revving up, *wanting* to fly, imagined a long, perfect shot, and—as a hush fell on the gallery of pants, who didn't know me well enough to give me a hard time—swung *hard* and sent a high pop fly about where the first-base bleachers would have been. It hung up in the air long enough for me to see more of it than I wanted to, took a fifty-foot-high bounce off the parking



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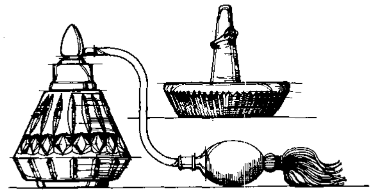

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lot, and landed in tall grass between the lot and the highway. A bad moment, like a major soup spill, but someone said "That'll teach 'em not to bring their Cadillacs!" and though it wasn't a great line, some of the pants laughed, and I teed up the green ball and drove it a respectable distance into the rough and walked down the fairway to play some golf.

Second chances are fundamental to their game, I found out, including my redemptive second drive and also forgiveness of a bad lie. "Everybody gets to walk his dog in hillbilly golf," Billy Edd told me. "Walking the dog" means moving the ball out of the trees or off of hard dirt and teeing it up on a tuft of grass. He kicked his out of a little hollow.

Archie looked at his ball and said, "I believe I'll walk this one."

"That dog needs walking," said Billy Edd.

My green relief ball stayed in the game the rest of the way. I shot a 7 on the first hole, a triple bogey, and went on to shank a few and top some others, which leaked off at weird angles and made my partners look away and say, "*That's* all right. We all do that," and spent time in the woods shooting trees (*klok!*), and once or twice I thought longingly of my typewriter, which when I type "golf" prints "golf," and not "pgwft" or "xxxxx," but I also made par on one hole, sank a twelve-foot putt, and hit a drive that I still remember. When Chet hit a great drive on the long third, he said, "That felt better than sex and almost as good as eating watermelon." Mine on the dogleg fifth didn't feel as good as *that*, but I did feel something smooth and synchronized that started in my head and in my hips and came together at the ball, and I looked up to see it fifty yards out and rising, sailing, a tiny green star lighting up the bright-blue sky.

"That's a beauty. That's a good layup, hoss. You're going to love that," said Billy Edd. "You know, I could learn to admire you if I just worked at it a little." He set his ball down, squinted, hitched up his lilac pants, wiggled his seat, and uncorked a high one that drifted slowly to the right. "Whoa! Hold up! Draw!" he yelled, dancing to the left to pull it back in bounds. "Work! Stay! Stay! Thou art so fair! Stay!" And it worked, drew back, stayed, and fell fair, and rolled in the short grass in the shadows of the tree line. "I didn't hit that as well as I thought I was

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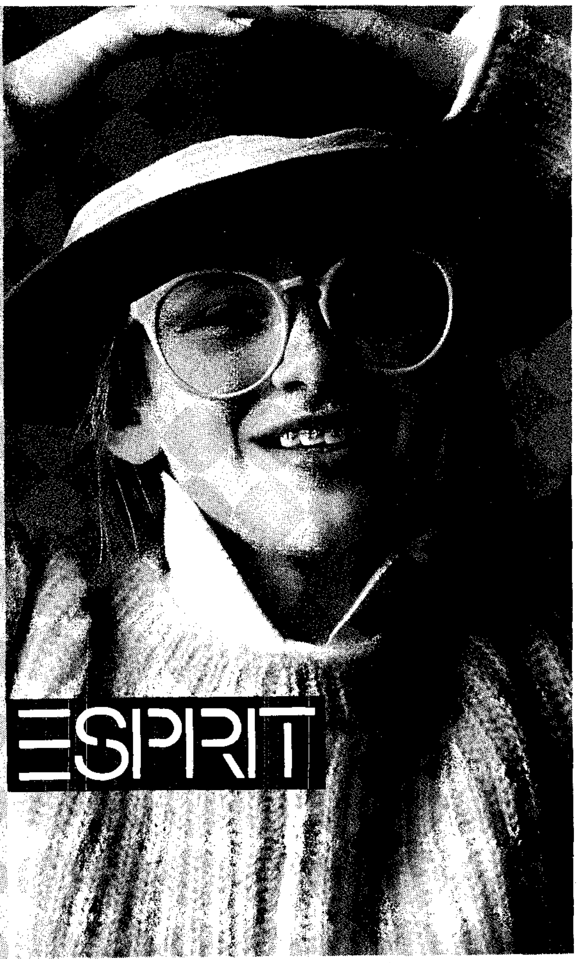

going to," he said. "But then I didn't think I was going to."

Then Archie. He tossed his ball in the air, caught it on the back of his hand, let it roll slowly down his arm, flipped it up, caught it, and set it on the tee. "Watch this lick here, boys—the old pro is about to perform," he said. He puffed on the cigar, spat, gave us a big footlight smile, and adjusted the bill of his blue cap to the right to compensate for a slight hook on his previous drive. He addressed the ball with a sweet slow swing, but the cap adjustment was perhaps too much or else the weight of the Nicaraguan cigar was off center, because his drive headed woodsward.

"Over the hill to Grandpa's!" said Billy Edd.

Archie yelled "Don't you *dare!*" and the white dot hesitated, drew back, hung up short of a stand of pine, and fell into the dogleg's knee.

"Look at that! I believe he made it. It's a show, isn't it!" Chet said.

"If you'da hit that perfect, it would've been even better," said Billy Edd.

"All right, I'm going to get serious again now," said Chet. He stood over the ball, bent, took a long, slow backswing, and socked it a little beyond Archie's. "That's the greatest shot I ever saw in my life!" he announced, and added, "But the wind was behind me. And, of course, I'm young."

CHET had told me that he feels a little guilty when he plays well, knowing he's probably playing too much golf and not enough guitar. "The way I'm playing today, though, I guess I must be a pretty good guitar player," he said. Hiking down the fairway in the sunshine, he looked loose and tan and happy. Archie cruised by in his white cart, trailing a ribbon of fragrant cigar smoke, and when we all got to Archie's ball Chet and Billy Edd had put their heads together and were singing a song:

Son-a-bitch, I'm tired of living this way,
Gawdamighty damn.

"Let me take the baritone, Chouster," said Archie, and the three of them sang it. It sounded so good they sang it again. And once more. Archie pulled out a 4-iron. He walked his dog a few feet. "Don't you ever play by our rules with somebody else," he told me, grinning. "You might get shot." That reminded Billy Edd of a story about a hillbilly golfer who

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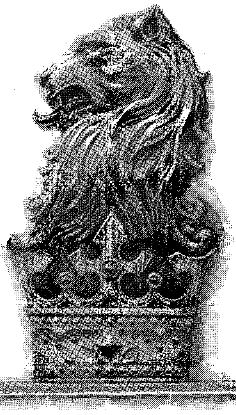

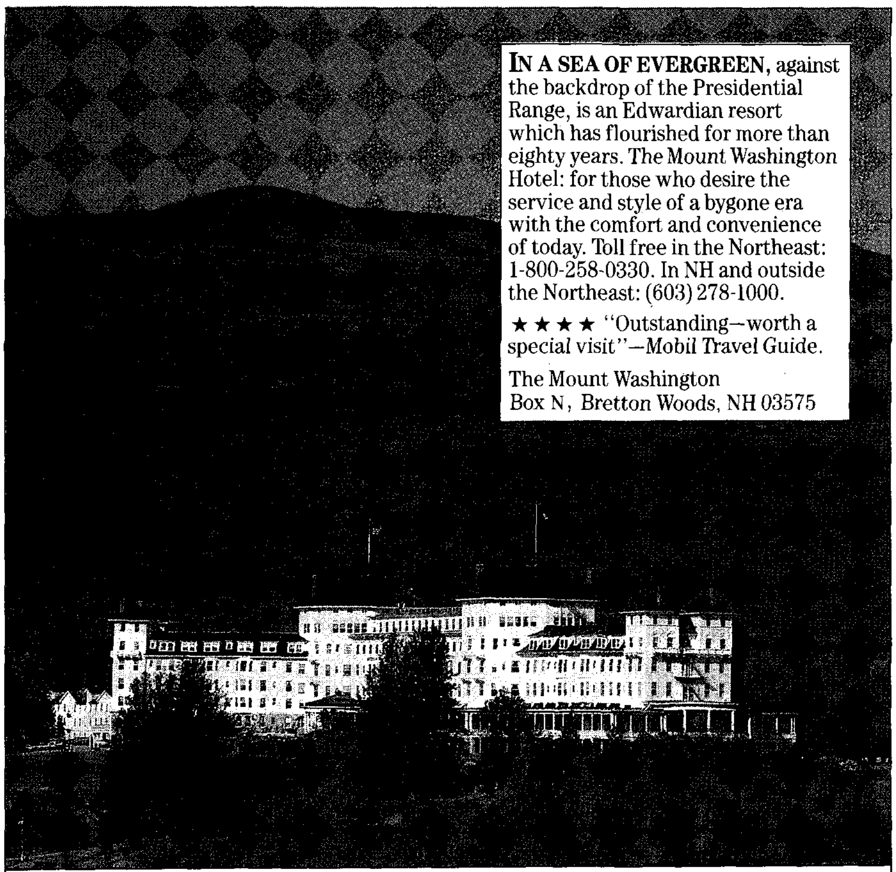

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walked onto a green and picked up all the dimes. "I remember the first time I ever went on tour, I was with another musician and I picked up the tip he left on the table," Chet said. "I'd never seen anybody leave a tip before. I don't know that I'd ever been in a restaurant before."

Archie said, "You've heard that one about Roy Acuff when he was touring with the Smoky Mountain Boys—the one where they were supposed to stop *and* have supper at the lady's house?"

I had never stood around in the middle of the fairway listening to jokes before. I kept glancing back at the tee, expecting to see angry golfers waving clubs at us, but nobody appeared. We were all by ourselves, four men standing in the hot sun and laughing. Eventually, Archie shot his second shot, and then Billy Edd. My arms were turning red and my neck, too. I rubbed on some lotion that made me smell like a ripe peach. I stood over my ball, hitched up to swing, and smelled Archie's cigar. I laughed on the backswing, my knees caved in a fraction, and I lifted a chunk of sod like a flying toupee and lofted a high fly ball that landed just short of the pin. It wasn't the play that Uncle Don's grounder was, but if you had seen it you would have clapped. I felt awfully lucky. Even a blind dog gets a little meat from the smokehouse now and then, as someone said later, I forget who.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

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[*From "The Return of Philo T. McGiffin," by David Poyer*]

He stood rocking on his heels, still in the incredibly crisp white uniform, his thumbs inserted lightly under his white uniform belt, under the brass buckle that gleamed like gold. His cap was shoved back, and he stood with arms folded, watching the recent civilians, half in mufti and half in uniform, come hesitantly out of their rooms.

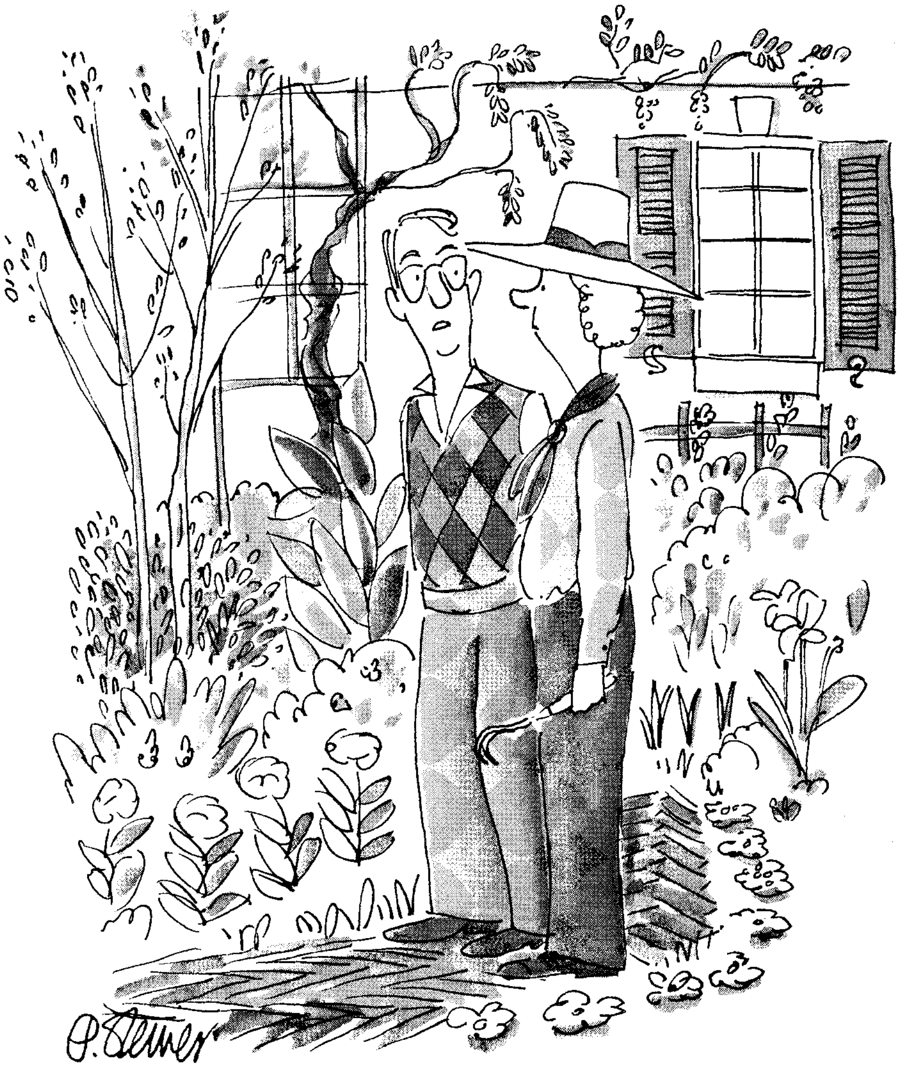
REFLECTIONS

THE DEFICIT

THE federal deficit for 1984 is estimated to amount to a hundred and eighty-five billion dollars. This is one of those imagination-defying sums that call out for illustration, like the old-fashioned drawings that defined the length of ocean liners by picturing them upended next to the Woolworth Building. A deficit, which is a kind of negative quantity, is hard to depict as an ocean liner, so artists usually draw the national debt instead—the outstanding bonds and notes by which the present and past deficits have been financed. This is often shown as a great bag on the shoulders of John Q. Public, or sometimes as a stack of dollar bills. Early in 1981, when President Reagan was much exercised about the size of the debt, he said such a stack, made up of thousand-dollar bills, would be sixty-seven miles high. Today, one could add another stack labelled "Probable Addition to the Debt During the Next Five Years." By the Administration's estimates, this second stack is already higher than the first.

Such images help explain the present mood of alarm and concern about the deficit and the debt. A two-page "Bipartisan Budget Appeal" advertisement in the *Times* this May, organized by five former Secretaries of the Treasury and a former Secretary of Commerce and signed by six hundred business, foundation, academic, and public figures, called on the President, the Presidential candidates, and Congress to take "major action" to reduce the federal deficits, warning that unless this was done we Americans would be risking "the recovery, our economic future and our country." And it is not only national leaders who are worried about the deficit and the debt. In 1979, despite widespread support for tax reductions, nearly two-thirds of those interviewed in a Gallup poll declared that they would willingly forgo a tax cut if that would help the federal government avoid incurring a larger deficit. Since most people are quick to admit that they find the whole issue of debts and deficits quite incomprehensible, it seems probable that much of the public abhorrence of them stems from the thrall exerted by vast numbers. We might feel less alarmed about the current deficit if we were told that it was about five per cent of our annual output. Similarly, our national debt of one trillion five hundred billion dollars would lose a good deal of its paralyzing immensity if we were reminded that it, like everything else, must be corrected for inflation. Our national debt today comes to about six thousand dollars per person; Robert Eisner and Paul Pieper have recently shown, in the *American Economic Review*, that our per-capita debt in 1946 was three times as large as that of 1980, in dollars of equivalent purchasing power. Despite the growth in the debt since 1980, the real per-capita debt today is still far below half that of 1946.

Mainly, however, I think that the public's concern about the debt and the deficit arises from our tendency to picture both in terms of a household's finances. We invoke Micawber's adage that happiness is the consequence of income exceeding outgo by sixpence, and misery the consequence of things being the other way around; we see the government as a very large family suffering the latter consequence, and although we cannot exactly specify the symptoms of the misery, we all feel that the direction in which these deficits are driving us is one of household bankruptcy on a globe-shaking scale. The problem here is not the thralldom of numbers but the miscomprehensions that arise when imagery suitable for one set of problems and relationships is applied to another. Economists constantly have to do battle with such misconceptions. Banks, for example—common sense to the contrary—are not warehouses stuffed with money but institutions that create purchasing power, of which ordinary currency constitutes only a small part. The stock market does not speak to us as an omniscient presence but serves as



"Trudy, I think you've done some significant gardening here."

an echo chamber in which we hear pretty much what we want to hear. And the government is not a body perched above the economy, the way the Capitol is perched above the Mall, but a set of institutions and agencies that are inextricably interwoven with the activities of production and payment we call economic life. As part of its function in the economy, the government usually runs deficits—not like a household experiencing pinch but as a kind of national banking operation that adds to the flow of income that government siphons into households and businesses. Finally, cartoonists' drawings notwithstanding, the debt is not a vast burden borne on the backs of our citizenry but a varied portfolio of Treasury and other federal obligations, most of them held by American households and institutions, which consider them the safest and surest of their investments.

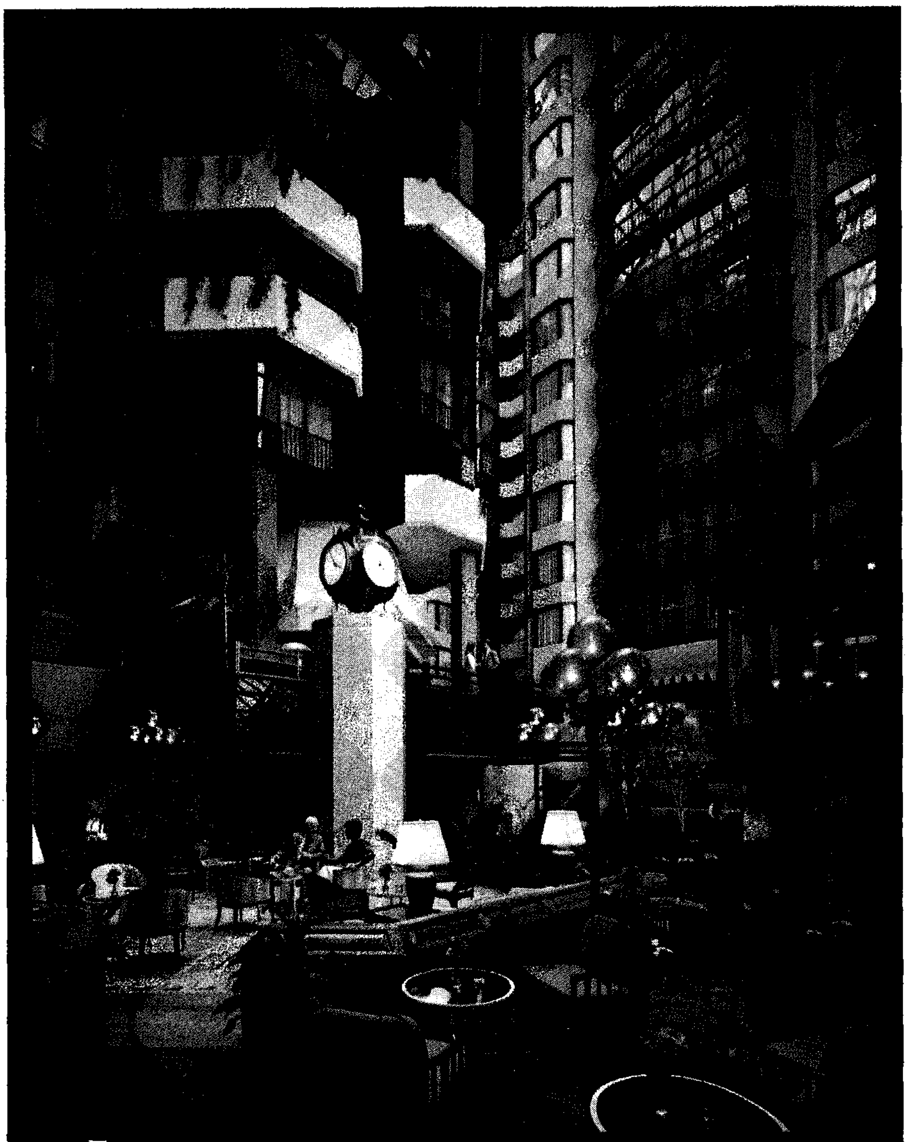
THERE are, I should hasten to say, very important problems with respect to the deficit, but the misconceptions raised by the words "debt" and "deficit," and the fearsome images associated with them, tend to make us worry about imaginary dangers rather than the real ones. Before we come to the real problems, we should disabuse ourselves of the unreal ones. A good place to start is in the corporate world, where activities very similar to those carried on by the government are clothed in the respectability of private enterprise. It always comes as a shock to people to learn that corporations also normally run "deficits;" that is, that the corporations pay out more money for various purposes than they receive from their sales, and cover the difference by borrowing money or floating stock or issuing bonds. In 1960, for example, the total debt owed by manufacturing corporations came to about forty billion dollars. In 1983, it was roughly ten times that. Just as with the figures that represent the national debt, these numbers have to be trimmed substantially to adjust for the shrinking value of the dollar, but even if we subtract two-thirds of the increase to allow for inflation it is still the case that corporate debt, adjusted for rising prices, has virtually tripled over the last twenty-odd years.

The idea that corporations are continuously accumulating debts seems at odds with the fact that they are making profits. But this is because the corporate world is very careful to separate expenditures made on current account and those made on capital account. Precisely like a household, a business is expected to cover its current expenses for payroll and materials and the like from its current income from selling its products or services, and any company that borrows money to pay its regular work force would soon be as hopelessly bankrupt as a family that tries to get bank financing for its grocery bills. But a quite different set of normal operating procedures applies to the financing of capital projects, such as the construction of a plant or the purchase of durable equipment. In much the same way that a household that lacks the ready cash turns to the bank to finance its purchase of a car or a house, a corporation without sufficient accumulated earnings turns to the capital markets or to banks to pay for additions to its assets. These expenditures, which typically increase the debt or equity of companies, are not, however, charged against current income. If they were, profitable companies would suddenly appear to be less profitable or even in the red just because they had undertaken large capital-building projects. Curiously, this distinction is not applied to the activities of the federal government, even though a not unimportant fraction of government expenditures creates exactly the same kinds of capital goods that are created by private business. Where General Motors puts up plants to build automobiles, the government builds roads and bridges to run them on; where private business erects office buildings, public business erects dams. In fiscal 1983, the Office of Management and Budget estimated that a hundred and eighty-two billion dollars in federal expenditures went for investments of this sort. This amount was roughly the size of the deficit, but, unlike those of a private corporation, these capital expenditures became part of the deficit for that year.

A second aspect of the corporate world which throws an unexpected light on deficits involves the question of paying the debt back. Every household knows that it must pay its debts when they come due or face the consequences—which used to be debtors' prison and are still the unpleasantness of bankruptcy proceedings. What we as householders do not ordinarily consider is that the requirement to pay debts applies to each individual evidence of indebtedness—each promissory note or, in the case of a corporation, each particular bond—but not to the collective debt of borrowers as a whole. Looking at the larger economy, we can quickly see that no such total redemption takes place: in the household sector, A's mortgage is repaid, but B takes out a new one; in the corporate world, A.T. & T.'s bond issue dated September, 1984, is repaid, but another company floats an issue of the same or a larger amount more or less simultaneously. The reason that the total volume of private debt steadily increases is that debt's opposite face consists of the houses, automobiles, machinery, and structures that the debt has paid for. Behind the increase in the value of mortgages—up from four hundred and seventy-four billion dollars in 1970 to one trillion seven hundred billion dollars in 1983—is not merely an increase in the price of houses but an increase in their number. Behind the rise in corporate indebtedness is a similar rise in wealth, embodied in steel and glass and cement. It follows that as long as these houses and factories and machines retain their economic usefulness or profitability, their paper counterparts can continue in existence, establishing the individuals who own, or who have claims against, the structure of wealth for which their bonds or stocks are birth certificates.

Years ago, when I taught these ideas to my economics classes, I used to invoke the image of A.T. & T.—this was the *old* telephone company—borrowing a million dollars for ten years at ten per cent to put up a thousand telephone poles at one thousand dollars each. Presumably, the poles generated sufficient business so that A.T. & T., while paying interest to the individuals or banks from whom it borrowed the money, could accrue on its books a depreciation cost that would cover the annual wear and tear suffered by the poles. At the end of ten years (in this classroom example), a great act of renewal would take place. All at the same moment, the poles would come to the end of their useful life and have to be replaced, while the original bond issue would arrive at its moment of redemption and have to be paid back. But—lo and behold!—it all worked out perfectly. The phone company would enter the capital markets to borrow another million dollars, which it would use to pay back the first million dollars, now due. At the same time, it would use its depreciation allowance to buy a million dollars' worth of new telephone poles to replace those that had come to the end of their days. If we forget about technological change, inflation, and the other troublesome realities of business life, we can see how the example illustrates that indebtedness does not have to be paid back as long as its underlying real asset is still economically productive. This is, in fact, exactly what we find in the case of the real A.T. & T. In 1929, the phone company owed a billion dollars in debts of differing kinds and dates. In 1983, its debt total was approximately forty-five billion dollars. As with the phone company, so with the business world as a whole: panics and depressions aside, its debts never decline, any more than do those of householders taken as a collectivity.

This is not to say, of course, that individuals or businesses cannot ruin themselves with debt. Ruin is the outcome when borrowers miscalculate their ability to earn the income needed to make interest payments or to retain their creditworthiness. In the economy taken as an entirety, however, this has been the exception rather than the rule. There have certainly been periods of unsustainable debt creation—the early nineteen-eighties was one such—but over the long run the growing volume of output and incomes has worked to sustain the ability of individual borrowers to make good on their individual debts and to accumulate more debt as the financial side of their long-term accumulation of real wealth. This continuing expansion of debt, moreover, plays a vital role in the expansion process of the economy itself. Debt is not only a claim held by one party against the wealth owned by another but a vital channel through which the great river of expenditure and income is kept moving and growing. The act of



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buying someone's promissory note, whether that of a friend or a corporation, takes money that is sitting unused at the moment—if it were not unused it would not be available for lending—and returns it to the stream of payments from which we earn our incomes. "The great wheel of circulation," as Adam Smith called it, would lose its momentum if recipients of income did not fairly quickly return all of it to the circuit. Since some portion of the receipts of households and businesses is regularly held back from expenditures because it is put aside as savings, whether for a rainy day or an unusually propitious one, we need a mechanism to reintroduce these savings into the income flow. The mechanism is the act of capital investment by which our savings are put back into circulation; and the act of investment usually requires, in turn, the issuance of debt or equity, making available to business money that would otherwise fail to reënter the wheel of circulation. The growth in the volume of household and corporate debt can be seen as evidence that borrowers have been fulfilling the essential function of renewing the income stream. If debts or equities fail to grow, it means not only that the process of creating real wealth is faltering but that the regeneration of income via expenditure has been disrupted, so that workers or capitalists fail to become beneficiaries of a rising volume of national business and may become instead the victims of a stagnant or contracting one.

It is this regeneration of income that makes the deficits of national economies more closely akin to a banking operation than to the operations of a household. When the government borrows and spends funds, it is creating incomes for those who receive its disbursements, exactly as happens when business spends money on capital expansion. The difference is that business is necessarily interested in the profitability of the capital undertakings it has financed. If this were not the case, we would think it perfectly all right for A.T. & T. to borrow funds not to put up telephone poles but to send a refund to its customers. The government is often vitally concerned with the general level of income enjoyed by its citizens; and deficit spending—that is, borrowing funds and spending them—is one manner in which it can attempt to raise that general level. This is the rationale for the government's going into debt when the economy is sluggish or when unemployment reaches threatening levels. Of course, it makes a great deal of difference whether the channels that the government uses to disburse income are those of warfare or those of welfare, for different groups will be recipients of different programs, and different programs will exert different pressures on prices and bring different social results. Just the same, from the viewpoint of increasing the general flow of expenditure these differences are submerged beneath the common consequences of a stimulus to the economy.

THE continuous renewal and normal expansion of public debt have an obvious parallel in the continuous renewal and expansion of the private debt, but there are important differences between the two. One difference is that there has never been a default on any item of the federal government's obligation; that is why the credit rating of the government is the standard against which all others are measured. This extraordinary safety of government bonds rests on two foundation stones, and these, while incomparably more solid than those of any individual enterprise, are nonetheless ultimately frail, as all human institutions must be. The first foundation stone is the fact that the government's debt is normally held by individuals and institutions that are within the taxing power of the government, for this means that it is always possible to pay interest on the debt—or, in a pinch, to repay the debt itself—simply by commandeering the money capital that dwells under the aegis of government. Nothing like this is available to even the strongest issuer of private debt. To revert to the example of A.T. & T., the phone company has no way of simply seizing some portion of the incomes of the public to service its company debt. It must trust to the continued willingness of the public to buy its services—a trust that may disappear into thin air if the wrong technology suddenly appears, such as the long-imagined wrist radio. Thus, the phone company disburses its current and capital expenditures, wooing the needed inflow of dollars by whatever means it can. With the federal government, things are crucially different. Like the phone company, the government dissolves its expenditures in the river of national purchasing power, but, unlike the company, it does not have to win customers to produce the income it needs to cover those expen-

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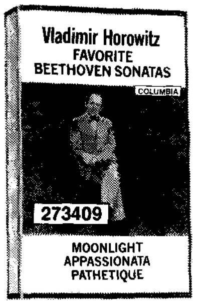

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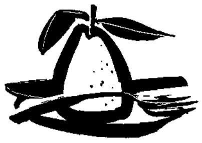
ditures. The money that the government spends enters the stream of national income over which it exercises the sovereign power of taxation, so that it can be reasonably certain of recapturing whatever revenues it needs. I say "reasonably certain" because ill-advised tax policies can drive capital abroad or cause transactions to take place under the table, beyond the taxing hand. And, of course, poorly constructed taxes will not yield the revenues that the government expects. Nonetheless, the "internality" of the government's financial structure—the fact that the government generally borrows from the same community over which it has taxing powers—puts the federal debt in an entirely different position from private debt. As the saying goes, we owe the money to ourselves—and, if one forgets for a moment about the eleven or twelve per cent of the debt which is held by foreigners, the saying is true and very important. A lack of internality of debt explains why states or localities, such as New York City, cannot issue debt with the impunity of a federal government: only a small part—perhaps none at all—of the money they disburse will remain within their taxing reach. The same is true of governments like Israel's or Brazil's or Argentina's, which owe interest payments to foreign individuals or institutions from which they cannot collect taxes in return.

The second reason federal debts enjoy a degree of safety that cannot be duplicated in the private sector is that the government has a monopoly on the legal creation of money. In the old days, this meant that a national government alone could authorize or operate the presses that printed up the national currency or the mints that struck off its coin. Nowadays, it means that national governments alone determine the size of the nation's money supply, mainly by the actions of central banks in loosening or tightening the ability of their member banks to make loans to the public. At least in theory, the capacity of a national government for increasing the money supply is unlimited, so that it could always pay off a debt of astronomical proportions by creating an equivalent amount of money. In point of fact, of course, no government would resort to such action unless its economy was already in ruins. In that case, the government could print up wheelbarrowfuls of currency, but usually the consequence would be to worsen the very crisis that it wished to mend. Even in this terrible instance, however, it would remain true that the government could always redeem its debts by creating the requisite number of dollars or marks or pesos needed to buy its bonds at their face value—although at God knows what value in real terms.

Thus, the ironic fact is that the very power of money creation which is the ultimate source of the financial impregnability of governments is also the source of their potential undoing. It is, in all likelihood, the lurking spectre of such a debauch of the currency that constitutes in the public's mind one of the objections to deficit spending. Deficit spending is often described as "spending money we don't have"—a phrase that does indeed sound inflationary—rather than as "spending money that has been borrowed from the public," which does not sound so dangerous. The crux of the debauchery problem, as these objectors see it, is that the Federal Reserve System will find itself impelled to expand the money supply to enable its member banks to buy the Treasury obligations by which the deficit is financed, and this loosening of credit will lead, sooner or later, to the wheelbarrow syndrome. It is, to be sure, possible that the government would deliberately plan expenditure programs that hugely exceeded its tax receipts, or that the Federal Reserve would wantonly apply its money-creating powers, which would result in a debacle of the entire financial structure. But this is to assume that Congress is a wastrel institution, made up of members without a care for the country's future and devoid of the cautionary promptings that are so powerful within its constituents, and that the Federal Reserve System is run by economic dolts or scoundrels. These institutions are sometimes described that way by some of the more extreme groups in the country, but it is not the way I see either of them. In the main, our deficits arise despite, and not because of, reckless congressional attitudes; and the Federal Reserve System, under the chairmanship of Paul Volcker, has steered a course that has erred in the minds of most observers toward overstringency, not overindulgence. It is beyond question that inflation is a chronic condition of our country, as it is of all modern capitalisms, but it seems implausible that the ultimate cause of inflation lies in the financing of deficits. During the late nineteen-seventies, while the inflation rate was heating up from six per cent a year to eleven per cent, our deficits were running at only two or three per cent of the gross national product. (It is noteworthy that the newspaper appeal of the six former Secretaries, which does not stint on unpleasant possibilities, makes no mention of inflation among the various ills for which the current and prospective deficit can be blamed.)

There is one last pseudo problem conjured up by the debt—that heavy bag on our shoulders, the sixty-seven-mile stack under which we totter. Such depictions of the burden of the debt fail to indicate that the government's debt, like all others, is a claim against income, or wealth. What is burdensome about a debt is the necessity of the issuer to live up to the terms of its claim—paying interest when it is due and redeeming the debt when it comes full term. The issuer's burdens are, however, sources of income and pleasure to the recipients of interest payments and bond redemptions. Thus, if the one trillion five hundred billion dollars of government debt were to vanish overnight from the safe-deposit boxes of the country, the government might heave a sigh of relief, but many millions of bondholders would utter cries of woe. The bondholders, of course, would be relieved of the burden of paying the portion of their taxes that results from the need to pay almost a hundred billion dollars a year in interest—a sum that may rise to two hundred billion dollars by the end of the decade if the debt keeps on growing at current rates. On the other hand, those same taxpayers would also be relieved of the pleasure of opening the Treasury envelopes that contained their interest checks. To take the point a step further, let us suppose that by some extraordinary stroke of fortune it became possible for the government to pay back the national debt in its entirety, without taxing anyone a penny. At a stroke, the government would be rid of a huge liability—but the public would lose the possibility of investing its funds in Treasury securities. Presumably, individuals would put their money in the next-best thing—perhaps in securities of states and localities or of foreign governments, or in corporate stocks and bonds. Evidently, these are the *next*-best thing, not the *best* thing, or capital would not have been put into Treasuries in the first place. In other words, there would be, in the absence of the particular advantages of securities backed by the federal government, a general rearrangement of portfolios, each investor trying to achieve a distribution of risks and returns that suited him or her. Would the nation be better off? Would investors be better off? The question is very hard to answer in the absence of some kind of before-and-after questionnaire assessing the state of mind of investors. Strangely, however, there is no other meaning that we can attach to the burden of the debt.

UNTIL a few years ago, government deficits were regarded, at least by the majority of the economics profession, with a relatively benign eye, just because they *were* seen as a supplementary banking operation—a means of creating additional incomes when the normal operations of the business sector failed to give us high employment. The idea that the government could stimulate the economy by putting savings or credit into circulation was the child of the Depression decade and of the Keynesian economics that grew out of that period. In fact, the Roosevelt Administration was never able to muster the political nerve to run a peacetime deficit of more than four or five per cent of the G.N.P. During the war, deficits of more than twenty-five per cent of the G.N.P. were incurred as war spending financed by bonds displaced private investment. A very large stimulus was thereby imparted to the economy, but the deficits were excused in the name of national sacrifice—not recognized as the application on a major scale of a program that the Administration had been politically unable to mount in the previous decade.



Deficit spending as a deliberate tool of national policy awaited the Kennedy Administration, which was the first that openly espoused a Keynesian approach to managing the economy. Faced with a threatening undertow of recession in 1963, President Kennedy agreed to follow the advice of his economic counsellors, chief among them Walter Heller, the articulate and intelligent Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and cut taxes in order to deliberately incur a stimulative deficit. Keynesian economists like myself were enthralled at the prospect of a sophisticated economic policy, run right out of the best university economics departments, and we did all we could to advance the idea against the chorus of Philistines who claimed that governments that lived "beyond their means" would suffer the same fate as families that did so. Voices from Congress and elsewhere warned that government debts would lead to bankruptcy, saddle future generations with intolerable burdens, and irreparably ruin our moral fibre.

We do not know what might have happened to the proposed Kennedy tax cut had he not been assassinated, because in the wake of the tragedy all factions rallied around President Johnson in support of his program, including the tax cut. Meanwhile, however, the spontaneous forces of the economy had already begun to reverse the recession, so that the deficit as a matter of national policy became much less urgent. By 1965, the deficit was a trifling one billion six hundred million dollars—less than one-quarter of one per cent of the G.N.P. Thereafter, under the impact of the Vietnam War, the passage of Medicare and Medicaid, and a series of further, gradual tax reductions, deficits began to mount, jumping about from year to year as economic conditions changed but moving into the forty- and fifty- and sixty-billion-dollar range by the last half of the nineteen-seventies. As a result, the national debt also rose, from less than three hundred billion dollars in 1960 to over nine hundred billion dollars in 1980. Nonetheless, few economists were much alarmed. All of them were aware of the arguments I have sketched out concerning the internality of the debt and its largely nonexistent burdensomeness. In any case, output was rising fast enough so that the debt as a proportion of the gross national product actually fell. In 1960, our debt of two hundred and ninety-one billion dollars was equal to over half our G.N.P. By 1980, our debt stood at nine hundred and fourteen billion dollars but was only a third of the G.N.P. In addition, economists were aware that the deficit was in large part a matter of accounting practice, not only as regards the failure to separate current from capital expenditures but also in the fact that the federal government regularly picked up the tab for heavy state and local expenditures. Just as an instance, in 1965 the federal government gave 10.9 billion dollars in aid to state and local governments, mainly for public welfare, construction, and education. This showed up as part of federal expenditures and as part of state and local income. If the books had been kept differently, the federal government would have shown a surplus of 9.3 billion dollars instead of a deficit of 1.6 billion dollars, and the states and municipalities, taken together, would have been 10.9 billion dollars in the red instead of enjoying balanced budgets. It is interesting to note that from 1973 to 1983 the total transfer of funds to states and cities was roughly equal to three-quarters of the increase in federal debt over that period.

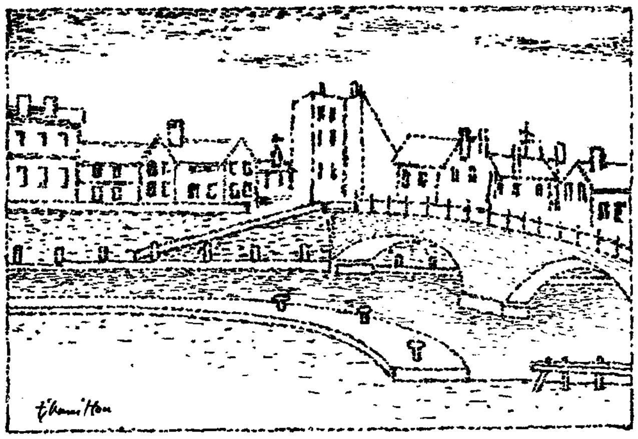
THESE general misunderstandings concerning the deficit and the debt set the stage for the general alarm that has been sounded by the Bipartisan Budget Appeal. Lashing out against the deficit has become standard rhetoric for politicians who speak to the public's fear of large numbers or national bankruptcy. But the danger that stirs the appeal's signatories—at least the more knowledgeable among them—is not these false problems but a new, real problem that has arisen as a consequence of the present Administration's fiscal policies. Normally, deficits diminish and surpluses tend to appear as the gross national product rises. The reason is that tax revenues typically increase as the volume of national expenditure grows, while certain kinds of expenditure, such as outlays for food stamps and for income support in general, tend to fall. Thus, the budget naturally moves toward a balanced condition as employment and output rise. The alarming aspect of the current budget situation is that this normal relationship has come apart. The huge Reagan tax cuts have reduced federal claims against income by a third. These cuts were undertaken not as a means of deliberately creating a deficit but in the hope that their buoyant effect on private spending would be so great that actual tax revenues would remain unchanged or even rise. When this hope of "supply side" economics failed to materialize, we were left with a tax structure that had reduced the inflow of funds to the government from its 1980 level, of just over twenty per cent of the G.N.P., to the very low figure of 18.6 per cent. In 1984, this seemingly trifling fall of one and a half percentage points will mean a loss of over fifty billion dollars in revenue.

At the same time, expenditures rose, partly because military appropriations were increased from a hundred and forty-six billion dollars in 1980 to two hundred and sixty-five billion dollars in 1984 and partly because indexed Social Security payments and soaring Medicare costs overrode reductions that had been gained by slashing away at welfare. The result was the first monster deficit, of a hundred and eleven billion dollars, in fiscal 1982; a second, larger deficit, of a hundred and ninety-five billion dollars, in fiscal 1983; and the probable deficit of a hundred and eighty-five billion dollars this year.

What is upsetting about these deficits is not their size—West Germany and Japan have run deficits as large or larger in relation to their G.N.P.s—but their "structural" nature. That is, the current tax and expenditure schedules do not converge in the normal fashion. Instead, even at high levels of output, the structural gap between income and outgo is now estimated in the President's Economic Report to reach a hundred and thirty-eight billion dollars this fiscal year, and the report predicts that it will rise to a hundred and ninety-seven billion dollars by fiscal 1989. The only way to get rid of these deficits is to radically change the taxing and spending programs from which they stem.

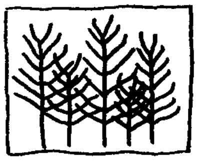
In view of the generally benign effects of deficit spending in previous years, why not let the structural deficit stand? The answer has to do with an aspect of the budget known as "crowding out." Crowding out means that the necessity of financing the very large prospective deficits that will remain even at high levels of output will cause a competition between government and business for access to available funds—a competition that the federal government is certain to win. The government is certain to win because the Treasury will price its new bond issues, or adjust their interest rates, to whatever levels are needed to tempt households, banks, and businesses to buy its bonds. The consequences are twofold: First, the absorption of funds by the federal government will leave that much less available for other uses, whether private or state and local. Second, the struggle among borrowers for the nation's savings will raise interest rates. The fear is that federal deficits will absorb up to seventy per cent of all private savings over the next few years and, if the deficits continue to mount, will absorb all of them. In that event, interest rates could again become prohibitive, as they were in the last years of the Carter regime. Sky-high interest rates deal hammer blows to the economy, as many businesses and households learned during that last money squeeze. They also serve as magnets for foreign funds, which pour into the United States to take advantage of high yields. The continuing demand for dollars on the part of foreign investors keeps the dollar exchange rate high, and that, in turn, makes American goods expensive on world markets and foreign goods cheap on American markets. This year, we anticipate our first hundred-billion-dollar trade deficit, as a result of a boom in imports and a lag in exports attributable in considerable measure to the very high price of dollars against marks, francs, yen, and the like. Last, and certainly not least, high American interest rates add to the already impossible burden of debt repayment by the underdeveloped world. Much of the interest that these nations owe on their six hundred billion dollars of debt—a good deal of it happily sold to them by some of the same people who are now signatories of the Bipartisan Appeal—is tied to American interest rates, so that every time the prime rate goes up one percentage point, the underdeveloped nations have to hand over about four billion dollars more in interest and debt payments. This is more than they can take, as well as more than they can give, and the prospect of chaos—meaning repudiation of international debt—still troubles the international credit markets.

The core of the deficit problem thus comes down to the unpleasant, and even dangerous, prospect of murderous interest rates—the inevitable outcome of a demand for money which the supply cannot meet. Moreover, the Federal Reserve cannot avert this unpleasant prospect by increasing the supply of money to satisfy the demand for it. This is because crowding out, for all the haze of monetary considerations that hangs over it, is ultimately a "real" phenomenon, not just a matter of money. What the deficit signifies in these real terms is that we want to give the government more spending power than it could command by using its tax receipts alone. But the government is not the only sector that wants to go into debt to stretch its economic reach. Consumers are today evidencing a willingness to spend almost as high a fraction of their incomes on installment purchases as they did in the record year of 1979. Mortgage indebtedness is also growing at record rates—a hundred billion dollars a year. Business borrowing has leaped upward, as industry seeks to replenish inventory and



catch up with investment plans that were deferred during the recent very severe recession. If all of this spending would give rise to more production, then there would be no crowding out but a gathering in, as the borrowing-and-spending process vitalized economic activity that would have lain dormant without it. But that is not the way the economic world works these days. Although we still have eight million unemployed and considerable idle plant capacity—about eighteen per cent by the Federal Reserve's measurements—we seem to have reached the threshold at which more spending by any one sector results primarily in higher prices rather than in higher output. Hence, increasing the supply of money will send up prices much more than production, and the competition for funds will not be alleviated. It cannot be alleviated as long as the public and private sectors together want to exercise more claims against the nation's immediately available production than is realistically possible. This is a situation in which something has to give, if we are to avoid the kind of scramble for funds that will send interest rates through the roof.

THERE is an obvious way out of this squeeze. It is to cut back the need for the federal government to enter the capital markets in such volume that interest rates have nowhere to go but up. That step is what the House and Senate and White House have been seeking to achieve as a "down payment" against the day when the federal budget will again be in balance. It is a down payment rather than payment in full because pressures from all sides make the quick attainment of a balanced budget impossible. Such a quick solution would require that the Reagan Administration reverse its commitment to a low level of taxation as essential for economic growth, or relax its fervid insistence on a rapid military buildup as the sine qua non of national security. Neither of these turnabouts is apt to materialize. Very large cutbacks in Social Security and Medicare would also be required, and, for obvious reasons, neither Congress nor the Administration can endorse that. Hence, the down payment consists of marginal increases in such taxes as liquor excises, and in the closing of the more egregious tax loopholes, the elimination of some military extravagances, and the trimming of Medicare costs. These changes are not large enough to restore the inflow of tax revenues to pre-Reagan levels or bring a halt to the upward-tilting course of military spending. All told, the down payment is likely to amount to around a hundred and forty billion dollars over three years. No one pretends that this sum will cure the deficit problem or the danger of crowding out. Presumably, the down payment will have to be followed by much larger spending cuts or tax increases in the future, but no one is talking about these, especially in an election year.



The Bipartisan Appeal charts a more ambitious course. It urges a greater scaling down of military expenditures than the Administration wants, although not enough of a change so that military spending will decline as a proportion of the G.N.P. It calls for a "substantial" enlargement of the federal tax base, but does not go so far as to urge a return to the level of taxation that existed before the Reagan Presidency. And it proposes a drastic cut in entitlement spending, recommending, in addition to a one- or two-year freeze on cost-of-living adjustments, a ceiling on these adjustments thereafter at sixty per cent of the rises in the cost of living, with no upward adjustments at all if living costs rise by less than three per cent a year.

These proposals go much further than any existing down-payment plan in getting us out of our present bind. There is, however, one fundamental issue that is slighted by the six ex-Secretaries and the six hundred national figures. It is whether the contest for funds in the nation's credit markets *should* be resolved at the expense of the public sector. For myself, looking out at the spectacle of the United States, this seems a Procrustean solution. It strikes me that the gravest weaknesses in our economy may lie not in the corporate world or in the middle and upper layers of our household well-being but in our public realm. I am appalled that so much of urban America has the look of an underdeveloped country. I am ashamed of the nation's treatment of the old and worried by its neglect of the young. I blame a good deal of America's laggard economic performance on its rotting infrastructure—by which I mean not only its miserable roads and bridges and harbors but its second-rate education and training. These failings will not be repaired unless we are willing to increase the size of the public sector to at least its previous share of the G.N.P., and preferably to the larger share found throughout European capitalist societies. The trouble with the Bipartisan Budget Appeal, as I see it, is its lack of courage—not only in comparing one sector as a whole with another but in weighing the activities that need funds within each sector. The Appeal speaks of the need for credit to modernize industry, but ignores the use of credit to finance leveraged buy-outs and mergers—activities that are estimated to have absorbed thirty-five billion dollars of credit in the first five months of this year. In similar fashion, the Appeal makes no distinction between the importance of credit for first homes and automobiles as opposed to that for second homes and powerboats. Despite some acknowledgment of the productive role of public expenditures in supporting economic growth, there is a bland and uncritical endorsement of the private sector's right to a first claim on funds.

Bolder plans are around for reducing military expenditures, for restructuring the Social Security program, for reforming our Byzantine system of taxation, for preventing wastage of the nation's supply of credit. In the present political climate, however, such far-reaching proposals are not apt to receive an enthusiastic hearing. I suspect we will take the easy way of resolving the crowding-out issue—by cutting down the public sector, with the military suffering least; not by raising public revenues on a substantial scale, or by scrutinizing the needs and uses for credit in the private as well as the public realms. We will then see whether getting the government off our backs also pulls it out from under our feet. At least, when considered in this light, the deficit loses its paralyzing numerical spell and sheds its misleading familial analogies. It simply poses the issue of what will crowd out what in the social landscape of the future.

—ROBERT HEILBRONER

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The principal objection to public nakedness is nudity's relation to lovemaking. Display of the gentiles is sexually arousing.—*Boston Herald.*

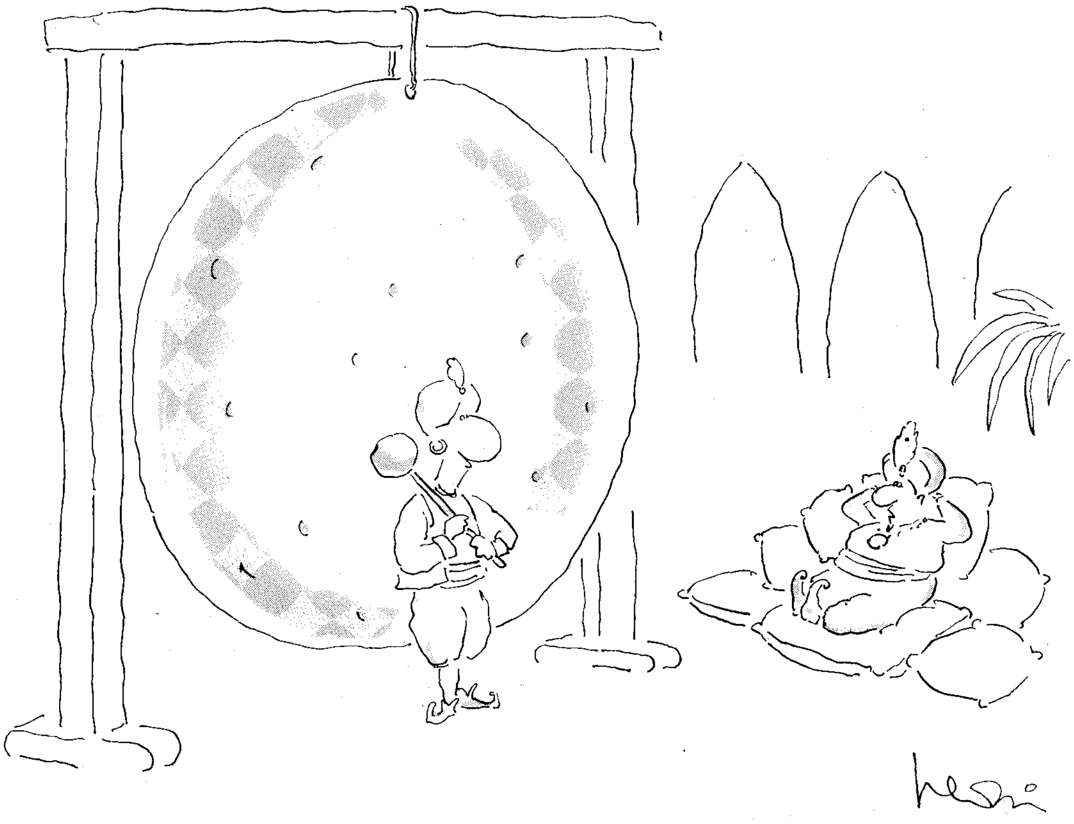
Only to other gentiles, and not to all of them.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Triumph of Oriana

THE English National Opera visited America in May and June, three hundred and thirty strong, appearing in Houston, Austin, San Antonio, New Orleans, and New York. It presented a kind of opera that does not exist here: the work of a large, year-round ensemble company playing music dramas in the language that the singers and their audience have in common. The City Opera's "Street Scene," last done in 1979, was rather like an E.N.O. performance; that company's new recourse to "supertitles"—tags or loose paraphrase in English projected on a screen above a foreign-language enactment—underlines its preference for presenting what Dr. Johnson called "an exotic and irrational entertainment." (He was defining not "opera" but Italian opera in London.) In New York, the E.N.O. appeared at the Met, the world's largest opera house, and one too large to allow the company to come across at full strength. Although its home theatre, the Coliseum, is London's largest, holding something over twenty-three hundred people, it was built, in opulent Edwardian days, on music-hall, not gilded-horseshoe, lines, which cluster the audience as close as possible to the stage. Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry appeared there; "Annie Get Your Gun," "Guys and Dolls," "Kiss Me Kate" were done there in days before musicals were electrically amplified. Both sight lines and acoustics work for an intimacy that was lacking at the Met.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN's seventh opera, "Gloriana," written for Elizabeth II's coronation, in 1953, had a concert performance in Cincinnati in 1956 (with an arresting cast: Inge Borkh, Suzanne Danco, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, Donald Gramm). The American stage première was given last month: the E.N.O. played "Gloriana" in San Antonio, New Orleans, and New York. There have been only three stage productions of the piece: Covent Garden's, at the time of the coronation; the E.N.O.'s, new in 1966; and Münster's in 1968, with Martha Mödl as its heroine. This is surprising, for "Gloriana" is an opera both attractive and impressive—unconventional, it is true, but not in ways that deter public enthusiasm. At every performance—since the unhappy first one—I've attended, there have been cheers at the end. In New York, there were standing ovations. That notorious first night is a matter of history. As the Earl of Harewood (the Queen's cousin, largely responsible for the commission, suggester of the subject, now head of the E.N.O., and a force for good in England's artistic life) puts it in Kobbé, "that it was misunderstood and intensely disliked by a 1953 assemblage of grandees and courtiers provides a rather acid comment on the different standards prevailing in the mid-twentieth and the late sixteenth centuries, when a luminary of the aristocracy could be the author of the words 'Happy were he.' " (William Plomer's libretto incorporates that lyric by the Earl of Essex.) The columnists ("an insult to our beautiful young Queen"), the gossips, and the writers of letters to the press ("Surely our wonderful Queen has had enough ordeal during the past few weeks without having to sit through an evening of Benjamin Britten") had a field day. The music critics were not imperceptive, even if legend has it otherwise. They questioned the aptness of celebrating a new Elizabethan age with the representation of a bald, aging, unhappy, infatuated queen but praised Britten's resource and invention, technical brilliance, choral writing, orchestration, masterly, original formal structures, and dramatic eloquence. In *Music and Letters*, I hazarded a guess that "of all Britten's operas 'Gloriana' is the one that contains most elements likely to win popular favour" but prudently added a "Time alone will show." Time, still at work, has already shown that, although "Peter Grimes" remains the international favorite, followed by "The Turn of the Screw" (unwritten in 1953), "Gloriana" increasingly delights musical listeners. The title role has attracted a series of successful interpreters: Joan Cross, Constance Shacklock, Sylvia Fisher, Miss Borkh, Miss Mödl, Ava June. Leontyne Price has recorded one of the scenes. The latest in the line is



"Wake me at six."

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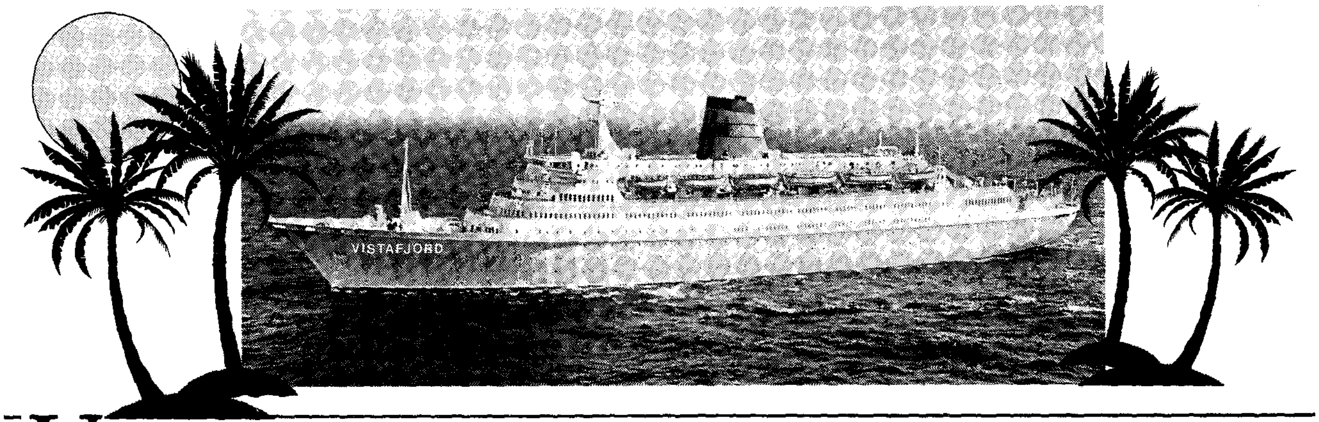

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VISTAFJORD

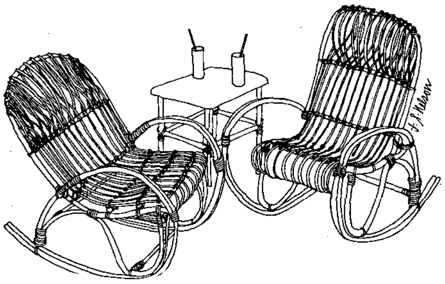
REGISTERED IN THE BAHAMAS

Sarah Walker, a tall, regal mezzo, an imposing and skillful actress, a strong singer, but one taxed by the upper reaches of the role. (Miss Cross, the first Gloriana, once remarked that "Ben never seemed to make up his mind whether I was a contralto or a soprano.")

The libretto is based on Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," a psychological history (Freud sent Strachey a congratulatory letter on it) that has been likened to a five-act tragedy—Strachey's "Anthony and Cleopatra." (Michael Holroyd, in the E.N.O./Royal Opera *Opera Guide* to "Grimes" and "Gloriana," suggests that it also contains autobiographical elements.) Plomer, I think, may have looked through Rossini and Donizetti librettos about Elizabeth; the riverside love duet of Act II which becomes a quartet and the soloists-and-chorus second-act finale are in forms those composers would recognize. Much else is adventurously untraditional: the first dance sequence is accompanied by surely the longest stretch of a-cappella music in opera, and the second by an onstage consort of just five players, plus drum; one scene is chiefly a gittern-accompanied ballad; the end is a monologue for the Queen, largely spoken, between bursts of music during which her life passes through her mind in review.

"Gloriana" is the most objective of Britten's operas: lapped portraits of a great monarch in relation to her people; of her intricate policy; and of a woman vowed to virginity but erotically not untroubled. In Strachey's words, "Though, at the centre of her being, desire had turned to repulsion, it had not vanished altogether . . . Though the precious citadel itself was never to be violated, there were surrounding territories, there were outworks and bastions over which exciting battles might be fought." He traces her trouble back to an imagined childhood trauma: by Essex's death, "manhood—the fascinating, detestable entity, which had first come upon her concealed in yellow magnificence in her father's lap—manhood was overthrown at last, and in the person of that traitor it should be rooted out. Literally, perhaps . . ." (Castration was part of a traitor's punishment.) It's complicated stuff. The politics are complicated, too. We need to know that Cecil represents the new men whom Elizabeth brought to power, and Essex's rebellion (in Strachey's view) the last uprising of England's ancient chivalry. ("The flame was glorious—radiant with the colours of antique knighthood and with the flashing gallantries of the past; but no substance fed it.") Perhaps we don't need to know, in the quartet, that Essex is the stepson of Leicester, Elizabeth's former favorite; that Lady Essex is the widow of Sir Philip Sidney; that Penelope Rich, Essex's proud sister, was Sidney's Stella (and bore five children to her lover, Lord Mountjoy); or that Anne Boleyn's sister was Essex and Penelope's great-grandmother. If we do know, the emotional and conspiratorial network draws tighter. History, Strachey's artful patterning of it, and Plomer's and Britten's repatternings for the operatic stage are curiously mingled. On the surface, "Gloriana" is self-explanatory, as Rossini's "Elisabetta" and Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux" are. All three works become more interesting, more profoundly enjoyable the more one studies them, but only "Gloriana" is many-layered. It ties fascinatingly into real history, into musical history, into Freud (Strachey's brother James was Freud's translator), and even into Bloomsbury (most of "Elizabeth and Essex" was written at Ham Spray, in Carrington days). On a musical level, too, the opera glows under close scrutiny, although its trove of melodies—phrase after phrase sings on in the mind—and exciting timbres is sufficient to afford delight at a first encounter, even before one has begun to trace the musical connections running through the pageantry of public and private scenes.

Colin Graham's production for the E.N.O. is excellently clear and bold but subtle in its details. He is one of the best opera directors of our day—musical, imaginative, adept at laying out a composer's work effectively, sensibly, eloquently, and accurately, without fuss but not without finesse. Alix Stone's décor looked good in the Met. Miss Walker had a triumph. Arthur Davies caught both the high gallantry and the romance of Essex—at once dashing popular hero and Strachey's "pale boy who would lie for hours, obscurely melancholy, with a Virgil in his hand." He sang the lute song "Happy were he" exquisitely. Elizabeth Vaughan was a flashing Penelope (an early Joan Sutherland role), and Jean Rigby a moving Lady Essex. Mountjoy (Neil Howlett), Cecil (Alan Opie), Raleigh (Richard Van Allan) were surely played. The chorus was wonderful. Mark Elder and, at the last of the three New York performances, Noel Davies were expert conductors. It's rare in New York to see a large, difficult opera so consistently well executed, with every part intelligently in place. The Met's own "Grimes" and "Billy Budd" revivals, earlier this season, contained several individually splendid performances, but the operas as a whole were less surely in focus.



PROKOFIEV'S "War and Peace" is another opera that makes sense on its own but fuller sense to listeners who know its source. Prokofiev, assuming such knowledge, set not a connected narrative but scenes from Tolstoy's novel—scenes heightened by lyrical, stirring, and brilliantly theatrical music. His opera achieves coherence through musical means—repetition, juxtaposition, carefully graded contrasts—and also through the perspective that places Natasha's, Pierre's, Andrei's personal destinies against the great theme of national, general resistance to the foreign invader. When the fortieth anniversary of D Day was celebrated recently, military historians reminded us that it was also, and perhaps principally, on the Eastern front, at terrible cost, that the evil might of Nazism was destroyed. The E.N.O. production chimed with this. But reaction to heroic music is often personal. The *Times* critic spoke of "cheap pageantry," "hollow rhetoric," "claptrap," "agitprop set to music," and called Field Marshal Kutuzov, who led the resistance to Napoleon while counting the cost with a heavy heart, "a cartoon figure . . . an early model of Josef Stalin." I found the patriotic scenes and the figure of Kutuzov (fervently sung and played by Norman Bailey) profoundly stirring, and surrendered to emotion as readily as Verdi's audiences did when "Va, pensiero," "O Signore, dal tetto natio," "Si ridesti il Leon di Castiglia," and "Patria oppressa" first burst upon them. Prokofiev, like Verdi, found music for popular feeling which continues to make even listeners who have led comfortable, untroubled lives "vibrate in unison with it” (Luigi Dallapiccola’s phrase for the effect of Verdi’s Risorgimento strains). Napoleon’s invasion of Russia is a metaphor for the Nazis’—and, beyond that, for all aggression against peoples.

The E.N.O. production, first put on in 1972, is by Mr. Graham and has the virtues of his “Gloriana.” It is the fullest version of “War and Peace” on the contemporary stage, and the most exciting. Erwin Piscator’s famous theatrical distillation of the novel may have influenced the staging, which moves swiftly, economically, yet spaciously, in sets with projected backgrounds (designed by Mr. Graham and Margaret Harris)—in contrast to the Bolshoi’s heavier, realistic presentation. There are seventy individual roles. Naming a few principals—Eilene Hannan (Natasha), Ann Howard (Hélène), Kenneth Woollam (Pierre), Arthur Davies (Anatol), Neil Howlett (Andrei)—and blanket admiration of all must suffice. The choral singing was noble, and the orchestral playing, under James Lockhart, was bright and accurate.

THE other two operas played in New York (to San Antonio only the company took “The Turn of the Screw”) were entertainment. One was Gilbert and Sullivan’s “Patience”—an elegant and stylish show (directed by John Cox, designed by John Stoddart), if a little lost in the vast space of the Met. It’s good to be entertained, and Sullivan was a graceful and masterly composer. His score blossomed under the musical care that Derek Hammond-Stroud (Bunthorne), Alan Opie (Grosvenor), Anne Collins (Lady Jane), and the others bestowed on it. And again the chorus shone.

The second was “Rigoletto.” Verdi, to be sure, intended his opera seriously. Although Italian censorship of the day proscribed a historical king (Francis I, in the Victor Hugo play on which the opera is based)—or, indeed, any king—in the cast list, in an anonymous Duke of Mantua Verdi still had a figure to illustrate preoccupations that run through his work: responsibility, the conflict of public duty and private inclination. Jonathan Miller, the director of the E.N.O. “Rigoletto,” sought to make the familiar drama newly vivid by transferring it to a modern setting: “Little Italy, that part of New York under the control of the Mafia, in the 1950s.” (Thus the London program; in New York it was just “New York in the 1950s.”) The Duke becomes Dook, capo (while still young enough to pass himself off as a student) of a crime family, and Rigoletto a bartender. Mr. Miller’s attempt misfired. In place of sixteenth-century Mantua—a theatrical metaphor that has gripped audiences since 1851—we are confronted with a musical-comedy never-never land: a Little Italy where a free-lance, non-union assassin can offer his services nightly with impunity; where someone in a bar, when it comes on to rain, says not “Call me a cab” but, to the proprietor, “Why don’t you sleep in the outhouse? Go to blazes. I’ll have to stay here.” The response is “How thoughtful. . . . I’m delighted to offer you my bedroom if you would like it. Come, I will show you up there.” (I quote from the published translation, by James Fenton, but changes were made in the performance, and I heard some lines of my own “Rigoletto” translation—which, being devised for the Mantuan setting, sounded even more unnatural than Mr. Fenton’s in the new locale.) The building where Gilda lived had incompatible façades: one warehouse, the other tenement. In London, the production seemed unrealistic, un-Verdian, and faintly absurd; in New York, even more so. Verdi, often compelled to change the century and the setting of his operas, was always insistent that whatever was chosen had to match the tone of the drama and the tone of his music. (The score of “Ballo,” he said, predicated a court of some elegance, not Mediterranean, and post-medieval; the baritone had to be able to say to the protagonist “To your life . . . the destiny of thousands and thousands of other lives is linked.”) The E.N.O. has other out-of-period productions—of Monteverdi’s “Orfeo,” Dvořák’s “Rusalka,” Debussy’s “Pelléas”—that seem to me not frivolous but revelatory. This “Rigoletto” was often ingenious and amusing, but the big, straightforward, powerful emotion on which it depends—the tragedy, if you like—was diminished. It was fairly well sung. Arthur Davies was a debonair and attractive Dook. Mr. Elder’s conducting was crisp but unidiomatic.

—ANDREW PORTER

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HOW’S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Helen Thomas in the Santa Barbara (Calif.) News-Press*]

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

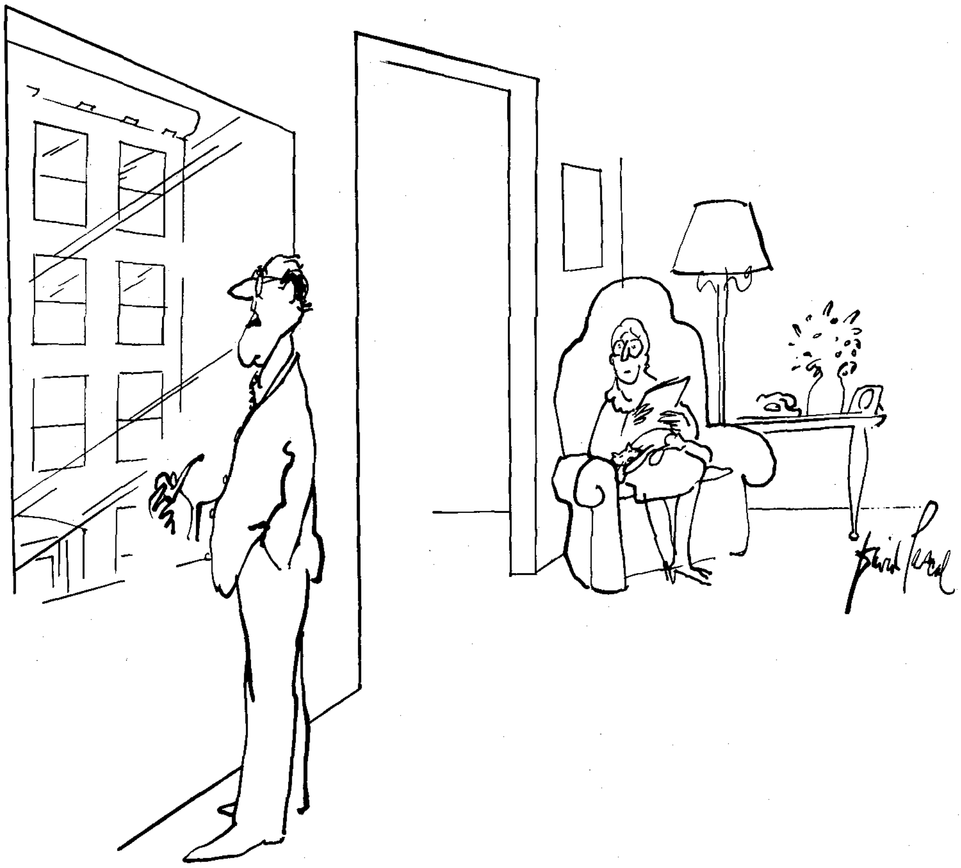
THE WAX WORKS

LAST summer, just after the Fourth of July, I began thinking about the Annisquam Sea Fair, which was scheduled to take place on July 23rd in Annisquam, Massachusetts, the village on Cape Ann, an hour north of Boston, where I have spent most of my summers since infancy. I always look forward to the Sea Fair, almost as if it were the summer complement to Christmas, but this time my anticipation was tinged with guilt. The previous August, over a board groaning with clam rolls and Heinekens, my wife and I had rashly signed up for duty on the Wax Works Committee. Now it was clear that we would be stuck in New York until the moment of the fair itself. After several days' procrastination, I picked up the phone to call my old friend George Mechem, who was in charge of the Wax Works, and break the news of our delinquency.

"Don't worry about it," George said, in his Massachusetts accent. "I wasn't really countin' on ya that much anyway." Having finished another season of teaching English at Lexington High School, in Lexington, Massachusetts, he had already taken up residence in the tiny cottage he and his wife rent—a gardener's cottage behind a grape arbor just off Leonard Street. His megaphonic voice, which has often been compared to the foghorn that warns sailors away from the rocks down by Annisquam Light, sounded strangely subdued. "I'm trying not to wake the kid," he explained, referring to his five-month-old son.

"To tell ya the truth, it's been so much work being a father that I haven't really done that much myself, except to think up a theme—literature and the sea—and work out some of the scenes in my head," he went on, in a semi-whisper. "I suppose I could kill myself for the next couple of weeks and get the damn thing on, but I'll be honest with you—it seems like kind of an iffy thing."

"Well, I'm not one to talk," I said, looking at a roof across the way, where a man with an umbrella was trying to light a fire in a barbecue grill in heavy rain. "But I really hope you do it. Remember last summer? There was no Wax Works, and the fair seemed dead at the center."



"While Joyce was in Zurich writing 'Ulysses' and Lenin was in Petrograd writing revolutionary tracts, I was in Columbus, Ohio, in Miss Lenley's third-grade class writing 'I promise to be a good boy' on the blackboard one hundred times."

"I know, I know," George said, raising his voice slightly. "Why do you think I got myself into this? But now I'm getting cold feet. What scares me is—one bad show, people lose interest, it could finish off the Wax Works forever."

THE little peninsula of Annisquam, hooking down over the lee shore of Cape Ann to form the perfect shelter of Lobster Cove, was settled by English fishermen in 1631, and prospered for two hundred years as a center of fishing, trading, shipbuilding, smuggling, and privateering. The first great blow to the port's prosperity came with the Panic of 1837, which wiped out a number of overextended merchants. By the end of the Civil War, the deep-water port of Gloucester was booming, and Annisquam's port days were over; it was well on its way to becoming a summer resort. Since the early years of this century, most of its nautical and social activities have centered on the Yacht Club, which sits on granite piles in mud flats at the head of the harbor. Annisquam is a quiet, wealthy, almost prissy village now—old summer families, retired couples, young professionals who commute to Boston. The houses of the seventeenth and eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are beautifully kept up, as if the photographer from *House & Garden* were expected at any second. People are proud to live in a spot with so much history, and summer guests are usually shown such landmarks as a frame house built in 1700 by Captain Andrew Harraden, who gained a place in local legend by returning from a voyage with a pirate's head nailed to his mast. The house is now owned by George Mechem's older brother, Thomas, who can often be seen playing tennis up the street with his long red hair done up, piratelike, in a purple bandanna.

The high point of the summer season—the one event that brings out nearly the entire population of the village—is the Sea Fair. The first Sea Fair took place in 1846. Old salts and sea captains were doubtless in attendance, but, with the little port already in precipitous decline, that first gathering may have marked a psychologi-

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There is no cure for Jaded New Yorkness. But we're understandably proud of the gains we've made with Bill Masland, especially when you consider that Patti Breitman correctly isolated him in our recent contest as the Most Jaded New Yorker in the World.

Not that it's been easy. On the night Bill and Patti came to Windows on the World for their First Prize dinner, Bill showed up with the *New York Post*, a book of crossword puzzles and his wristwatch alarm set to allow him plenty of time to get home for Sgt. Bilko on TV.

Now if you know Bill at all, you're aware that he's not given to lavish praise. But we began to be encouraged when we saw him trying to name all the bridges he could see from the Hors d'Oeuvrerie, professing surprise that airplanes fly *below* you when you're 107 floors up, and counting the 631 wines on our Wine List.

But the real tip-off to Bill's progress came later. He and Patti have started going out to Belmont again. They were seen seated prominently at The Kool Jazz Festival. And we've spotted them at The Restaurant twice, the City Lights Bar three times and they've made their first reservation at Cellar in the Sky for late August.

Windows on the World Director Alan Lewis explaining to Bill Masland why there are no TV screens to pipe in Monday Night Baseball.

Who knows? Maybe someday Bill will even change the message on his answering machine to something like this: "Hello. I don't know when I'll be home. I had to wait 45 minutes for a bus this morning, we had a brownout and I lost my entire expense report in the computer, and I got a notice that my rent's going up in October. So I've gone down for dinner at Windows on the World."

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cal turning point—the point at which the village began to relegate its seafaring life to the past and resign itself to a more prosaic future. Today, the fair's main connection with the sea consists of lines of nautical signal flags draped across the face of the Village Hall—and the difficulty of persuading people to run the various attractions on a day they would rather spend aboard their boats. Also, a seamanlike tradition dictates that the fair always be held on a Saturday when the tide will be running out the Annisquam River for the better part of the afternoon. The outgoing tide, it is believed, has the power to disperse any storm with the temerity to try to force its way up the river from the bay. And, in fact, the fair has never, within memory, been spoiled by rain.

For the thirty-odd years I've attended the fair, it has always been a fine thing of its kind, with first-rate games, delicious food, a superior sewing table, and all the rest of it; but what made it special was the Punch-and-Judy show and the Wax Works. The Punch-and-Judy show, a wonderfully noisy display of eighteenth-century murder techniques, was produced by S. Foster Damon, who died in 1971, at the age of seventy-eight, and who in his day was the world's foremost authority on the works of William Blake. Damon, who was a professor of English at Brown University, not only wrote the show's script but also provided piano accompaniment, and even advertised the performances by personally leading his drum-beating, horn-tooting cast of boy puppeteers around the fairground. He was so much a part of the show that it has barely survived his demise. It continues, but as a diminished thing.

The Wax Works, too, was the creation of one strong personality—an artist named Margaret Fitzhugh Browne. She was a successful Boston-based portrait painter whose subjects, at the height of her career, included Henry Ford, Bobby Jones, and King Alfonso XIII of Spain. I remember her in a crisp white blouse, blue skirt, and sneakers—a short, handsome woman whose brisk carriage and slightly owlish features gave her an air of sharpness and command. In a movie, she would be played by Katharine Hepburn. Born in West Roxbury in 1884, Miss Browne was brought to Annisquam as a young woman by an older man who had made his fortune inventing the modern high-speed newspaper press. The rich inventor summered with his family on Adams Hill, overlooking Ipswich Bay; he set up Miss Browne, his protégée, in a rose-covered cottage on the harbor. In a second-floor studio with a large skylight, she turned out many portraits of local characters. Some of her finest—the cheery postman in his conductor's-type hat, the lace-collared ladies of the sewing bee—now hang in the Village Hall. Some people in Annisquam believe that a certain Boston gallery is hoarding a number of her other canvases against the inevitable day when some young art historian "discovers" her work, setting off a boom.

The Wax Works started like this: One summer during the Second World War, just for the fun of it, Miss Browne mounted a group of tableaux vivants at the North Shore Arts Association, in nearby Gloucester. The show was such a hit that she was asked to produce a similar one for the Sea Fair. That was when she added the conceit of having the participants pretend to be wax figures. She produced a new show every summer for nearly twenty-five years. Like Madame Tussaud's, her productions featured a mixture of historical and literary figures, storybook characters, and contemporary big names, with a bias toward the gruesome and the grotesque. There were Haile Selassie and Cyrano de Bergerac and Little Miss Muffet, but what you remembered best was Marat slumped in his shoe-shaped tub with a large gob of ketchup on his chest, attracting flies. Or the decapitated heads of Bluebeard's wives, dripping gore—an effect produced by having several women stick their heads through holes in a hanging sheet streaked with red poster paint. The audience was led around the Village Hall auditorium by an amateur actor named Laurence Brooks, in a bowler and a false mustache; he narrated each tableau in a hoarse voice full of sinister complacency. The stage was usually reserved for a scene both grisly and monumental: the assassination of Lincoln; the death of Nelson; the execution of the Emperor Maximilian, Edith Cavell, or Mary Queen of Scots.

What people remember best about Miss Browne herself is her ability to discern in a face that the rest of us had always taken for granted a fleeting but indisputable resemblance to some great personage. She was constantly seeking. Out for a walk along the maple-shaded streets of the village, with her little Pekinese trotting behind, she would suddenly stop in her tracks, her portraitist's eye arrested by someone coming the other way. Marching up to him, she would calmly announce, "*You* are Nikita Khrushchev." (Or Dwight D. Eisenhower or Charles de Gaulle.) And so it would be. In this manner, she recruited even perfect strangers.

Only occasionally did Miss Browne err. The tallest boy in the village, covered with shoe polish from head to toe, did not really make a convincing Wilt Chamberlain. And what at first seemed an inspired coup—to invite some members of that white man's fraternal organization the Red Men to take part in the Pocahontas tableau—proved unwise in the event. The Red Men didn't look much like Indians; also, they got drunk on beer, made passes at all the women in the show, and threatened to beat up the amateur historian playing Captain John Smith when he informed them that the name of the beach on the west shore of the Annisquam River—Wingersheek—was Dutch rather than Indian.

One thing that Miss Browne never failed to achieve was the chilling, deadpan tone of dreams. Perhaps that was the real secret of the huge success of these homemade shows. As in a dream, you entered a dark place and saw familiar people—friends, neighbors, perhaps relatives—eerily transmogrified. And, as in many dreams, each transformation seemed to hold some mysterious but curiously apt significance just beyond definition. Later, when the actors returned to everyday life, there hovered about even the most ordinary of them the aura of the character he had played—an aura all the more powerful for having been frozen in a single lurid image. Heroes and

villains and celebrities filled the village. There was Albert Schweitzer sipping a Martini at the Yacht Club bar, Lady Macbeth pruning the roses in her yard, and one of Edith Cavell's executioners pumping gasoline into Salome's jeep. And the heads of Bluebeard's wives, once more attached to housewifely bodies, could be seen bobbing in bathing caps above the waves at the beach.

Miss Browne died in 1972, at the age of eighty-seven, leaving no obvious successor. Various people have stepped forward to organize the shows, with varying degrees of success. One recent edition, built on the theme of the village's history, was excellent. (The show featured local heroes, starting with the lovesick Indian maiden who is supposed to have jumped off the stupendous boulder known as Squam Rock. That scourge of piracy Captain Harraden was portrayed by the athletic young minister of the village church. The minister's wife played Margaret Fitzhugh Browne, shown in the act of painting the cheery postman, who was impersonated by George Mechem's father with a lot of rouge on his cheeks.) What is missing now is the old sense of continuity. Some years, no one wants to assume the burden of getting the thing on. Without Miss Browne, there is no guarantee that the Wax Works will not slowly lapse into legend, like the old shipyards of Lobster Cove.

ARRIVING in Annisquam around sunset on the eve of the Sea Fair, my wife and I rounded the boxy white village church at the head of the cove and entered Leonard Street, the main thoroughfare. We drove past handsome frame houses, past the bronze Civil War soldier standing guard on his pedestal at the foot of the cemetery, past a small field glowing with purple loosestrife, past George's cottage, up a thickly populated hill and into the hub of the village. The fair takes place in and around three white clapboard buildings—the old schoolhouse (now the Exchange, where homemade goods are sold), the old firehouse (now the Historical Society), and the Village Hall. In the dusk, people were building games in the schoolyard and hanging strings of light bulbs and plastic pennants from tree to tree outside the Village Hall.

Climbing the stairs to the auditorium, we still weren't sure that George had gone through with the Wax Works—but there he was, kneeling on the stage, in sneakers and shorts, putting some finishing touches on what turned out to be the Swiss Family Robinson raft. He stood up, squinted, raised both hands in the air, and grinned, exposing dazzling teeth. George's looks haven't changed a lot since we were boys together. He still has an open, thickly freckled face with chapped lips, red-rimmed eyes with light sandy lashes, and a tense smile with a snaggled canine. He wears his red hair long now, though, instead of in the old spiky crewcut.

"How's it going?" I asked after we'd shaken hands.

"Boy, let me tell ya!" he half shouted, his slate-blue eyes darting to one side. "It wouldn't be humanly possible to tell ya how hard I've been working." With a sweeping gesture, he indicated the pallets and props set up around the room. My heart sank a little. It all looked so slipshod, so sketchy.

"Everything you see, I did," he said. In two weeks of non-stop work, he had recruited his actors, taken their measurements, fetched the costumes from Hooker-Howe, in Haverhill, hauled the pallets from his uncle's Gloucester box factory in his brother-in-law's pickup truck, lugged his own skiff upstairs for an "Old Man and the Sea" scene, borrowed props from reluctant owners around the village, and found replacements for actors who had defected.

It seemed like a lot to have done in so brief a time, but, then, George has never been short on energy. Whatever he does—sailing or tennis or acting in amateur theatricals—he does with the earnest exuberance of a coach giving a pep talk before the last quarter of a big game. In fact, George had to give up coaching the Lexington High hockey team several years ago, because he was wearing himself out, finishing up every season with a case of pneumonia. The way he'd thrown himself into the Wax Works reminded me of the way he used to play games when we were boys. War games, pirate games, Peter Pan and Captain Hook—George always played as if it were a matter of life and death.

Giving the Swiss Family Robinson's raft a final, weary look, George sat down on the edge of the stage and began filling us in on the scenes he'd chosen from the literature of the sea. "In my little spiels, I'm gonna be pushing the books," he told us, almost belligerently. "This may strike some people as pretentious, but that's the way it's going to be." This didn't surprise me. George's passion for the classics is one interest he doesn't much advertise—not around Annisquam, at least—but I've never forgotten that he once told me he broke down while rereading the Odyssey, moved to tears by the nobility of its hero. What speaks to him in the old books is their celebration of human dignity, and that's what he stresses in his high-school classes. The most heinous crime that any human being can commit, he teaches, is to strip another human being of his dignity.

Darkness had fallen by the time the three of us left the Village Hall, but the street was lit up with the orangy glow of sodium-vapor lights. People were still hammering away in the schoolyard, building stands and booths, and as we walked along, George had a joke or a greeting for everyone. He was carrying a pointed hat of green rayon, a tunic of the same material, and a pair of brown tights to deliver to the boy playing Peter Pan. "If you don't think this kid *is* Peter Pan, you don't know anything," he boomed at us. "And I got to tell ya, the other day I put Johnny Bishop in his costume, and he looks so much like Captain Hook it's *scary*."

Peter Pan lived in a brown Colonial-looking house just up the street, and he did have exactly the right faunlike features and defiant carriage for the part. Half a dozen of his playmates looked on with a mixture of envy and pretended scorn as he tried on his costume, and George warned them not to try to tease him during the show.

A few minutes later, we were saying good night at the box hedge outside George's cottage. He had turned suddenly pensive. "Once I get up tomorrow, things are gonna go so fast it'll be like getting carried along on a wave," he mused. "I still have no idea if all this stuff is gonna come together. It could turn out a real disaster."

We assured him that the show would be great.

"I don't know," he said, shaking his head. "All I hope is that I just get out of this with my dignity intact."

THE next morning was perfect. The sky was crystalline, washed with a dozen different shades of blue, and brilliant with the intense sea-reflected light for which Cape Ann is famous. The white clapboards of the Village Hall blazed in the sun as if in an Edward Hopper painting. By ten-thirty, half an hour before the official opening time, a small army of fairgoers had arrived, many dressed in alligator shirts, madras shorts, and boat shoes, and carrying babies in baby backpacks. Upstairs, George's actors were drifting into the auditorium and milling around as they waited for George—who was busy pouring a garbage bag full of sand onto one of the pallets—to tell them what to do. The *first show was an hour and a half* away.

Many of the faces were familiar to me as Yacht Club types. I couldn't attach names to all of them, but I did know John Cunningham, the kind, quiet, precociously mature friend of my childhood who is now my family's local lawyer. I shook hands with him and his tall, blond, pretty wife. "We're the Swiss Family Cunningham," he said, with a shy blink.

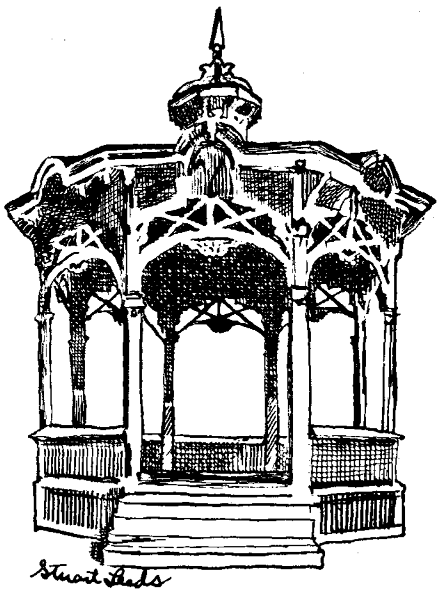
A sharp clap rang out. "O.K., Nigel, over here!" George shouted, beckoning from a pallet in a corner. Nigel, the new tennis pro at the Yacht Club, had broad shoulders, a snub nose, curly blond hair, and slightly protuberant blue eyes. He was to play Billy Budd. With George directing him, he mounted the pallet, placed his hands behind his back, and put his head in a noose that hung from a block secured to the ceiling. George reached up and switched on a floodlight, then took several steps back and raised both hands, palms out, in a gesture of startled appreciation. "Oooh!" he exclaimed. "Ooh, that is lovely! Isn't that soo-pah? Perfecto!"

George turned around and peered into the crowd of actors. "Someone's got to find Lonergan," he said, referring to Lonergan Harrington, a prep-school sailing champion who'd been hired to teach his skills at the Yacht Club. "I think he's deserted the ship." Then, turning back to Nigel, he said, "Anyway, Lonergan's in a full redcoat's uniform, and he's gonna be standing next to you, on guard. So first I talk about your role in the story and then I say, 'And the man who had to make the decision, blah blah blah, Captain Vere,' and then I turn this next light on Spuddy, who'll be standing on this box here."

Warren (Spuddy) Mansur, a tall man with a handsome, doleful face, stared dubiously at the box. He was dressed in a faded T-shirt and denim cutoffs. George had told me that the first time he tried to recruit Spuddy, on the Yacht Club tennis courts, Spuddy had demurred, saying that he had a perfect record of never having appeared in the Wax Works and wanted to keep it that way. He seemed to regret having changed his mind.

"Now, Spuddy," said George, helping him onto the box, "you'll be holding a Bible. I know what you're gonna say: 'Hey, *that*'ll be a first!' Better get a picture of that one, huh?" Spuddy grinned. "All right, you guys," George went on, raising an index finger. "You can stand there semi-relaxed while I'm describing the earlier exhibits, because you'll be in pitch black—but you can't talk to each other. You'll want to swallow just before you go into your freeze. And, whatever you do, don't get caught looking into a person's eyes—just look out beyond. You both look great. Now go into the back and get made up and make sure your costumes fit. O.K.?" Clapping his hands to dismiss them, he turned around and called out, "Now, we got the Cunningham family here, do we?"

George's mother, Mrs. Jane Mechem, was presiding over the make-up operation in the kitchen behind the auditorium. She was wearing a man's white dress shirt, which came halfway down her blue skirt, like a smock. Beside her, on a long plank table in the middle of the room, were cigar boxes full of lipsticks, blush-ons, and crêpe hair. Shaking a can of white Streaks 'n Tips hair dye, she leaned back and sprayed it on the stiff, auburn-colored hair of Scott Hughes, who was sitting in a captain's chair. Hughes, an employment counsellor at Gloucester High School, was forty years old and had a strong, good-humored face. (Last January, he was struck by a car and killed. His funeral overflowed the village church.) He was being made up to portray a Cuban septuagenarian, the tragic hero of "The Old Man and the Sea." As the spray shot out of the can, a sickly-sweet odor filled the room, and the forward shock of Scott's hair turned a bright, shiny white without making him look a moment older.



"Don't you dare get that spray in my chowdah!" said a burly man with tattooed arms who was stirring a big pot on the stove in the corner. It was Dick Swan. He's a tugboat pilot by profession, but many people still think of him as the Village Blacksmith—a part he played in the Wax Works almost twenty years ago. This year, he was doing the food table. He didn't have much room to work, because the place was filling up with people putting on costumes. Long John Silver, in tall black boots and a rainbow sash, was trying to repair his gold earring, which had lost its clasp. The Swiss Family Robinson mother was tying a silk bow around the neck of the Captains Courageous boy.

George Mechem hovered over his mother as she drew thick black furrows across the brow of the old Cuban fisherman. "Janie, make it so they *look* made up, see what I mean?" he said to her. "I want it so their friends don't recognize them."

A slim young man with a sharp nose and a round face wandered into the room looking dazed. "Lonergan!" George shouted. "I thought you were going to stiff us! Get into your costume, will ya?"

Lonergan proceeded to struggle into his guardsman's leggings. "I could be out racing today," Lonergan mumbled to himself, glumly watching the breeze stir the leaves of a maple outside the window.

"What you're gonna be racing is my fist to your jaw," George said. "Now get made up."

AROUND twelve-twenty, the double doors to the auditorium were thrown open, and a restless, curious crowd of about thirty, who had been waiting on the stairs since before noon, spilled into the room. George, now very much the m.c. in a straw hat and a scarlet bow tie, had his patter going from the start, as he herded the customers into the space before the first exhibit. The children, many with strawberries and butterflies painted on their cheeks, arrayed themselves in the front row, gawking. Then the doors were closed, bringing almost total gloom, and George began singing the praises of the "master craftsmen" who had created the wax figures. "Although you may *think* you see a chest heaving, a throat moving, or beads of sweat upon a forehead, that is only because the figures are so miraculously lifelike and realistic," he said.

The crowd chuckled and moved closer.

"Our theme today is Literature and the Sea," George went on, enunciating with care. "And with a month of summer left it is our hope that at least a few of you will go to the library, get out some of these books, and spend some pleasant evenings poring over these great tales of the ocean." Reaching for a dangling light switch, he announced, "And now our first exhibit. Ernest Hemingway's Nobel Prize-winning novel"—click—" 'The Old Man and the Sea.' " The grownups gasped and the children pressed back against their parents' knees as the glaring light revealed Scott Hughes in his little skiff. Frozen in the act of lashing a dull-looking fish knife to the grip of a weathered oar, he stared down with horror-filled eyes at an imaginary school of marauding sharks. The makeup, though garish, said "Cuban" and "old," and the drama came through like a punch on the nose. George described the old man's plight ("dragged to sea for two days by a huge fish"), pointed out some of the details, and finished up by recommending Hemingway's tale as "nice reading, a short little book about personal victory and personal pride."

Taking a few paces and clicking on another light, George continued, "And now one of the most famous tales of Gloucester ever told, Rudyard Kipling's 'Captains Courageous.' " Here, in black velvet knickers and jacket, sat the "spoiled Victorian boy" who had fallen off an ocean liner and been picked up by the "stout Gloucester fishermen." A knife in one hand, a half-peeled potato in the other, he was gazing transfixed at an old salt executing a complicated splice. This moment, said George, represented the boy's first step in learning "the true values of dignity and hard work." (George had to raise his voice, because a baby was crying.) I remembered that after college George had spent four stressful years in the Coast Guard—the last two in Gloucester, commanding a forty-four-foot motor lifeboat that rescued fishing draggers and pulled Sunday sailors off sandbars. And I wondered if his stint in the service had taught George some of the same lessons that the boy in knee pants was beginning to learn at the fisherman's feet.

I couldn't help seeing George the Coast Guard recruit in the next scene, either. It had Richard Henry Dana, of "Two Years Before the Mast" fame, sitting cross-legged in the hold of a square-rigger and entering in his journal the events of the day. George described him to the crowd as a Harvard undergraduate who had "sailed away on a tall ship, looking for the glory and the dream, but found only hardship, bitterness, and ill treatment." What also struck me about this tableau was the backdrop—a black screen with a sail draped over it (a Dacron sail, but so what?) to form a scalene slash of pure white. It made a stunning composition, almost like an abstract painting.

There was a chorus of "Oooh"s when George switched on the next light. It was the captain's daughter from Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," washed up on a Gloucester beach. Solemnly, George intoned the famous lines

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

The "young daughter" here was seventeen and plenty nubile. She was lying on her side, in a bed of sand, with a piece of seaweed draped over her bare shoulder. A thick rope bound her loosely to what looked like a section of telephone pole. Instead of a seaman's coat, she had on a scanty gray shift, with the hem hitched well up the thigh. George had squeezed long streams of "blood" down one of her shins and had arranged her blond hair so it fell in long strands over her face. The over-all effect was unmistakably lubricious.

Sensational as the "Hesperus" scene was, the next one topped it. A palpable shudder went through the crowd at the sight of Nigel, the tennis pro, with a noose around his neck. He had his eyes fixed on the ceiling and was trying hard to look saintly. To his left stood Lonergan, the sailing instructor, at ease, in a redcoat's uniform. After explaining that Billy Budd, impressed onto a British man-of-war, had been "coerced into killing a man who was evil incarnate," George clicked the

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next switch to light up Spuddy Mansur in an officer's long blue coat with gold epaulets. His mouth slightly agape, Spuddy looked either God-struck or about to faint; whichever, the effect was impressive.

"This is Captain Vere," said George, who was pacing back and forth. "He knows Billy to be—in his own words—'an angel of God.' Yet he must wrestle with something we all must wrestle with ultimately—the question of civil law versus God's higher law. In order to maintain order on his ship, he must enforce the civil law and hang this guiltless boy. Notice Billy's face, the expression of sweet innocence."

This last line provoked guffaws from several of Nigel's friends, but Nigel didn't flinch.

George stood still and drew himself up to deliver his final appraisal. "The climactic scene from a book not for the timid," he intoned. "A very complex and very symbolic book, very rewarding to read." He let the message sink in, and then moved on toward the stage. "What's that?" he crowed as the stage lights went on. "The Swiss Family Robinson!" John Cunningham at the steering oar, his wife and youngest son seated on a sea chest, his oldest at the bow—they made a poignant and noble group as they stared into the wings, intent on sighting land. This was tamer stuff than a hanging. The crowd relaxed. We were out of the depths now, rising toward sunlight.

"Take a gander at Long John Silver, one of the great menacing pirates of all literature!" George said, introducing the next scene. I pressed against the back of the crowd, trying to get a better look at the pirate grabbing Jim Hawkins by the scruff of the neck. George became enthusiastic over the Jim Hawkins, pointing out everything from the fear in his eyes to the "perfect detail" of his toenails, and went on to plug Stevenson's book. "The quest for treasure, as we all dream about it," he said, rubbing his hands together, "that's what this story is about."

When George and I were seven years old, we sent a quarter and a box top to Battle Creek, Michigan, and got a Sugar Corn Pops treasure map in return. Though the map was infuriatingly vague, it seemed to indicate that the pirate John Quelch had buried something of value on a small island near Cape Ann. We plotted an elaborate expedition that involved stealing away on a moonless night in George's brother's Turnabout, a sailboat whose shape and size are approximately those of a large bathtub. Both of us knew perfectly well that when the appointed night arrived we would sleep through it, but that did nothing to spoil our excitement. Perhaps what we wanted most from our adventure, even more than doubloons, was dignity—a quality that is so precious and agonizingly elusive to boys (and that turns out to elude many grownups as well) but that the sea, with its inexhaustible supply of trials and terrors, is always ready to confer upon the courageous. This theme of dignity, it seemed to me, was the undercurrent of George's show. Dignity was the gift he was trying to give to the village.

The final tableau was Peter Pan. Arms akimbo, he was standing up to Captain Hook, with Wendy cowering behind him. "Now, for those of you who say 'Are they gonna get away? Are they gonna get away?' " George commented, "of *course* they're gonna get away. You all know the story: they can fly away at will to leave the menacing Captain Hook frustrated on the ground. And, ladies and gentlemen, I hope your tour of the Wax Works has not been frustrating. I hope you've enjoyed spending twenty minutes with us and looking at these figures of literature and the sea."

The crowd applauded and cheered. Even as George acknowledged the applause with little nods, the costumed figures began stepping stiffly down from their platforms, stretching, scratching, and coughing. After the doors had been closed on the last of the customers, Scott Hughes climbed out of his skiff and told George, "You should have warned me that all that business about the wax detail was coming—it was a full-time job to keep a straight face."

I walked out of the hall and had to squint against the brightness of the day. There was a good turnout on the fairgrounds, and people were taking in the attractions at a nice, leisurely pace. I started up the crowded street toward the book table, to see if any treasures were still to be had, but was waylaid by the minister, clipboard in hand, who signed me up to run a game called the Tuna Toss.

Every hour or so that afternoon, when the Wax Works was announced

CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

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over the P.A. system, I would commandeer a young substitute to take over the game and would then hurry off to the auditorium. There was always something new to see. With each show, the wax figures learned to strike more dramatic poses, and to hold more still. George's narration became more concise and eloquent. The crowds increased in numbers and enthusiasm. So good was the word of mouth that an extra performance had to be given, right on the heels of the six-o'clock show, and this final crowd was the biggest and most appreciative of all. After it was over, the actors began to reappear as fairgoers, nonchalant and in mufti. Wendy and Peter Pan rejoined the darting packs in which they travelled, and would have been indistinguishable from their friends except for the heightened redness of their lips. The Swiss Family Cunningham stood near the food table, eating chowder with plastic spoons. Nearby, the fair's final event was starting—an auction, with people bidding for one another's old rugs and planters and toaster ovens.

In the twilight, I spotted George's golden-red hair at the rim of the fairgrounds, and went to join him. He said he was heading home to help put the baby to bed. We started down Leonard Street together. The flowers in the front yards were giving off their afterglow, and down beyond the houses on the right a snowy egret skimmed the shimmering water of Lobster Cove. As we walked along, I told George how glad I was that he'd put on the Wax Works, and asked him if he felt it had been worth all the trouble.

"It'll take me weeks to recover from this," he said hoarsely. "But I've got to say it was absolutely worth it. Because I think that people went away with the sense that it may be just a little fair, but, dammit, there was art there, too." —TIMOTHY CROUSE

•

Patrick is taken in by Claire, the wife of an apparent oil baron who's been left in his safekeeping. The resulting affair leaves Patrick adrift and chaotic.—*Book review in the Tampa (Fla.) Tribune-Times.*

It's not surprising.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Des Moines Register*]

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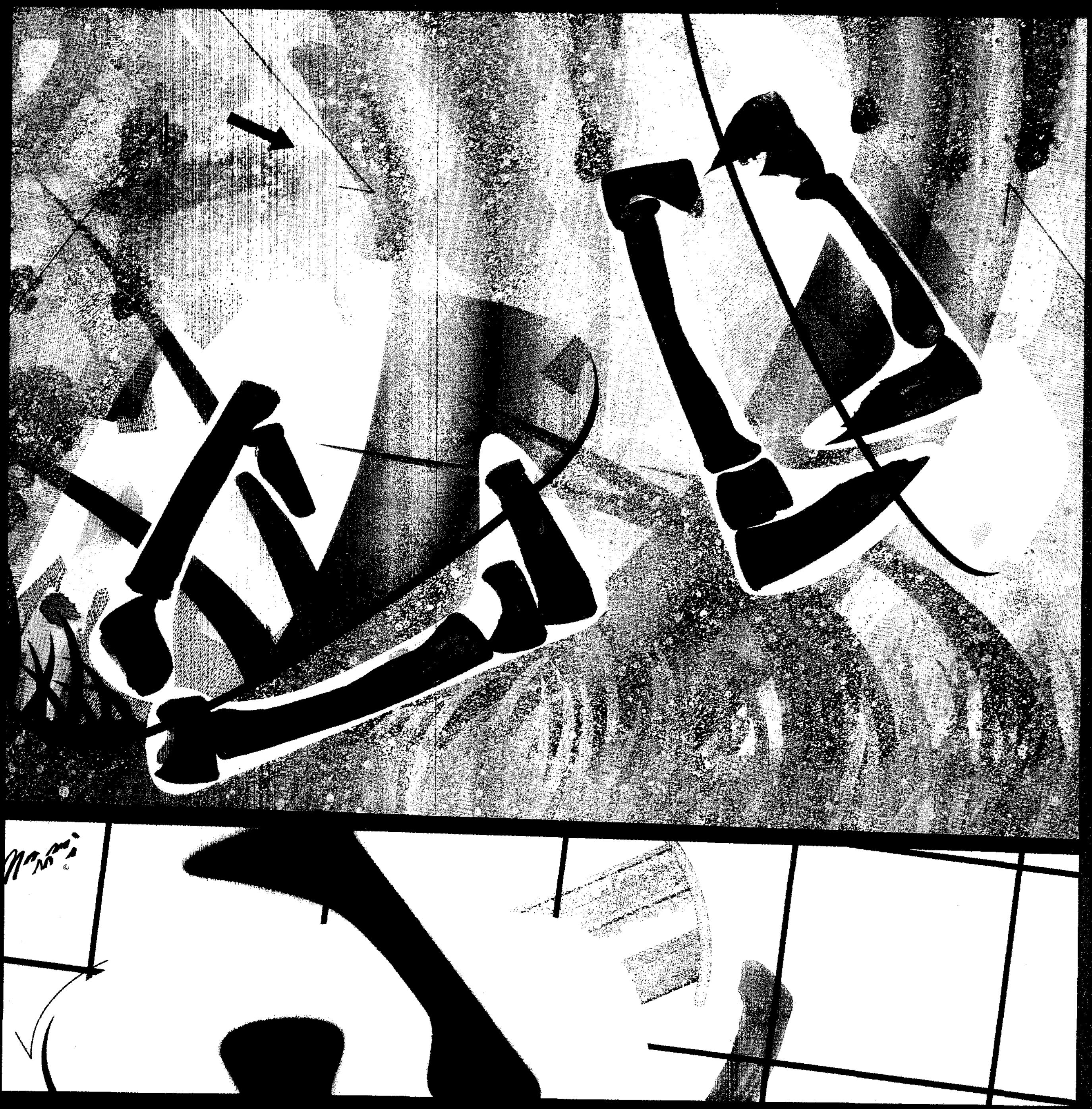
LETTER FROM CAIRO

EGYPTIANS regard people as either light-blooded or heavy-blooded, as relaxed and agreeable or the opposite. They themselves tend to be light-blooded—"an easy-going people, a little cynical, fundamentally good-hearted," the late Nahum Goldmann wrote a few years ago. Goldmann, a pioneer Zionist and founding president of the World Jewish Congress, was in a long line of worldly outsiders who have been attracted to Egyptians. The Egyptians are widely said to be ironic and easily amused, patient and accommodating. Their upbeat style is reflected in their attitude toward politics and leadership. Jokes exchanged in the coffeehouses are a staple ingredient of Egyptian political life. "People here joke instead of protesting," says Ali Dessouki, a political scientist at Cairo University. "It's a way of putting pressure on the leadership. The less communication with the leadership, the more prone to political jokes the society becomes. With President Gamal Abdel Nasser, who governed with a heavy hand, the jokes emphasized the dictatorial nature of his rule. With Anwar Sadat, they stressed the corruption around him. There were also jokes about his wife, who became too visible."

Curiously, there are no jokes—not yet, anyway—about Hosni Mubarak, who became President in October of 1981, after the assassination of Sadat: the first Pharaoh, Egyptians say, to be slain by his people. Dessouki says, "The reason is that Mubarak projects himself as a very normal Egyptian, a man of the people, who tolerates most things. There isn't much to joke about." Muhammad Abdellah, who is the chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the People's Assembly, Egypt's parliament, and, according to diplomats, a confidant of Mubarak's and a rising political leader, says much the same thing. "Jokes are the people's way of expressing themselves," he says. "Now there aren't any jokes. It's fascinating." Salah Jahin, the political cartoonist of *Al Ahram*, Cairo's leading newspaper, and a writer of plays and television scripts, confirmed, in a conversation I had with him recently, the disappearance of the political jokes. "Other kinds of jokes are emerging," he said. "It's mainly humor of the absurd—the Ionesco sort of thing. They mainly concern people who are judged to be backward, leave Egypt to work in other countries, and return with somewhat more sophistication." As many as four million Egyptians are living elsewhere in the Middle East—mostly in Iraq and the Gulf states—and their remittances are important to the economy. "Some people here are a little jealous of them, so they make jokes," Jahin said. "But that's about all there is now." According to Yousef Idris, who writes novels, short stories, plays, and films, Mubarak hasn't become a target for humor because his political style differs dramatically from that of his predecessors. Idris is one of Egypt's most admired writers and respected figures; in both the Nasser and Sadat eras, he was an awkward fit. Nasser, about whom Idris had—and retains—ambivalent feelings, had him arrested and then rehabilitated; in between, Idris was tortured, and one of his plays was banned. He got into trouble with Sadat—whom he actively disliked—for describing Sadat as a dictator in an interview with the Israeli writer Amos Elon. "It is very different now," he says. "Sadat was always there—onstage, with the lights never off him. Right or wrong, he was there, and it irritated us Egyptians. There are no jokes about Mubarak, because he is a real President, not a godfather, like Nasser or Sadat. He is doing his job as President without imposing himself on his people. Nobody hates him. People don't fall in love with him, either. They respect him very much—especially his honesty and his political neutrality. What more can we expect from a President? We don't want a godfather, or even a father."

"He's loyal, but he's no fool."

Mubarak, who is now fifty-six, was a career officer in Egypt's Air Force, of which he had become Commander-in-Chief, when Sadat made him Vice-President, in 1975. Unlike Nasser and Sadat, who had also been soldiers, he was, or seemed to be, a political innocent. Nasser had shown political flair as a young officer, and Sadat, before succeeding him, had logged more than twenty-five years of political experience. In the nineteen-forties, Sadat went to prison for anti-British terrorism. Mubarak's horizons were limited to airfields, barracks, and home; his interests lay in new airplanes and alternative strategies for driving Israel from the Sinai Peninsula. As Vice-President, he was the figure



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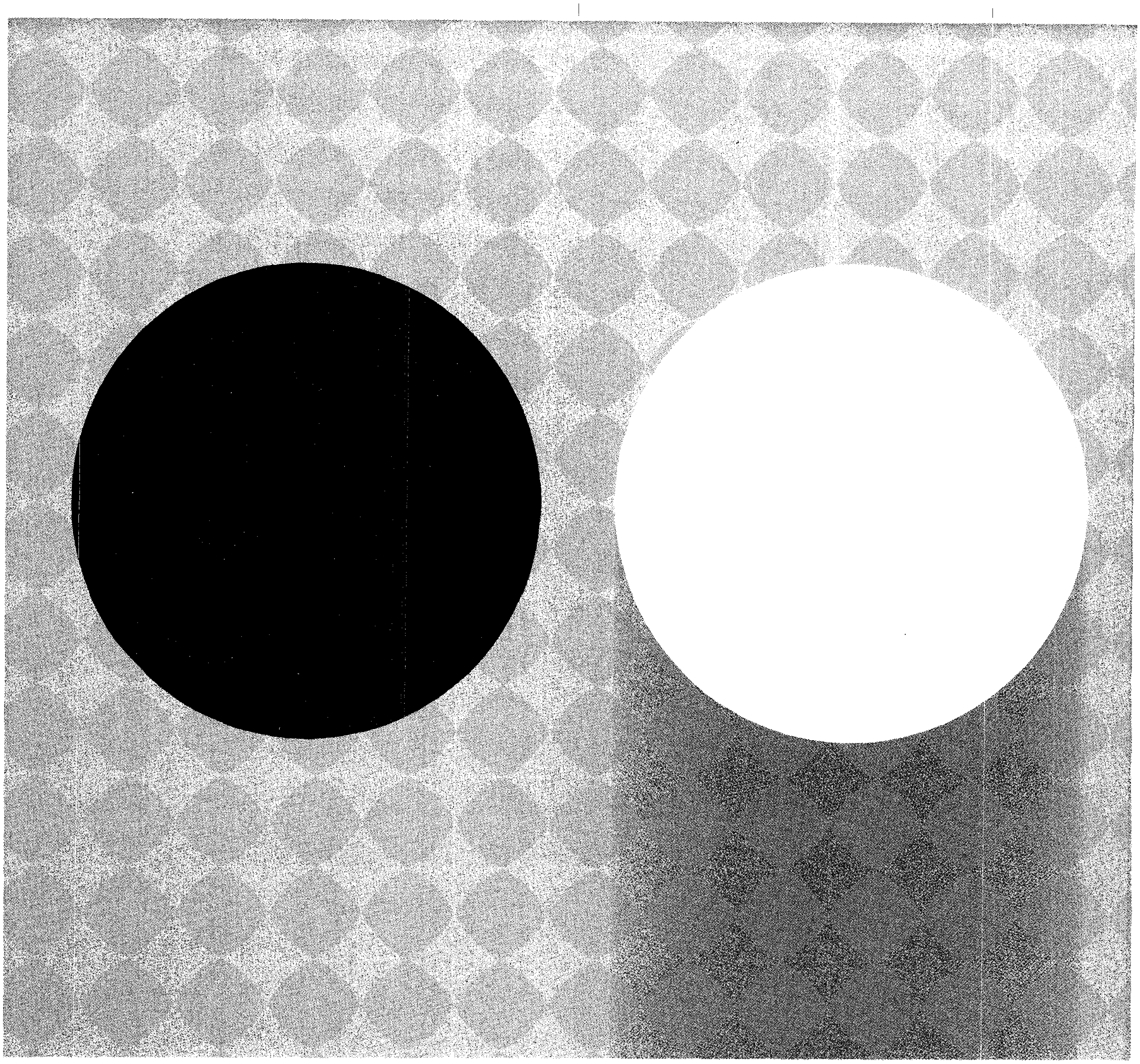

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of fun he hasn't been since succeeding Sadat as Egypt's ruler. Cairenes called him "*la vache qui rit*"—"the laughing cow"—after a popular French cheese, because he was often photographed in situations in which he seemed to have nothing to do but smile. An official of the Carter era who saw Mubarak a few times during Presidential visits to Cairo says, "He took notes and kept quiet except when Sadat left the room for private talks with Carter or Vance or whomever. At that point, Mubarak would tell war stories and banter a bit. But after a time, as he acquired experience, he developed confidence, and his political street smarts became obvious. He is very blunt and straightforward, though—far more so than Sadat, who often talked in circles."

Relief is the main reaction to Mubarak that one senses in most Egyptians, of whatever political bias. Sadat had stretched their tolerances too far. In the later years of his rule, he seems not just to have been out of touch with popular sentiment but to have completely misread it—or so his numerous critics say. "Sadat was theatre—good theatre," says Muhammad Sid Ahmed, an engaging aristocrat and a Marxist, who is a prominent columnist for *Al Ahali*, a left-wing newspaper. "But he did something that had never been done before. He put the leaders of every political tendency into jail—the whole spectrum, all the quality people and many fundamentalists. In the past, one imprisoned leaders of parties judged disruptive or too strongly opposed, but that never included all the opinion-makers and opinion reflectors." Sid Ahmed was referring to the mass arrests of political opponents, real or imagined, in September of 1981. (Sid Ahmed himself left Egypt shortly before the arrests.) This bizarre episode added to the tensions that led to Sadat's violent death a few weeks later. Many Egyptians feel that the arrests only hastened the inevitable; the corruption within the inner circle, they say, together with Sadat's rampant ego and his indifference to the concerns of mainstream Egyptians, created the environment in which the plot against him was hatched. Still, at the time no one knew how widespread the conspiracy was or what lay behind it. Yet Mubarak, instead of tightening security, chose to relax it, and began loosening the system all along the line. He released the political prisoners, except for those who seemed prone to violence, and he made contact with moderates within the political opposition. He also took on the problem of corruption—not by sacking well-placed people under suspicion but by making it clear to everyone that a new and more scrupulous era had begun.

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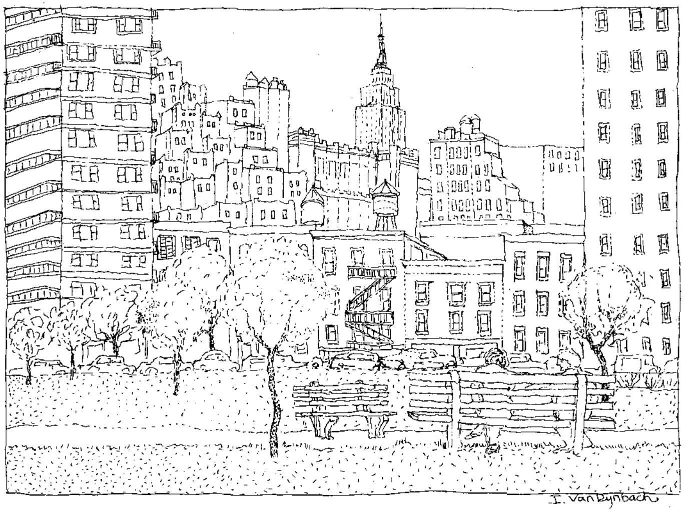
Especially among Cairenes, Sadat is judged rather harshly, perhaps too harshly, and in time a more sympathetic—or balanced, at least—view of him may develop. It was Sadat, after all, who expelled the Soviet military advisers and created the American link. Although Egyptians came to regard him as an American puppet, they like their strong American connection, and they wouldn't want to do without the nearly two billion dollars in American aid they receive annually. And Sadat, of course, ended the state of war with Israel. Many, and possibly most, politically aware Egyptians were unhappy with the terms of Sadat's peace with Israel—notably, the absence of concessions by Israel of the kind that the Arab world had not only expected but insisted on. Yet most Egyptians, while deploring Israel's continued unwillingness to compromise on matters affecting the Arab territories it occupies—especially the West Bank of the Jordan—strongly prefer this "cold peace" to the constant threat of war they used to confront. Briefly, Egypt came to dislike Sadat but doesn't want to see his accomplishments undone. In praise of Mubarak, one hears a good deal about his disavowal of the use of secret police to spy on citizens; it's a point worth making—Mubarak has taken steps to strengthen civil liberties. But the practice of using information gathered from telephone taps and by other, similar means against individuals began to be curtailed in Sadat's time. Also, Sadat did choose Mubarak as his potential successor. He felt that he needed another military figure, but one who wouldn't inspire envy or jealousy among fellow-officers. Since Mubarak's Air Force, assisted by a good performance from Soviet-built air-defense missiles, did well enough against Israel's to enable the Egyptian Army to cross the Suez Canal in 1973, and from there carry the war to the enemy, no one could challenge his credentials or diminish his achievements. Some of the other contenders were unacceptable either because of their politics or because their appeal seemed to lie with religious extremists. Mubarak had neither of these liabilities, and Sadat knew him to be anti-Soviet—another plus.

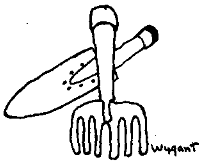
Among the political figures closest to Sadat was Mansur Hassan, his Minister of State for Presidential Affairs and also for Culture and Information, who, by all accounts, was being groomed to become Prime Minister. They fell out because Hassan opposed the political arrests. He was obliged to resign, and is now a successful businessman, but his political advice is still sought, and his eventual return to politics in some major role is judged likely. "As countries go, Egypt is, or should be, a very governable one," he says. "Its people are patient, understanding, and usually ready to give a new leader the benefit of the doubt. What more can a politician ask for?" Mubarak, it seemed at first, was the beneficiary of Egypt's patience and its tendency to hope for the best, even from a simple soldier whose leadership qualities, if he had any, weren't visible. It now looks as if Mubarak is at least as shrewd a political animal as Nasser or Sadat was. Diplomats in Cairo and fellow-politicians say that he thinks and behaves more like an Egyptian than either of them. Unlike Nasser, he doesn't dictate or manipulate opinion. Unlike Sadat, he doesn't misread opinion, and he is far more responsive to it. He probably doesn't understand economics any better than either of them did, but he does understand his own limitations, and he is leery of radical or grandiose approaches to Egypt's economy. Nasser sought to eliminate the private sector and create a socialist economy. Sadat tried the opposite path to economic growth and stability, by adopting a so-called open-door policy, known in Egypt as "*infitah*." But, his critics say, Sadat never cared whether the investments pouring through the open door were of the sort that would help the economy or have no effect other than to make the rich richer and add to the rapidly growing number of nouveaux riches. "Sadat's open door encouraged adventurism and corruption," a former political associate of his says. (There is no serious disagreement with that.) So far, Mubarak hasn't tried to do much about Egypt's practical problems: too many people, too little water, and an irrational economy. He may feel that he shouldn't try until he is completely out from under Sadat's shadow and has established his own identity. For a time, Mubarak was liked mainly for what he hadn't done—no immoderate or theatrical gestures—and for his low-key style. But now, although he still pays homage to the legacies of Nasser and Sadat, he may be on the verge of a daring break with their era—the years since July of 1952, when Nasser, along with Sadat and some brother officers, deposed King Farouk and ended the monarchy. Mubarak isn't just loosening the system they created; he seems to be heading Egypt toward democracy—not a wholly unbuttoned parliamentary democracy in the Western sense but a fairly close approximation. "Nasser's revolution was really a coup d'état, which preëmpted the popular revolution we should have had," Yousef Idris says. "He was a dictator, and too dictatorial." Except at the end, Sadat ruled with a lighter hand than Nasser did, but his regime offered little political license to a people who, before 1952, had been practicing parliamentary democracy on and off since the eighteen-sixties. He did allow some political life to return. A few parties were reborn or begun, and each had its newspaper. But their latitude wasn't great, the process didn't go very far, and Sadat took back with one hand much of what he granted with the other. Like Nasser, he renewed his term through a plebiscite, which he, too, arranged to win with at least ninety-eight per cent of the vote. When Sadat began his Presidency, he advised the country that one six-year term was enough. Before his death, however, he had amended the constitution's two-term limit in a way that allows Egypt's President to be reëlected to an unlimited number of terms—for life, actually. It was an unpopular move.



Shortly after Sadat's death, Mubarak began meeting with leaders of the political opposition. Nothing he did or said in the early days of his rule indicated that he might break with the past. (His own succession had been overwhelmingly approved by the country in another plebiscite.) But gradually the parties and the press began to feel liberated. By early 1983, a little more than a year after Mubarak became President, newspapers wishing to criticize the government felt free to do so. By the end of the year, there was talk of a parliamentary election in the spring that would be free and above reproach. The reaction to the talk was highly skeptical, and for a time the opposition parties even threatened to boycott the election. Rather abruptly, the skepticism was dissolved, in a by-election in Alexandria held last January. The candidate of the government party—the National Democratic Party, or N.D.P.—was in danger of losing to an opponent from a left-wing party. Everyone expected the government to step in and make sure that when the votes were counted its man would be the winner. But Mubarak, it seems, ruled out government interference. Instead, Muhammad Abdellah, an Alexandrian, was asked to take charge of the campaign. He did, but to no avail. The government's candidate lost in a very close race. Then, on May 27th, the Egyptians did select a new parliament —in their first free, multiparty election since the pre-Nasser era. The N.D.P., as expected, won a huge majority—three hundred and ninety-one of the four hundred and forty-eight seats being contested. The electorate, according to experts, was voting for continuity and stability—for the known versus the unknown—rather than expressing a preference for the N.D.P. as such. The turnout was small; clearly, a great many Egyptians had not been convinced that the elections would be honest. Moreover, the government was never put on the defensive. A ban imposed in the Nasser era on the two most extreme of the adversary groupings—the Communists and the Muslim Brotherhood—is still in force. Two of the four legal opposition parties are conservative, the two others are on the left. Only the furthest to the left of these, the National Progressive Unionist Grouping, offered voters a clear alternative: a harder line toward Israel and the United States, including an abrogation of the Camp David agreements, and a deep slash in the economy's private sector. The three other parties criticized the government's performance in their newspapers, but, aside from nuances of difference on investment policy, did not offer an alternative. And these three saw almost nothing in Mubarak's foreign policy to reproach, possibly because it is very popular. Through artful diplomacy, he has kept intact the achievements he inherited while gradually repairing the damage caused by some aspects of Sadat's policies—especially Egypt's isolation from the Arab world after its separate peace with Israel. Briefly, Mubarak has managed to maintain close ties with the United States, and a treaty relationship with Israel, while maneuvering Egypt back into the Arab fraternity and recapturing a large role in Third World affairs. He didn't bother to link his diplomatic successes to the political campaign. The electorate did that.

MUBARAK may be a democrat by instinct and preference, as some who know him believe. Others say that he is as good a political tactician as he was a military tactician, and sees advantage to himself in releasing Egyptians from their political harness. Still others think that he is a realist, aware that democracy—for now, at least—is the only good option available to him and his country. What has happened over the past year, and particularly in the last few months, supports a broader view: Mubarak could be all of the above. "He is more of a pragmatist than Sadat, who was carried away by his own mystique and enjoyed playing the Pharaoh," says a former American Ambassador to Cairo who knew them both. "Mubarak is a good soldier who ended up as President and is determined to make it work. He is committed by temperament and belief to making Egypt a democracy." Sid Ahmed, whose paper, *Al Ahali*, is among those most hostile to the government, says, "The press is now freer than at any time in the country's history. Sadat allowed the papers to operate, in principle. But he made it too difficult for them. My paper was confiscated so often that we stopped publishing. I couldn't have done any of the things then that I do now."

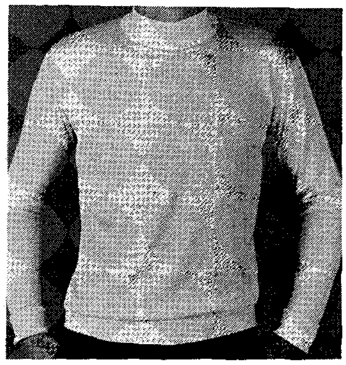
Shortly before I arrived in Cairo, some weeks ago, *Al Ahali* carried an editorial on page 1 accusing the government of torturing some political prisoners described as Muslim fundamentalists. When I asked where the limits on the press's freedom lay, Sid Ahmed and others said that the government was fair game but not the President himself. Although no such rule has been laid down, it seems to be tacitly understood on all sides that Mubarak, like his predecessors, is above reproach. That, too, could change in time, assuming that the democratic process takes hold.



According to Mustafa Khalil, who was Prime Minister for a time under Sadat and is now the president of a large bank, the recent elections were designed to be not only free but as fair as they could be made. "They will be different from past elections," he told me during the campaign. "First, there will be proportional representation—no winner-take-all—and that favors the opposition. Second, no independent persons will be allowed to stand, as in the past, when individuals who represented prominent families or local institutions could get themselves elected. Now the candidates must be members of a political party." Khalil thinks that the exclusion of prominent personalities and families representing only themselves will strengthen the parties, which, he says, "must assume major responsibilities if democracy is to function here." He continued, "Until now, our parties haven't represented the broad interests of society. They've been far too ideological, and have tended to concentrate on their newspapers or on a few influential elements." He and others also noted that each of the opposition parties would be granted the same amount of time on television as the government forces.

Those who see Mubarak as a tactician cite the elections, because of the way they were handled, and his highly successful middle-of-the-road diplomacy as having given him a kind of mandate that he can draw on during the three years remaining in his term. But those who see him as more than a tactician—as a convinced democrat, or a realist, or possibly both—now have a case to make. It begins with "participation"—one of the new buzzwords in Cairo. "People, especially young people, must feel they are participating," says a British Arabist who lives in Cairo. "Fifty to sixty per cent of the population here is under twenty; some say under fifteen—no one really knows. The young are living in mosques, streets, schools—everywhere. If they are employed, they make thirty dollars a month. They haven't a chance. Democracy in some form must be allowed to flourish." Judith Kipper, an American specialist on the Middle East, says, "It's all about participation now. These people have been through pan-Arabism, Arab socialism, Palestinianism, and Americanism. All are judged to have failed. So now they have Islamic fundamentalism. Just as American kids become Moonies or join other sects, kids in this part of the world are turning to Islamic fundamentalism." The experienced political moderates I met in Cairo—Khalil, Hassan, Muhammad Abdellah, and others—seem to feel that by relaxing and liberalizing the system Mubarak is creating a hedge against extremism, religious and otherwise, at a possibly decisive moment. "Democracy is definitely a bulwark against the fundamentalists and a pole of attraction for most of our people," one of them says. "Their participation in the process will acquire roots. The extremism is a form of rejection by society—a function of its frustration."

Mubarak's credibility as a creative leader—as more than a good tactician—was increased considerably by his handling of the New Wafd, the party that ran second in the elections, far outdistancing the other opposition parties and acquiring fifty-seven seats in the Assembly. The New Wafd is a rebirth of the Wafd—Egypt's oldest and most respected party. Nasser banned the Wafd, along with the other parties, in January of 1953. ("Wafd" means delegation; the first Wafdists were a delegation that sought to represent Egyptian interests at the Versailles Conference, in 1919.) The Wafd regrouped in 1977, at a time when Sadat was experimenting with democracy and allowing political parties to form. But he probably hadn't counted on the burst of enthusiasm that greeted the Wafd and its leader, an aging pasha named Fuad Sarag al-Din, one of the men who had guided the Party in the pre-Nasser era and never accepted the new order; he endured prison rather than change his



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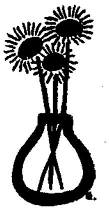
ways or his principles. The Wafd must have seemed threatening, and Sadat moved quickly against it by arranging to have a law adopted—the law of isolation, as it was called—that banned from political life anyone who had been a minister of government or a party leader in the prerevolutionary era. The law was aimed at Sarag al-Din and two confederates, Wahid Ra'afat and Ibrahim Farrag, the latter of whom had been a senior government figure in the ancien régime, and was imprisoned by Nasser. Sadat's law of isolation denied them even the right to vote. The three Wafdist leaders thereupon dissolved their party again. Then, under Mubarak, with the climate changing, they decided to try once more. Late last year, a high court ruled in favor of the New Wafd's legality. The government appealed the ruling, citing the law of isolation. The court was expected to rule in favor of the government's appeal. Instead, Mubarak intervened, saying that the law, as interpreted by the court, should be allowed to take its course. The court thereupon rejected the government's appeal. Mubarak seemed to be flirting with a menace that Sadat had buried. Unlike the N.D.P., which Sadat created, the Wafd can't be held responsible for anything that befell Egypt during the past thirty years. It has either set off or caught a wave of nostalgia for the old era—for a simpler time, in which the Wafd, because it stood against the British and the monarchy, seemed to stand for Egypt. Some say that Egypt's middle class is tired—that the nostalgia and the New Wafd are a reflection of middle-class fatigue. A current fashion is watching movies of the old days; they show Cairo and other cities with clean streets, well-kept palm trees, and various other civilized attributes of Egyptian life that are disappearing. The nostalgia induced by such scenes lies not only with the generation that can remember them but with the young as well. The fashion benefits the Wafd; numerous politically conscious people of all ages see the Party as blending the best of the past with middle-class values and nationalism of a rather old-fashioned kind—as being the only authentic party.

Mubarak hasn't seen eye to eye with his government on several political matters; most of its senior figures are holdovers from the Sadat era and may soon be leaving. Prime Minister Fuad Mohieddin, who had also been Sadat's first deputy prime minister, tried to block the return of the Wafd. (Mohieddin died of a heart attack eight days after the elections.) But Mubarak, who is distancing himself from Sadat, may see the Wafd as more of a consort than a threat, perhaps even as an agent of stability. "From 1919 forward, it was Egypt's majority party," Sid Ahmed says. "And it was often used by the British for unpopular jobs. Mubarak may have the same thing in mind." By that, he meant that some people who would otherwise be drawn to the religious fundamentalists may join the Wafd instead. What Mubarak has done strikes many Cairenes as both sensible and consistent. A parliamentary democracy, by its nature, requires an opposition party, or parties. In Egypt today, only the Wafd has enough political reach, or potential reach, to offer a challenge to the government. So far, however, the challenge is purely political, having little or nothing to do with issues. The Wafd is still the creature of the three patriarchal figures who lead it, and their views and Mubarak's haven't diverged. Government accountability and free enterprise are the eternal priorities of the Wafd, a party whose appeal was always directed at property holders, large and small. ("The party of the feudalists," the Nasser people said when they banned it.) Its leaders now think of Mubarak as an ally, but they can't be sure. "We will help Mubarak in every aspect of domestic and foreign policy," Farrag says. "He'll benefit, because the Wafd represents the nation and has the confidence of the nation. He knows that." Still, according to some diplomats and others, the Wafdist leaders didn't want to alarm the government by "doing too well" in the elections. They want to avoid any repetition of what happened to them during the Sadat experiment. Assuming that all goes well with Mubarak, they will try to win a majority of the seats in the next parliamentary election, in 1989.



The Wafd campaigned on its popular name but without a program. I wanted to find out more about that, but was unable to call on Sarag al-Din, an imposing but normally hospitable man, because he had just broken his leg and was fully caught up in directing the campaign from his bedside telephone, which was always busy. I did see Farrag, a lawyer with a lively practice, who is the Party's secretary-general. We met in his office, in a dilapidated building on a fashionable street; he had just returned from court. Since the ages of the three leaders had become an issue, I asked him how old he was. He said that he would "admit to eighty." Sarag al-Din is reported to be seventy-three, and Ra'afat, the Party's vice-chairman, is his senior, according to Farrag. Each of the three was known to be enjoying the campaign—Sarag al-Din despite his broken leg. Farrag, who has a naturally exuberant style, seemed to be hugely enjoying it. He had been busily touring the country and proclaiming a simple message: The Wafd is back. Democracy is coming.

"We didn't decide to start campaigning until we were sure the elections would be free," Farrag told me. "When we heard Mubarak say that he'd cut the throat of anyone who interfered with the process, we felt safe." (He also said that he and the others remained highly skeptical of some of the people in Mubarak's government.) As for the Wafd's lack of a program, he said, "We agree with Mubarak in foreign policy and Arab policy."

And domestic policy?

"We aren't criticizing, because we are too busy campaigning," he said, circumspectly.

I then asked Farrag about the Wafd's greatest vulnerability—an alliance that it had recently made with the Muslim Brotherhood. Although the Brotherhood is banned as a party, it can informally align itself with and support a legal party. The Wafd has always been a highly secular party with a very large Coptic membership. Its decision to join forces with the Muslim Brotherhood came as a surprise—an unpleasant one—to many members and admirers of the Wafd; they saw it as a cold-blooded calculation, but one that could easily backfire, by driving many Copts and others from the Party. Farrag, who is himself a Copt, was noncommittal.

I spoke with another prominent Wafdist—a Copt named Mona Makram Ebeid, a granddaughter of Makram Ebeid, who was a pioneer Wafdist, a member of the Versailles group, and for many years the Party's conscience and, on occasion, its reformer. The questionable alliance, according to Mrs. Ebeid, who teaches sociology at the American University in Cairo and ran unsuccessfully for the

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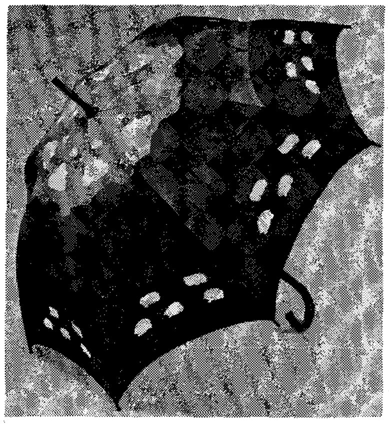

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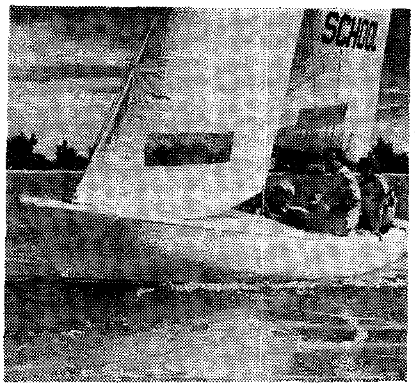
Assembly as a Wafdist candidate, "will enable the voice of the Islamic Brothers to be heard." She added, "Traditionally, there have been many elements in the Wafd." She conceded that the Muslim Brotherhood had never before been among those elements. Actually, the Brotherhood is far less immoderate than it used to be, and is now judged to represent the respectable elements concerned with Islamic thought and opinion. Also, despite being banned the Brotherhood has aided the government in its struggle to neutralize the Islamic extremists.

One respected political figure in Cairo is skeptical about the Wafd. Its patriarchs, he says, are splendid people. "They have stamina and determination, and everyone knows them," this man says. "What they don't have is a program or a sense of the country's problems. The Party's second tier is composed of men in their forties and fifties—mostly lawyers—who lack name recognition, which in Egypt is very important. These new people have no connection with the Party's past, and are merely fed up with the last thirty years. They are hoping for a better deal by trying to revive a past they never knew. All they have in common with the older group is their vagueness about what the New Wafd stands for. But that's enough to sustain the illusions of both groups." He and most of Cairo's other political handicappers admire Mubarak but don't think much of his government or of the N.D.P. in general—"a thin, undistinguished lot," one of the most experienced of them says. Actually, a great many Egyptian politicians seem to be more concerned with the ghosts of the past than with their country's real problems, probably because these are explosive as well as difficult. Some thoughtful Cairenes worry that Egypt will dissipate its political energies in trying to decide which was the better time—the pre-1952 days or the years since. Also, their political system is now something of a hybrid, blending a President who is in virtually full command with a freely elected parliament. A choice will have to be made. It probably lies between a return to one-man rule by some charismatic figure or full-blown parliamentary democracy. The tenable ground in the middle is expected to crumble away. With the novel experience of a free, multiparty election now completed, Egyptians will begin to discover where Mubarak is taking them and who he really is—



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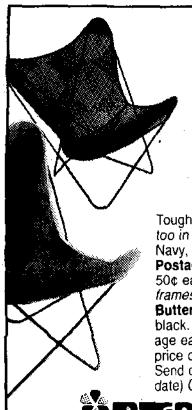

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whether he *is* actually more than a clever tactician.

CAIRO’s exceptional elegance and charm are being obscured by decay. “This isn’t a city any longer,” says Yousef Idris. “It’s a mess. We have turmoil.” Some of the smarter shopping and business streets are holding their own, but many of the fashionable neighborhoods are in a serious and quite obvious process of decline. An example is Zamalek, an island in the Nile and one of Cairo’s best addresses. Its genteel buildings and converted private palaces are in a state of dilapidation. Because many rents are absurdly low—they were frozen in the Nasser era—the owners of buildings have no incentive to keep them in good repair. Finding an apartment in one of the better neighborhoods is difficult; tenants pay so little that they tend to stay put, and when an apartment does become vacant the owner charges what may be an enormous sum, called key money, as an entry fee. None but the affluent can afford the fee.

So many people are moving to the city that a process known as the ruralization of Cairo is under way. No one knows what Cairo’s population is; fifteen million people may be there by day, twelve million by night—some of them return to villages and tent cities in the evening. Even though Cairo can’t absorb the influx—whole sections of the city are sometimes without water or electricity—the process continues. In many parts of town, squalor is relieved by inner harmony. Whatever has befallen the buildings, the apartments inside them hold their charm. And for a bourgeois family refuge from the city and its troubles may begin at the foyer of a large, possibly elegant apartment, which may cost as little as thirty or forty dollars a month.

Stylistically, Cairo hasn’t really changed. The city remains a beacon of civilization for Arabs everywhere and for Israelis as well. Very few Egyptians (fewer than four thousand a year) visit Israel, but the number of Israeli tourists going to Cairo was over thirty-five thousand last year, and is growing. And, according to an Israeli diplomat in Cairo, they enjoy themselves and are well treated, despite the cold peace. “Since 1981, a hundred thousand of our tourists have come here, and the Embassy has never heard a complaint from one of them except, occasionally, the usual thing about a pickpocket making off with someone’s wallet and passport,” he said.

What about his own life in Cairo?

“I’ve nothing to complain about,” he said. “My life here is very full. I don’t feel at all isolated. We are invited out. I like Egyptians, and I almost always agree with them on nonpolitical subjects. I have no complaints on a personal basis with their diplomats. I live in a flat near the Nile, and I love it. This country is the greatest example of cultural endurance in human history.”

For those who can afford it—and quite a few can—the palmy life enjoyed by privileged Egyptians and well-to-do foreign residents in the pre-Nasser era is still available. It offers thoroughbred horses bred by one’s friends on estates within minutes of the Pyramids, elegant apartments in town, and lengthy holidays in Europe during the hot months, and includes a tendency to take the best for granted and to insist on the old standards. In Zamalek and the other fashionable neighborhoods, one still finds fully trilingual people, doing their business in Arabic and English and speaking French at home. “There is a segment of Egyptian society that goes on unchanged and survives even the worst of times,” says Lucius Battle, a retired American diplomat. Battle was Ambassador to Cairo during the Nasser era, and he also dealt with Egypt as a senior government official in Washington. He is now a frequent visitor to Egypt and has a wide circle of friends there. He still sees what he calls “a horsy other world strongly reminiscent of Durrell’s ‘Alexandria Quartet,’ with some of its characters still around and identifiable.” I thought of this comment while having lunch in Cairo with a European diplomat—an old friend whom I hadn’t seen in many years. Nearly every afternoon, he told me, he and his teen-age son ride in the desert near the Pyramids. On some days, they ride from there to the even older, truly ancient pyramids of Saqqara—a trip of about two hours.

Battle describes Egyptians as having “enormous political humor and sophistication.” Another diplomat who has had lengthy experience in the region and is now an Ambassador in Cairo says, “Egyptians don’t live on the knife’s edge, as people in Israel and Jordan feel they do. Or the Saudis, who are not comprehensible but are very insecure. Egyptians know who they are. This place squeaks a lot, and some of it is rusting over, but

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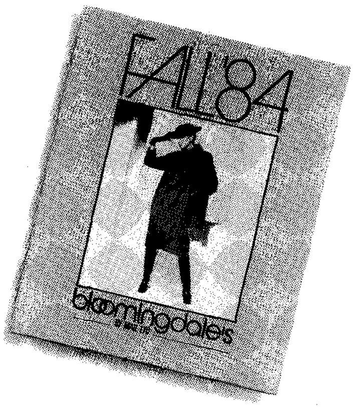

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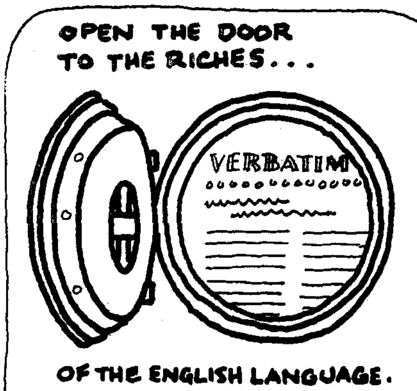
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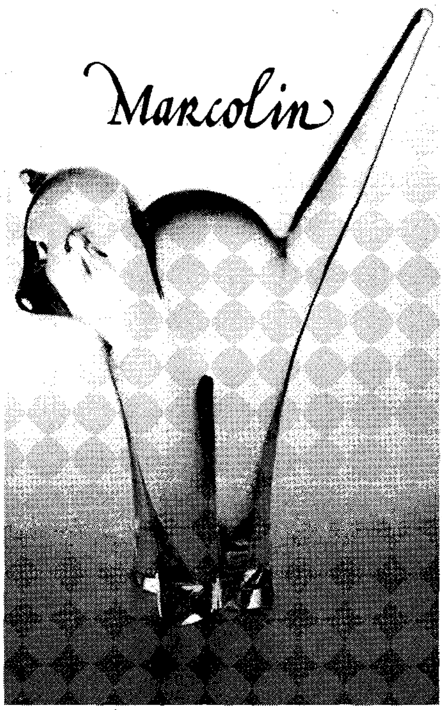

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there is a sense of permanence you don't find elsewhere in the area. Israel is a nervous society. Jordanians and Palestinians are nervous. Egyptians aren't." Some Cairenes demur, feeling that their society is starting to lose its sense of permanence and its exceptional forbearance. Some of them point to an identity crisis. "We wonder who we are," Sid Ahmed says. "We aren't part of the Arab world. We're tied to the United States now, but we have no leverage with the United States. We made a peace treaty with Israel, but we have no influence with Israel. Who are we? What are we for? What are we against?"

Everyone who talks about an identity crisis seems to know two sisters, one of whom wears the veil, the other bluejeans; and in a society with several million Coptic Christians and a rather secular style the threat from religious extremism causes concern—too much, many would argue. "What's always been out there is being heard and asserting itself," an American expert on Egyptian culture says. "This is a religious country, but it isn't anti-Western or pro-Khomeini. And it won't be. The terrorists are under control. Sure, there's something of a religious revival, but it's mainstream, not extremist, stuff. Take Mubarak. He rarely shows up at religious ceremonies. There isn't any TV coverage of him praying, as was the case with Sadat. Sadat played to the religious dynamic and paid for it." (Despite the large Coptic minority, communal strife in Egypt is comparatively rare.) Some Cairenes mock the theory of an identity crisis; if there is one, they say, it is seven thousand years old. But they also feel that the talk about it, along with the nostalgia for the past and the preoccupation with the fundamentalists, just distracts attention from the real problems: too many Egyptians and too little opportunity for them. By and large, middle-class Cairenes aren't worried about Israel or the Palestinian problem or the war between Iran and Iraq. They do worry about their children—what the children will be able to do with their lives, whether the seemingly intractable nature of Egypt's problems will breed extremism and, eventually, revolution. A European diplomat who admires Mubarak says, "In two and a half years, he has only fiddled at the edges. If nothing changes, there will be an explosion."

Mubarak makes fewer promises than Sadat, who used to talk about blending the land, the river, and the people into a robust economy; the missing ingredient—capital—was rarely mentioned. Quick fixes and grandiose but hopeless schemes—some of them ludicrous—tempted Sadat; they suited his impulsive, theatrical nature. (An example is the Pyramids Oasis Project, which envisioned a golf course laid out in the shape of the *ankh*, Egypt's ancient symbol of life; a tennis camp; four luxury hotels; gambling casinos; and numerous villas. All this was to have been built on a plateau overlooking the Great Pyramids—land that is considered part of a national heritage. The uproar set off by the project obliged Sadat to cancel it.) "Sadat ignored the horrendous population explosion," says a former American Ambassador to Cairo. "His wife was a member of the Population Council, but he did nothing about the problem." Mubarak hasn't done much about the problem, either, but he is willing to talk about it, and, unlike Sadat, he has encouraged birth control. With the elections now behind him, Mubarak may grow bolder. That would mean pushing his government and a bloated, unresponsive bureaucracy into action. Egypt's practical difficulties are a minefield, and it has been seven years since anyone has done more than circle it. In January of 1977, Sadat's government was sternly warned by the world financial community to curb its high-spending, inflationary ways. Because wages in Egypt are low, the prices of staple foodstuffs such as rice, lentils, and sugar—and of clothing, fuel, and other basics—are kept at artificially low levels, with heavy subsidies paid by the government. The Sadat regime reacted to the warning by announcing that it would cut the subsidies and allow the prices of the affected commodities to go up sharply. Tens of thousands of Egyptians took to the streets in a fury. The police couldn't subdue them, and the Army was called upon to restore order. The rioting lasted two days. Using the Army against the poor—the class to which most soldiers belong—was a risky step, and no one wants to try it again. Sadat rescinded the decision to cut the subsidies, and thereafter ignored economic reform.

Egypt actually has two economies: one is a huge, stagnant public sector, the other a comparatively small but quite conspicuous and growing private sector. Sadat's open-door policy cre-

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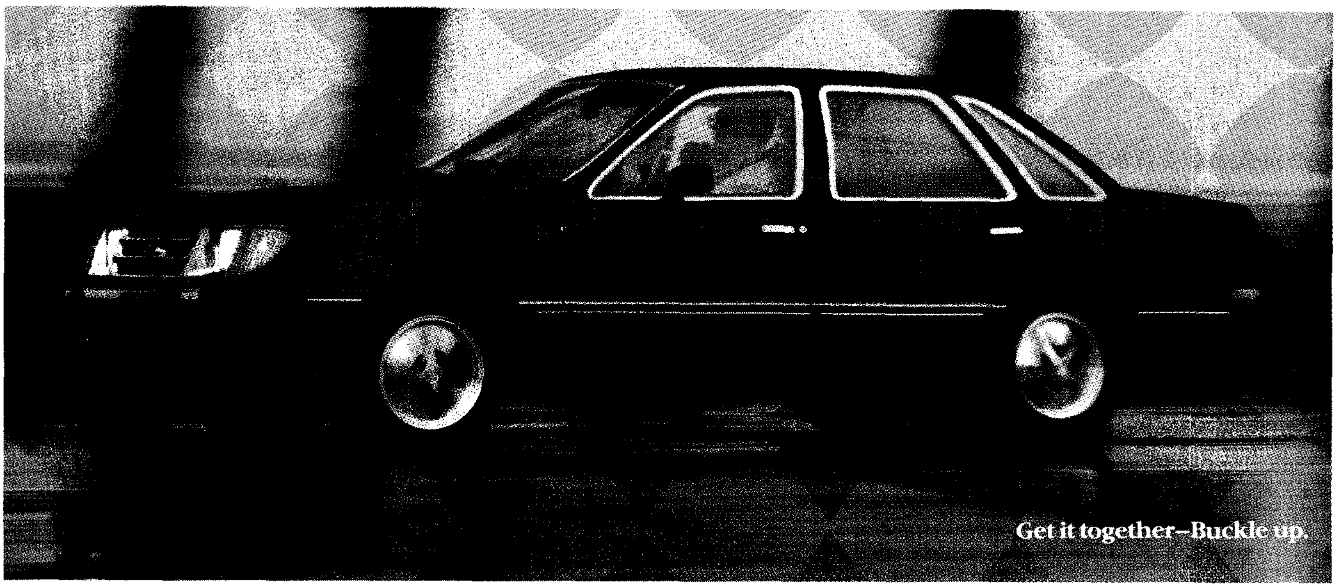

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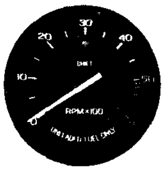

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ated a large class of nouveaux riches, which, in turn, spawned a profusion of expensive villas, night clubs, luxury automobiles, and other visible trappings of wealth. Western diplomats who were in Cairo at the time of the food riots vividly recall how the mobs swept past their embassies, leaving them untouched, and instead wrecked casinos and night clubs on the road to the Pyramids, where the Egyptian nouveaux riches, along with Saudis and Gulf Arabs, disport themselves. Expensive, Westernized shops were also torn apart. Mercedes-Benz cars were another target. The fury of the rioters was quite clearly directed at obvious symbols of the influences that were felt to be corrupting the country. (Saudis and Gulf Arabs are still unpopular—as much as the newly affluent Egyptians; I was told that some Cairenes who sublet their apartments to Westerners or Japanese won't sublet to Saudis or Gulf Arabs.) People here usually recall the food riots while discussing the larger question of where the country is headed—a conversation that can end where it began: with speculation about whether Egypt will somehow decide on the kind of political system it should have and, given the scale of its problems, whether the decision matters.

In Sadat's time, relations between Egypt and the United States soared to an exalted high. To Americans, Sadat was an authentic hero who could do no wrong. Egyptians understood his popularity in the United States, but Americans don't understand why he became so unpopular at home; actually, most Americans were not aware that Egypt had developed a strong distaste for its leader. Camp David had something to do with it; corruption within the court had more. Sadat's personal style—ostentatious as well as grand—contributed much to the country's disaffection. He took over houses and palaces for his own use. He seemed to be quite an idle President. Official papers apparently bored him. "He gradually took on Pharaonic airs," a senior American diplomat recalls. After he moved out of Nasser's shadow and became a world figure, Sadat often wore custom-made uniforms in ceremonial appearances, and carried a gold-tipped baton. The uniform he sometimes wore could be conservatively described as picturesque. He was wearing it when he died. A friend of mine—a diplomat who had returned to Cairo for a second tour a few days before Sadat's last parade—was in the reviewing area reserved for diplomats when the shooting occurred. I asked him about it.

"Actually, what I recall most vividly about that day was how he was dressed—with sashes and jackboots—like someone out of Gilbert and Sullivan," he said. "I also recall how he died thinking he was popular. There was an eerie quiet for the next few days. Ordinary Egyptians were not to be seen." Mubarak has a simple way of life, as one is often reminded in Cairo. He lives in the house he had when he was Vice-President. He wears suits. His wife, Susan, like Jihan Sadat, is Anglo-Egyptian, but, unlike Mrs. Sadat, she is rarely seen; she has spent a good deal of her time acquiring a master's degree in sociology at the American University in Cairo.

The relationship between Egypt and the United States is still strong, but it is different; "normal" may be a better word for it. As Lord Palmerston said, countries don't have friendships, they have only interests. In Washington, Egypt draws on a deep reservoir of good will extending to Congress, which can approve or disapprove an aid program that is second in size only to what Israel receives. Sadat created this good will. Although it didn't die with him, Mubarak has to be careful; he can't allow Egypt's discontent with American policy in the Middle East to damage the relationship, which is chafed by other, unrelated tensions, some of them minor, some less so. A small but interesting irritant is the highly visible American building program in Cairo. A new Embassy chancery is under way, and work on a new Embassy residence went on for several years. The chancery is supposed to be finished next year; it will dominate a fashionable neighborhood consisting mainly of large old private houses, a few other embassies (the British Embassy is just across the street), and some apartment buildings. American Embassy officials did manage to scale down the design from nineteen to fourteen floors. But their efforts to sidetrack a high-rise edifice altogether were overruled by the Foreign Buildings Office, which is part of the State Department but operates with apparent autonomy. "An Ambassador can turn off Central Intelligence Agency operations in his country, but not the F.B.O.'s," says an American diplomat in the Cairo Embassy. The new residence is already a legend in Cairo,

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even though it isn't finished and may never be. The property, a large and choice one acquired in the mid-nineteen-sixties, is on the river in Giza, and once contained a grand Turkish-style house. Nothing was done for several years, and Sadat, who had an eye for choice properties, eventually took an interest in it. In 1974, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger agreed to trade the property to Egypt for something of comparable value. When the arrangement became known, it struck some Egyptians, and a few American congressmen, as questionable, and Sadat decided to return the property. But he had already torn down the existing house. The work on its bizarre successor began in 1979, and so far about everything that could go wrong with the project has gone wrong. If it had been completed, it would have cost at least four and a half million dollars—double the original estimate. On March 28th, during a Senate subcommittee hearing, Secretary of State George Shultz was asked about the new residence and said, "I don't think there is anything you can say that is critical of this project that is critical enough." The design, which seems to include false sides and pillars with nothing to support, has been ridiculed. The existing Embassy residence, a private house in Zamalek, was judged more than adequate by the ambassadorial families who occupied it. "We were quite comfortable in the house and never unhappy about the delay in completing the new residence," says Alfred L. Atherton, Jr., who was Ambassador in Cairo from June of 1979 to November of 1983 and is now director general of the Foreign Service. The affair aroused considerable comment. One American reported that Egyptians were saying, "Don't do this. Shoot yourself in the foot instead." Earlier this month, the State Department disclosed that it may terminate the saga by selling the property to a Saudi Arabian who wants it.

A larger pressure point in the relationship is the aid program. Many Egyptian officials and bureaucrats think it isn't responsive to their needs. They would like more cash and fewer restrictions on how it is spent. They say there are too many Americans in Cairo looking over their shoulders. Some American officials agree that the aid mission here—the largest of the American aid missions in the world—is too big, with too many people and too many studies; the American pres-

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ence, they say, is just too visible. They also feel, however, that the Egyptians aren't yet as well equipped to use the money they receive as they should be. The process of thinking through and planning new projects isn't what it ought to be, according to these Americans. The close monitoring of the program annoys Egyptians, partly because they know that America's aid to Israel is a simple, unconditional transfer of cash. The relevant checks are drawn and turned over to Israel's government four times a year. Differences of this sort are part of a larger problem involving the aid program and dating to the Camp David negotiations. Each of the parties—Egypt, Israel, and the United States—feels that the two others haven't met various obligations flowing from the agreements. Although the angriest disputes are between Egypt and Israel, the United States and Egypt also disagree on some points. Egypt, for example, feels that President Carter promised Sadat that American aid to Egypt—economic and military—would equal what Israel receives. According to Americans who were involved in the negotiations, nothing in the record supports that contention, but they concede the possibility that in a private conversation Carter may have caused Sadat to think that Egypt and Israel would be dealt with exactly alike.

The Minister of State in Egypt's Foreign Ministry is Boutros Boutros Ghali, who is a member of a famous Coptic family, a fixture of *le tout* Cairo, and a widely admired diplomat. While talking to me about Camp David and the various foreign-policy issues he deals with, Ghali abruptly interrupted himself. "Remember, problem number one is too many people," he said. "Problem number two is too many people. Problem number three is too little water. Those are what we worry about mainly—not Israel, Libya, and that sort of thing."

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

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BOOKS

Anthony West

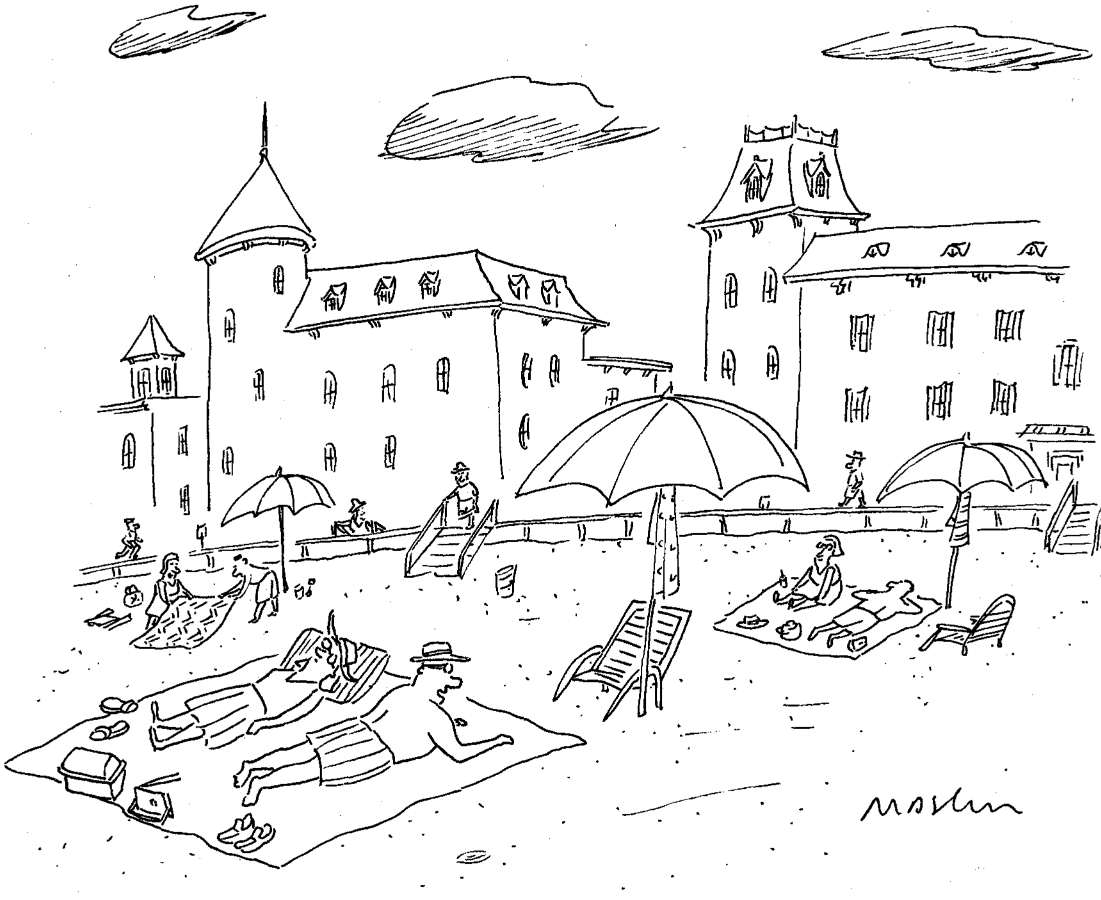
THE wrongs of childhood and upbringing have made a large and obsessional contribution to autobiography and the novel. At random, one thinks of Dickens' cheerful revenge on his Micawberish father, who put his son into the blacking factory; Stendhal's fierce lifelong hatred of the father he called "the bastard;" Samuel Butler's exposure of the hypocrisies and wiles of his mother; and Turgenev's powerful but pitying exposure of his unhappy mother's violent tyrannies. Some authors—Edmund Gosse, for example, in "Father and Son"—have outgrown their conflicts. Gosse saw his parents as figures of pious comedy. But when both parents and children are gifted writers—that is to say, fellow-fabulists—the matter is apt to become a self-perpetuating family barney, embarrassing to the neighbors.

The opening sentences of "H. G. Wells: Aspects of a Life" (Random House; $22.95), by Anthony West—who is by now nearly seventy—return to the source of conflict in Mr. West's life:

> While I was being born, in the first few minutes of August 5, 1914, my father was not close at hand to give my mother his comfort and support. He was elsewhere.

The middle-aged father was at home in Essex with his wife, Jane, and their children, writing a timely series of newspaper articles about the Great War, which he had been prophesying for years. Rebecca West, the beautiful journalist with whom Wells was having one of a succession of extramarital evasions—which, on principle, he called "digressions"—was lodged and "hidden" a hundred miles away, in Norfolk. Hidden because a few years before there had been a public scandal when another young girl, Amber Reeves, the daughter of a diplomat, had borne a child by Wells. Recklessly, he had drawn an immediately recognizable portrait of her in "Ann Veronica." Jane Wells, his second wife, was not dismayed by the "digressions" of her husband. She was not a very sensual woman. She knew she was indispensable to Wells' working and very active social life and that his several adventures were reviving to a hardworking man who, at the time, was going through a bad patch as a middle-aged novelist. She simply hoped the beautiful, ambitious young Rebecca understood that the marriage was unshakable. Rebecca West was never able to understand this. For several years, she tried in vain to force Wells' hand. And so the fat was in the fire.

There was the more serious predicament of Anthony, the illegitimate child (though formally adopted by his mother). What would be his history? How would he come to terms with his situation? It turned out that he, too, was a talented writer, and in the fifties he told his story in an autobiographical novel called "Heritage," which has now been reissued by the Washington Square Press, with a blistering Introduction by the author ($4.95). In the story, the mother is not a well-known journalist and novelist but a famous and glamorous actress. (The young Rebecca West did have brief training and experience as an actress.) But she is presented as being also an actress in everything she feels, does, and says—constantly living her life as a part. She has a love child by Max, a womanizing and famous novelist. The boy is generally brought up by nurses and servants, because of the mother's demanding career. (Mr. West learned to call his mother Aunty Panther, but the servants saw through that.) Eventually, he is told that Max, an



"This is everything a vacation should be. You and I, sand and saltwater in our hair, tanning beside the deep blue sea. Laughter, soft music, and the scent of suntan lotion in the breeze. And hot dogs with mustard on sale right over there."

occasional, delightful visitor, is his father. The boy is sent to an expensive private school and has to suffer when his bizarre father visits him—schoolboys are merciless to unconventional parents. He goes on holidays with Max, who now lives in France with a new lady, called Lolotte. She is stormy, downright, comically "foreign," and is impatient of the "Englishness" of the shy boy's adolescent virginity. Still, he has a jolly, even enviable, time. By now, Naomi, his mother, has left the stage to play a new part, as the wife of a colonel who is a rich and strictly conventional country gentleman, and the youth is quietly and generously led toward a conventional, upper-class career as his heir. The actress mother gets tired of the part of a conservative grande dame careful to drop the final "g" in "hunting," "shooting," and "fishing," and goes back to the stage. The early chapters of this fiction are amusing, touching, and well written, but at the end the embroidered manner of popular Romance takes over. The actress and the colonel become strange, tapestrylike figures. Mr. West writes:

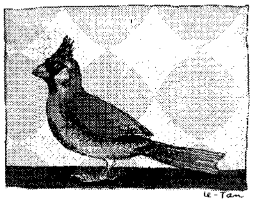
> If love was in her heart why had she been so wantonly cruel to the Colonel, tearing, plucking herself out of his life, as in the old days the public hangman had torn the heart of a quartered traitor?

The adolescent sees himself as a role player—he is by turns the Colonel's Heir, the Wronged Child, the Unrecognized Genius, the Fool for Love, and (a low-comedy part) Max's Boy. And the good colonel, so possessive of his wife as a romantic treasure, becomes a Svengali "in reverse":

> What a lust for power lay behind the desire to pull her down from the summit where she belonged, to become a performer in the Colonel's private play in his private theatre.

Strong Marie Corelli stuff! Looking back on Mr. West's case, one notices that he shared with both Max and his mother the fabulist's gift for self-dramatization.

Now, years later, in his "Aspects" of his father's life, Mr. West has written a much sounder book. It goes into phases of Wells' antics frankly but with critical affection. Mr. West admires the genius and forgives the blunderings of the battered sinner. He believes in Wells' importance as an inspired minor prophet in his time, seriously concerned with the human future. He makes the important point that Wells saw himself as a descendant of Diderot and the Encyclopedists; that is to say, as a fundamental reëducator of society. The odd thing about "Aspects of a Life" is that it seems to have been started as a thorough biography, which was for some reason given up, and that what should have been the opening chapters were put into the last two hundred pages—matters like exhaustive accounts of Wells' humble, ill-educated forebears as servants, gardeners, small shopkeepers, and counter hands, their crippled passions, their acceptance of their maimed condition as lower-middle-class failures in Victorian Britain. And then, as the young, spry Wells emerges, craving education, we see his two marriages, his bad health, his early success in writing, until we come to the excellent and funny imbroglio of his attempt to put life into the Fabian Society—an attempt that was ruined by his "digression" with Amber Reeves. The Fabians could swallow an upper-class Lothario like Hubert Bland but turned on Wells because he was socially "low." Later, there is a searching account of Wells' bewilderment in his failure to rescue the dying novelist George Gissing, another "low" genius. The trouble with Gissing (Wells once said slyly to me) was that he thought there was a difference between a lady and a woman. "There isn't any."



The chronology of "Aspects of a Life" is strangely circular. The first hundred and fifty pages—which take us from Mr. West's birth, in 1914, to his father's death, in 1946—give us at once an examination not only of Wells' affair with Amber Reeves but of his meetings with the American rebel Margaret Sanger and his relationship with Odette Keun (Lolotte); with a young Austrian woman journalist who faked an attempt at suicide in his London flat; and with the Countess Benckendorf, later Baroness Budberg, who was Gorky's mistress—a courageous and genial lady who had been blackmailed by the Soviet secret police. To her Wells was deeply attached in the last period of his life. The central attention is to Wells' and his son's relationship with Rebecca West. Again and again, Mr. West goes minutely into incidents where other biographers, he says, have gone wrong because they have accepted Rebecca West's versions—indeed, her fantasies. He is sympathetic to his mother's sufferings when she was "hidden" at the time of his birth and understands that, as a rising journalist, used to being in the swim, she was frantic to get back into the open in London. He grants that her wit and talk were irresistible to Wells but argues that her long and bitter campaign to make him divorce his wife was fatal to her cause. He also points out that Rebecca West and Wells were intellects at odds. When she became a novelist, she came to believe, with Henry James, in the primacy of art. Wells most certainly did not. He urged and preached and argued. He did not admire her novels and stories; he hated everything James stood for. She revered Matthew Arnold; he loathed Arnold's scorn for the sciences. She belonged to the young generation who admired Dostoyevski; he hated the Russian's mystical and psychological fogs. Wells was concerned with the sciences, history, the education of the masses—or, if not the masses, the educable who were emerging from that half-baked but hopeful condition. She was for the enlightened few, and became increasingly conservative when she married the rich and serious Henry Andrews, a man of principle. And she was ambitious and felt herself wronged. So wronged or disappointed, so much the fabulist, too, that in her long letters to friends or in her interviews she sedulously "improved" or novelized her relationship with Wells, and in her own favor. And it must be said that in her reviews of other writers she was often egotistical, sweeping, and as touchy in contradiction as Wells notoriously was. Mr. West's portrait is frank about his father's messes and the decline of his powers, but it is affectionate. Where his mother is concerned, he suspects. One thing is clear: Rebecca West would certainly not have cared for her fictional portrait in "Heritage." She would have hated "Aspects" even more.

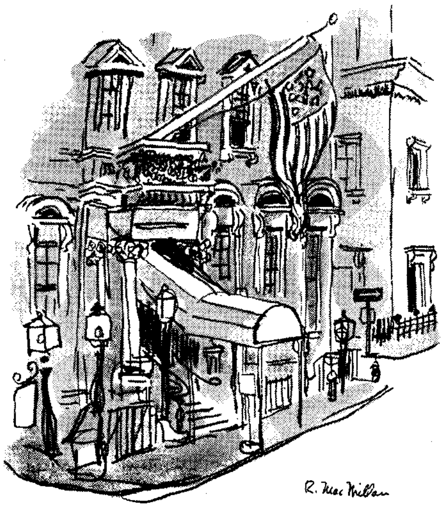
We move on rapidly to the sad death of Jane Wells, and to the South of France with Odette Keun, the impossible, explosive dramatizer, very honest but at heart a conventional woman. She mocked Wells and knew how to wound him. He caricatured her in the one comic novel of his late years, "Apropos of Dolores," in which he cheerfully compared her tastes, and even her appearance, in a general way, with the vulgarities of an Oriental bazaar. Anthony West thinks more kindly of her than he does of his mother. Odette Keun did not take “digressions” kindly: she was down to earth, and when she spotted eventually that Wells was seriously taking to a new lady, Moura Budberg, she simply threw him out of their noisy nest in the South of France for good, shrewdly pointing out that he had given the property to her. Wells seems to have been morally uneasy about the political past of her successor, the Baroness Budberg, for the rest of his life. Although he was happy with her, Mr. West says, “it distressed him beyond measure that his reason had no voice at all in the matter.” Quite so! In his “prophetic” writing it was his habit to escape into wider and vaguer searches for a rationale. When Wells was in a moral or intellectual jam, his habit was to escape the inconvenient by enlarging the issue. One remembers how, in his delightful early novel “The History of Mr. Polly,” that hero broke off an awkward conversation by crying out “Little dog!” and pretending to chase it away. Evasion was Wells’ principle.

In his last years, one has two pictures of Wells. There is Low’s remarkable caricature as an alert, vital little fellow “on tiptoe, poised for takeoff,” saying “Why not?” And yet one also sees him as, in Anthony West’s pleasant words, “an Edwardian big shot, neatly tailored and well-hatted, with homburgs with braided brims in wintertime and spotless Panamas in the height of summer. He wore beautifully made shoes on his tiny feet and his wallets, of dark blue leather, and such accessories as his gold cigar cutter were the best that money could buy though not the most expensive.” (That is how I used to see him jauntily walking with the comforting Baroness at the London Zoo on Sunday mornings.) “His buoyant carriage, and something compact in his appearance, made him look light rather than heavy.” He was a very sad sight in his last days as he sat out the flying-bomb raids in his grand house in Regent’s Park, rarely speaking. Anthony West was often with him, waiting for a gnomic utterance. One remark was mysterious. Wells stared at his son and said he had heard that Mr. West “had been got hold of by members of a pro-Nazi conspiracy” in the BBC. Mr. West does not enlighten us beyond saying, darkly, “I do not care, even now, to think about who had put it in his mind or why.”

Toward the end of the book, we go back to 1949, when Mr. West had begun to think of writing a full biography of his father. (Even now, many papers and important letters are unavailable.) We see Mr. West going down to Cornwall to talk with a remote old lady, Dorothy Richardson, the author of “Pilgrimage” and a well-known pioneer in the use of a tedious, literal “stream of consciousness.” She had been, long years before, Wells’ copy editor, and he, inevitably, had had a brief affair with her. Later, he mercilessly called her “the most desocialised human being” he had come across “outside a mad house.” She was an “exaggerated caricature of solipsism in action,” deep in self-flattery and self-delusion. This leads Mr. West to the main point of his view of his mother’s character:

> I wish to make it plain, by showing just what Dorothy did in the way of substituting her daydreams for her experience of life, that what I am saying that my mother did as a matter of settled habit is neither so very unusual nor, given her circumstances, all that hard to understand. . . . I would not for a moment suggest that both being women has anything whatever to do with it—the transformation of the truth was the name of the game where the self-images of Gissing and Bland were concerned, and my father’s *Autocracy of Mr Parham* is a very direct critique of his own tendencies in the field. My only purpose in stressing the large part that fabulation has played in the lives and works of these two women has been to justify my contention that neither should be acceptable as a reliable source for information about my father’s character or behavior. . . . They reveal themselves in their statements, but little else.

This is mild. But what then shall we conclude when we read his Introduction to the new edition of “Heritage”? The novel had its fabulous side, he admits, for in it he called himself Richard Savage, after the eighteenth-century poet “whose mother did her level best to get him hanged.” The reference was “a mistake,” he acknowledges. He had used a “bludgeon” when he should have used a “stiletto.” But in this Introduction he now continues:



> The truth of how things were between my mother and myself was that from the time that I reached the age of puberty and she came to the point of a final rupture with my father, she was minded to do me what hurt she could and that she remained set in that determination as long as there was breath in her body to sustain her malice.

He adds, in what strikes me as a pastiche of Gibbon—as if by the change of prose style plumping for affectation and the fabulous:

> I had the vain hope that if I made it clear to her that I was under no illusions as to the lengths to which she was going to disoblige me, she might tire of her sport and drop it.

Never trust a switch to the grand manner! What *had* happened between mother and son? When Mr. West was leaving his wife, Kitty, after he had, he says, “foolishly involved” himself in a “sufficiently banal marital difficulty,” there was a violent public scene with Rebecca West and her husband at the Ritz, at which Mr. West’s wife was present but he was not. His mother was carried screaming from the dining room. There had earlier been, however, a sharp encounter on the steps of his own house, with his stepfather refusing to enter unless Mr. West came to terms. The son seems to have been disinherited. No doubt all the parties involved in Mr. West’s upbringing had high tempers. Suddenly, at the end of his narrative, Mr. West distracts us with a pedantic speculation about the reason for his mother’s choice of pen name and its source in Ibsen’s “Rosmersholm.” He even drags in Nietzsche. Had she not boldly written as a young girl in an article for *The Freewoman*, “A strong hatred is the best lamp to bear in our hands as we go over the dark places of life cutting away the dead things that men tell us to revere”? Written for effect, her son agrees, but he goes back to his old theme:

> She was never able to forgive my father, Jane Wells, or me for being involved in her debacle, and most of all she was never able to forgive herself. In the end her story is one of self-hatred, and that is for me the saddest of its aspects, not least because having received it as her heritage she endeavored to pass it on to me.

True, untrue, or half true? Is Mr. West himself carrying the lamp of “a strong hatred" for effect? We cannot answer. We can only note that, for a writer, the wrongs of childhood are a static capital unless invested in matters far beyond the sense of personal injury.

—V. S. Pritchett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Year of the Gun, by Michael Mewshaw (Atheneum; $14.95). If it can be believed that in 1977 an American journalist on the staff of a timid English-language newspaper in Rome fabricates (at the urging of a New York literary agent) a book about penetrating a cell of the Red Brigades which imagines the members of that cell are planning to kidnap Aldo Moro, and that the Red Brigades get wind of the book—if this is an acceptable fiction, then Mr. Mewshaw's new novel is a joy and a triumph. For it has every other admirable quality. Its characters are fully constructed, its drive is irresistible, it has intelligent things to say about our age of violence and suspicion, and its depiction of the look and feel and fascination of Rome is almost beyond praise.

Tirant lo Blanc, by Joanot Martorell and Martí Joan de Galba, translated from the Catalan by David H. Rosenthal (Schocken; $21.95). More than a curiosity and less than a classic, this fifteenth-century Catalan novel, translated here into English for the first time, is a lumpy patchwork of styles and stories. As the translator explains in a helpful foreword, Joanot Martorell, a Valencian knight who despised "pen-pushers," did not live long enough to revise, or even to finish, his book. Both of these tasks fell, in Mr. Rosenthal's tart words, "unfortunately," to Galba, "a competent rhetorician but a bad novelist. . . . The result is a book with an unusually improvised feeling." Chapter headings recall the "Tin Tin" cartoon series—"Tirant in Sicily and Rhodes," "Tirant in North Africa"—but for most of his career Tirant is less an explorer or a knight errant than a military general. Comic relief comes with a long-suffering go-between who aims to unite Tirant with a well-fed princess: a princess who fortifies herself, one evening, with a pair of partridges cooked in malmsey and a dozen eggs with sugar and cinnamon; the morning after, Tirant has a broken leg. Some chapter headings serve as handy shortcuts ("How Tirant Asked the Princess What Had Caused Her to Swoon"), but others kindle the reader's curiosity: "How the Hermit King Had a Trench Dug Around His Camp and Asked the Countess to Send Him Two Barrels of Caltrops," say, or, five hundred and seventy-three pages later, "How Tirant Caught the Disease That Killed Him."

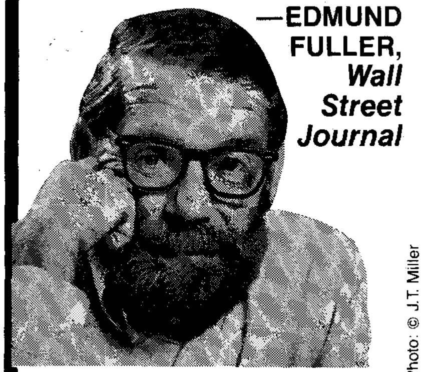
Machine Dreams, by Jayne Anne Phillips (Dutton; $16.95). A Pierce-Arrow, a Studebaker, a Pontiac, a cement mixer, an ambulance, an airplane, a Chevrolet, a Camaro, a spaceship, a helicopter: a few of the machines that power the dreams of this dreary novel's four narrators—members of two West Virginia families united by marriage just after the Second World War and broken by grief before the end of the Vietnam War. The red-and-white Pegasus on the dust jacket alludes to a 1946 billboard at a Mobil gas station which figures in one of seventeen symbol-jammed chapters about major and minor dangers and fears. One episode alone, involving a Chinese leper and the B. & O. Railroad, is memorable, because it seems effortless.

GENERAL

Weakness and Deceit: U.S. Policy and El Salvador, by Raymond Bonner (Times Books; $16.95). In 1881 in El Salvador, the author tells us, a communal landowning pattern was abolished in favor of large, privately owned plantations, and the country's riches were distributed among a handful of families. Extremes of poverty and wealth brought about a peasant revolution in 1932, which cost the lives of thirty thousand peasants. Mr. Bonner, who has reported on El Salvador for the *Times*, describes the modern heritage of this brutal past. The oligarchy remains, with its holdings increased and diversified, relying on the armed forces and the police to repress the peasantry by slaughter. (Some put the number of great landowning families as low as fourteen, others as high as two hundred.) Mr. Bonner mentions one instance in which a group of subsistence farmers were murdered by government troops for having joined in a soil-conservation and irrigation program; in another instance, the victims were guilty of pooling their small plots of land to practice crop rotation. Mr. Bonner estimates that the Reagan Administration has spent nearly a billion dollars to support the Salvadoran government and such massacres. The excuse is that El Salvador's guerrillas are Communists. Mr. Bonner, who spent time with the guerrillas, finds a political mixture that includes not only Communists but also Catholics (the regime kills clergy) and peasants who felt safer with the guerrillas than exposed to their country's military. He explains why an American-sponsored effort at land reform failed, and introduces us to a large, often deplorable, cast of characters. The disingenuousness he finds in both the Carter and the Reagan Administrations—the misrepresentations of our own government to our own people—is in itself appalling.

Stravinsky: Selected Correspondence, Volume II, edited by Robert Craft (Knopf; $30). When the first installment of Robert Craft's three-volume edition of Stravinsky's correspondence appeared, in 1982, readers discovered that the vivacity and wit familiar from the many volumes of interviews previously edited by Mr. Craft were seldom to be found in these severely practical mementos of a long working life. Here we find again, sensibly arranged in chapters devoted to a single correspondent, a large number of missives (both to and from the composer) that consist mainly of the minutiae of composition, publication, concert planning, and concert giving, diversified by occasional cantankerous outbursts and by less frequent expressions of affection—most evident in the composer's dealings with his violinist associate Samuel Dushkin ("My dear Samsky"). A long and not wholly serene interchange with Pierre Monteux parallels that with Ernest Ansermet in the previous volume; other chapters relate to Diaghilev, Bakst, Florent Schmitt, Lord Berners, and Manuel de Falla, and will be useful to those who may need to check facts relating to these well-known people or to Stravinsky himself. A long section shows the composer "as moneylender, mortgagee, landowner, vodka distiller," and he figures in numerous legal processes, involving in one case an attempt by his secretary to blackmail him—an episode less dramatic than it

"One of his best"
—EDMUND FULLER, *Wall Street Journal*



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sounds. It is reassuring, if a shade surprising, to learn from Mr. Craft that "even at the worst of times" Stravinsky "was far from poor."

Zanuck: The Rise and Fall of Hollywood's Last Tycoon, by Leonard Mosley (Little, Brown; $19.95). To describe Darryl Zanuck (1902-79) in 1957 as "an elderly tycoon," Mr. Mosley protests, "was as inaccurate as to call him a non-French-speaker (he spoke fluent French, even if he mangled the grammar and the syntax)." In equally fluent English, Mr. Mosley bears witness to the rise and fall of Zanuck's "pulsating, zestful reality": from his first, and last, on-camera performance, as a seven-year-old Indian girl; by way of the "joltingly challenging" movies he produced for Twentieth Century-Fox around 1950; to "his departure to Valhalla, or whatever other-worldly destination for which he was bound," where he may still be seeking "surcease and succor" from anything in skirts.

Gaining Ground: The Renewal of America's Small Farms, by J. Tevere MacFadyen (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $16.95). The author, an experienced agricultural journalist, tells us in this heartening book that the heyday of agribusiness—the folks who gave us the tasteless, chemically ripened brickbat tomato—has passed. "It seems certain now," he writes, "that conventional large-scale agriculture, with its abject dependence on fossil fuel energy, its capital-intensive industrial technologies, and its devotion to high-volume, standardized mass production, cannot continue indefinitely to reign supreme in an economic and biological environment where adaptability, efficiency, and conservation are ever more important assets." But, of course, food must be produced, and if the reckless experiment so proudly hailed by the banks, the supermarkets, and the United States Department of Agriculture is foundering, some other kind or kinds of farming must take over. Mr. MacFadyen guides us on a tour of a dozen alternative approaches: urban Greenmarket farmers; a plant geneticist who hopes to develop a perennial (no tillage required) bread grain; the small, labor-intensive organic-gardening farm; the agricultural land trust; the noncommercial farm supported by a part-time job in town. None of these provide much more at this point than a possible direction, but they do emphasize the need to move away from the disaster—the galvanic soil erosion, the soil destruction by salt in relentless irrigation, the soil impaction by ever larger farm machines, the soil poisoning by ever larger doses of pesticides—of the bottom-line industrial farm. The solution, as one owner of a small farm concludes, is basically economic: "We do know how to farm properly, but we don't know how to make it make money."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Life and Death of Liam Faulds, by Hugh McLeave (St. Martin's; $13.95). Graeme Baldwin, an English novelist who had an early critical and popular success, has the feeling that he is being taken for granted by his publisher, and even by his agent. He feels that he is actually at the top of his talent, and undertakes to prove it by writing, under an assumed name (Liam Faulds) and in an elaborate cover-up, a novel unlike his usual work. The scheme succeeds only too well, the money rolls in, the book is hailed as a masterpiece, but before Baldwin can enjoy the fruits of his deception, fate—in the person of a young couple he has trusted as necessary collaborators—takes over. Mr. McLeave's story is good—full of interesting tricks and surprises—but one could wish that he were a better storyteller.

●

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Manchester Guardian*]

Regan added in carefully prepared phrases: "We want to make sure that in these perilous times, there is no doubt that we will support our banks. That doesn't mean that every bank will remain afloat, it doesn't mean that every bank will remain independent. But nevertheless, we will make certain that there will be calamities in the banking system."

●

Solon, the wisest of all Greek statesmen of ancient times, made persistent idleness a crime with severe penalties. His direction of Athens in the 6th century B.C. and the many laws he devised for its government were so fair and practical that they lasted for about 500 years. His motto *Noting to Excess* and his name have come down to us and are recognized today, nearly 2500 years later.—*Catalogue from the Vermont Country Store.*

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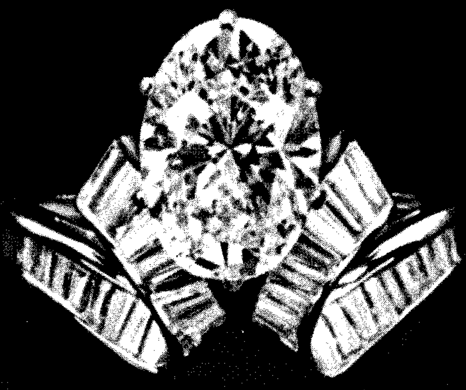

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